The Saturday Evening
# POST
May 10, 1958 – 15¢

MAY 6 '58

## A New Northwest Passage Discovered

## A Biologist on the Riddle of Life

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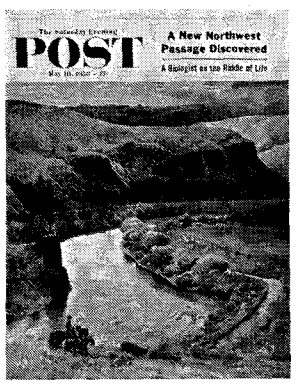


## THE COVER

Recently artist John Clymer ran away from his home in Connecticut, simply by picking up his trusty brush and dreamily painting himself away into the summertime scenes of his childhood. This is the Yakima River in Washington, not far from Clymer's boyhood home in Ellensburg; here, one side of the stream (see irrigation canal) is for farming, and the other side for looking. Not even in the painter's dream would that be little John and his father there driving home the milk, for Mr. Clymer was a florist and did his chores in a greenhouse. But at this river bend father and son often fished for trout and, furthermore, caught same. In case this lovely spot gives *you* ideas about temporarily leaving home, just off the bottom of the cover is U.S. Highway No. 10.

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# Letters

## How Revolutionary is This Revolution?

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the article RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION ON THE CAMPUS, by Jones B. Shannon, March 29. Such articles are both informative and encouraging to parents who have children in college. It proves that the youth of today . . . are reaching for something with which to rebuild our country upon a structure that our colonial forefathers established.

MRS. CHARLES A. KOHR
*Lancaster, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

The picture of religion on the campus was a deceptively rosy one. Though obviously sincere, the Rev. Shannon nevertheless overlooked one major factor which can and does negate much of a chaplain's work. I refer to the presence on the faculty of those whose principles and teachings are basically opposed to the chaplain's—namely, the atheists and "broad-minded" liberals. . . .

It is difficult to see how occasional contact with the college chaplain (who is, after all, only an academic excrescence) can counteract the constant and powerful influence of these teachers.

MRS. ARTHUR F. ENNIS
*Rochester, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

We, among many others, are tired of hearing these outmoded, gray-bearded, tradition-stuck, fact-twisting spokesmen of mythology. May we suggest that Mr. Shannon emerge from Plato's proverbial cave into the light of present-day rational knowledge; perhaps Julian Huxley's Man in the Modern World, Fromm's Psychoanalysis and Religion, or Homer Smith's Man and His Gods would help. Somehow we doubt it.

J. DAVID OBER
EDWARD J. WILKINS
*(and 17 other students)*
*Washington University*
*St. Louis, Mo.*

Dear Sirs:

I am sure that I express the feelings of the students on this campus when I say, "Well done."

ANICE C. RUTTERS
*State Teachers College*
*Indiana, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

I read your rather amusing article with due cynicism. Religion on the campus is truly just a fad, like wearing turtleneck sweaters.

SIDNEY LANGLY
*Salinas, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

We have been telling our Kansas Presbyterians this kind of story for two or three years about our Kansas campuses. . . . This article covering our nation, all churches, and by such a source as the Post, gives us great encouragement. . . . We thank you for presenting facts that are almost unbelievable to so many.

C. M. DRENNAN, *Pres.*
*Westminster Foundation,*
*Synod of Kansas*
*Arkansas City, Kansas*

Dear Sirs:

All the article delivered was that more students were participating in religious services and activities. So is the community outside the campus. But where is life made much different by it?. . .

I have more members attending church, but sometimes I wonder if it isn't a new kind of "crowd conformity." . . .

I thought the article thin and without much real "meat."

REV. H. RICHARD RASMUSSON
*University Presbyterian Church*
*Purdue University*
*West Lafayette, Ind.*

## The Legend of Soapy Smith

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading several paragraphs on page 78 of your March 22 issue, written by a Harold Helfer, entitled, SO WE COMMEMORATE: A PIONEER GANGSTER. There's been a lot of tripe published about Soapy Smith in the last sixty years, but this is the living end. . . .

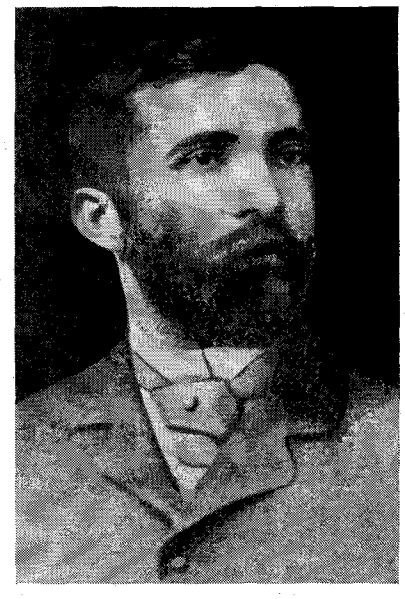
The "grizzled old Alex Steward" that Mr. Helfer says was robbed of $3500 was a young man in his early twenties named John Stewart who lost a poke consisting of $2500 in Soapy's saloon.

Frank Reid (who killed Soapy) was never at any time employed by the White Pass & Yukon Railway. He had been a schoolteacher in Oregon, but his main occupation was that of bartending, both in Oregon and Alaska, and he was a bigger crook than Soapy Smith ever dreamed of being.

Now we come to the picture of the four dubious-looking men. None of them is Soapy Smith. . . . The bearded man identified as Soapy was a gambler named Turner Jackson. . . .

I have lived in Skagway all my life, and my family has been here since the gold rush. For the past eleven years I have made a thorough study of the life of Soapy Smith.

CECELIA SELMER PRICE
*Skagway, Alaska*



*The real Soapy.*

Dear Sirs:

I saw a photograph of the same bearded man and noted that he was identified as a correspondent for a New York daily newspaper, bound for the Klondike goldfields, but who lost his money in a gambling game at Soapy's place, after which Soapy offered him a job on the Skagway newspaper.

ROLLIN R. DAVIS
*Eagle Bend, Minn.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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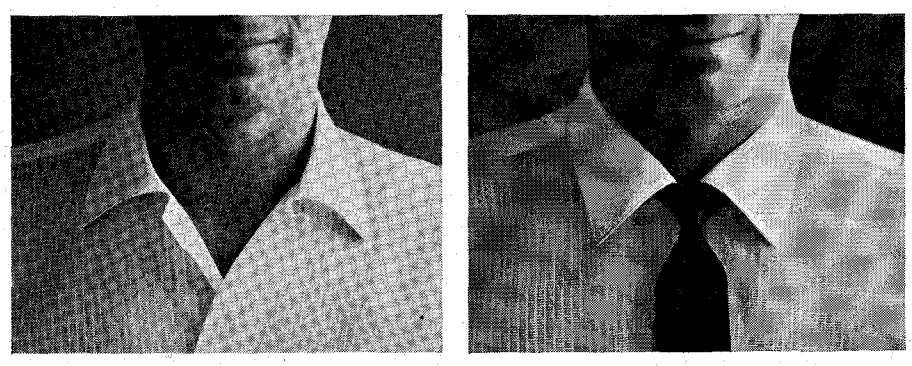
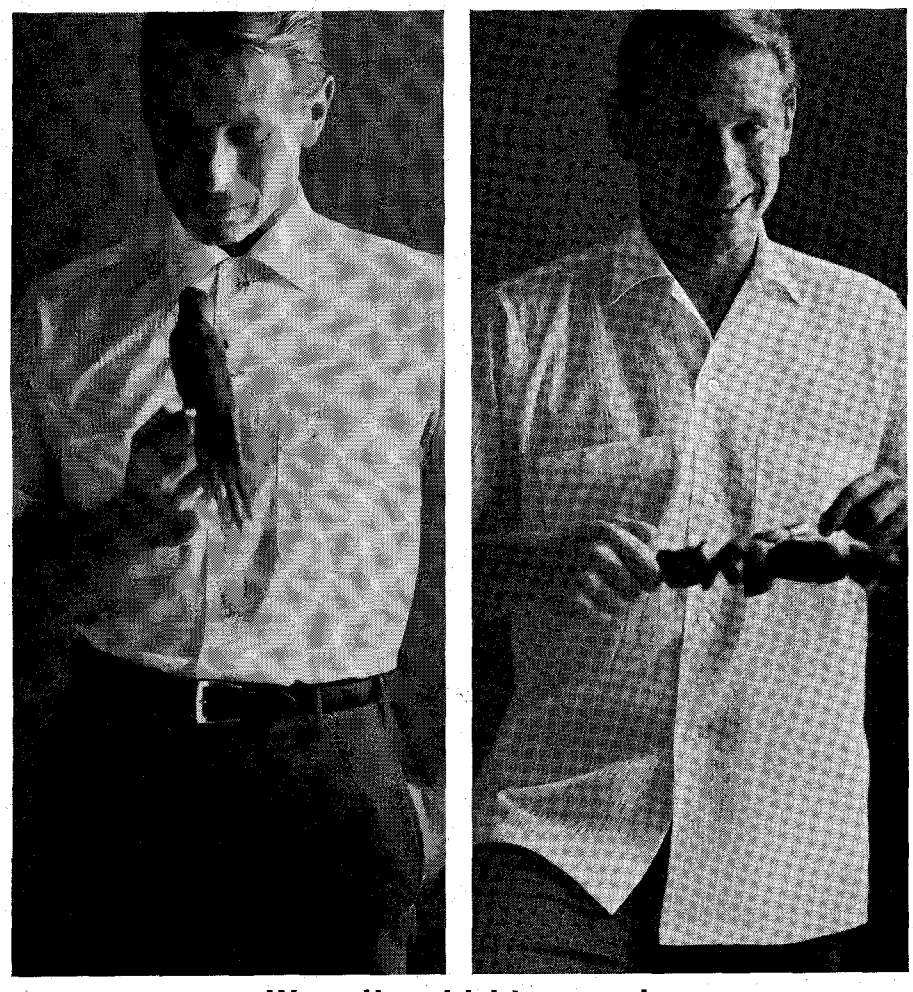


**Wear the collar open or closed**



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# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Your story brings back memories of sixty years ago. . . .

It contains several mistakes, however. Frank Reid was municipal engineer of Skagway, and Soapy Smith had no beard. He was just a smooth-shaven, pasty-faced crook.

WILLIAM G. MCKERRALL
*Centralia, Wash.*

Dear Sirs:

It is 55 years since I have been in Skagway. . . .

Mr. Helfer's story, as far as it goes and to the best of my recollection, is accurate.

GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
*New York, N.Y.*

● *The legend of Soapy Smith seems to improve with the telling. —ED.*

## Haile Storm

"*. . . Any person associated with Negro men knows that white women are the ultimate in their aspirations.*"

—*from a letter by* FRANK L. HAILE, *Knoxville, Tenn., in the Apr. 5 issue.*

Dear Sirs:

I lived in the South 45 years, and never in that time was I insulted, spoken to brazenly or even "sassed" by a Negro man—or woman. This is more than I can say for many of my own color.

MRS. JULIA LINDSAY
*Coaldale, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for Frank Haile! At last someone has the "guts" to tell the truth about integration.

JAMES D. HOPE
*Savannah, Ga.*

Dear Sirs:

I suppose the Ku Klux Klan is a Sunday-school group?

MRS. GORDON K. TAYLOR
*Badjeros, Ontario*

Dear Sirs:

Northerners ridicule the white Southerner when he asks the question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" We all know this modern integration will increase mixed marriages, and we in the South still think it is a soul-searching question.

BEN H. BERRY
*Sumter, S.C.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Haile, I am not so sure you are right. Some dark-skinned people think we whites look rather like corpses. . . . In any case, few light-skinned Negroes in this country got their white blood from female ancestors.

COREY B. VENNING
*Boise, Idaho*

Dear Sirs:

We Negro men are quite satisfied with our own women.

DONALD CLARKE
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

You might be interested in what a writer of one of your "Letters to The Editor" goes through when you publish one that deals with sex in integration and Martin Luther King. . . .

Threatening calls came and actually for the first time in my life I began to feel unsafe in America. . . . Every Negro minister in town came to my place of business to get simply an estimate of cost, no sales, just a glimpse of the white monster who thought integration had a sex angle. There were those white "Hello" friends who didn't even say "Hello" after reading my statement. I did not feel safe or at home in Tennessee.

A few days in the heart of South Carolina might make me feel safer and give me time to collect my wits. That I did. . . . The safe feeling I had there almost convinced me that I should move there where everybody felt as I did. But on second thought I realized that the white man had been pushed around since the Supreme Court's decision of 1954. . . . So, back to Tennessee I came to remain until rocket passenger service is instituted to the other side of the moon where it's too cold for the N.A.A.C.P. or Martin Luther King.

FRANK L. HAILE
*Knoxville, Tenn.*

## Photographer Strikes Out

Dear Sirs:

In the article on Jack Sanford, of the Philadelphia Phillies (BASEBALL'S OLDEST YOUNGSTER, by Harry T. Paxton, Mar. 29) the young man pictured in the lower left-hand corner of page twenty-seven is not Mr. Sanford, but Dick Farrell. Mr. Farrell is also a member of the Phillies and is also a pitcher.

*Sanford*

*Farrell*

Mr. Paxton evidently knows a great deal about Jack Sanford, but would he recognize him?

MARY ADLER
*Oak Park, Ill.*

● *Don't blame editor Paxton, who didn't see the pictures. It was the photographer who got terribly confused. —ED.*

## Post Picture Credits

*Reading across pages, then down:*

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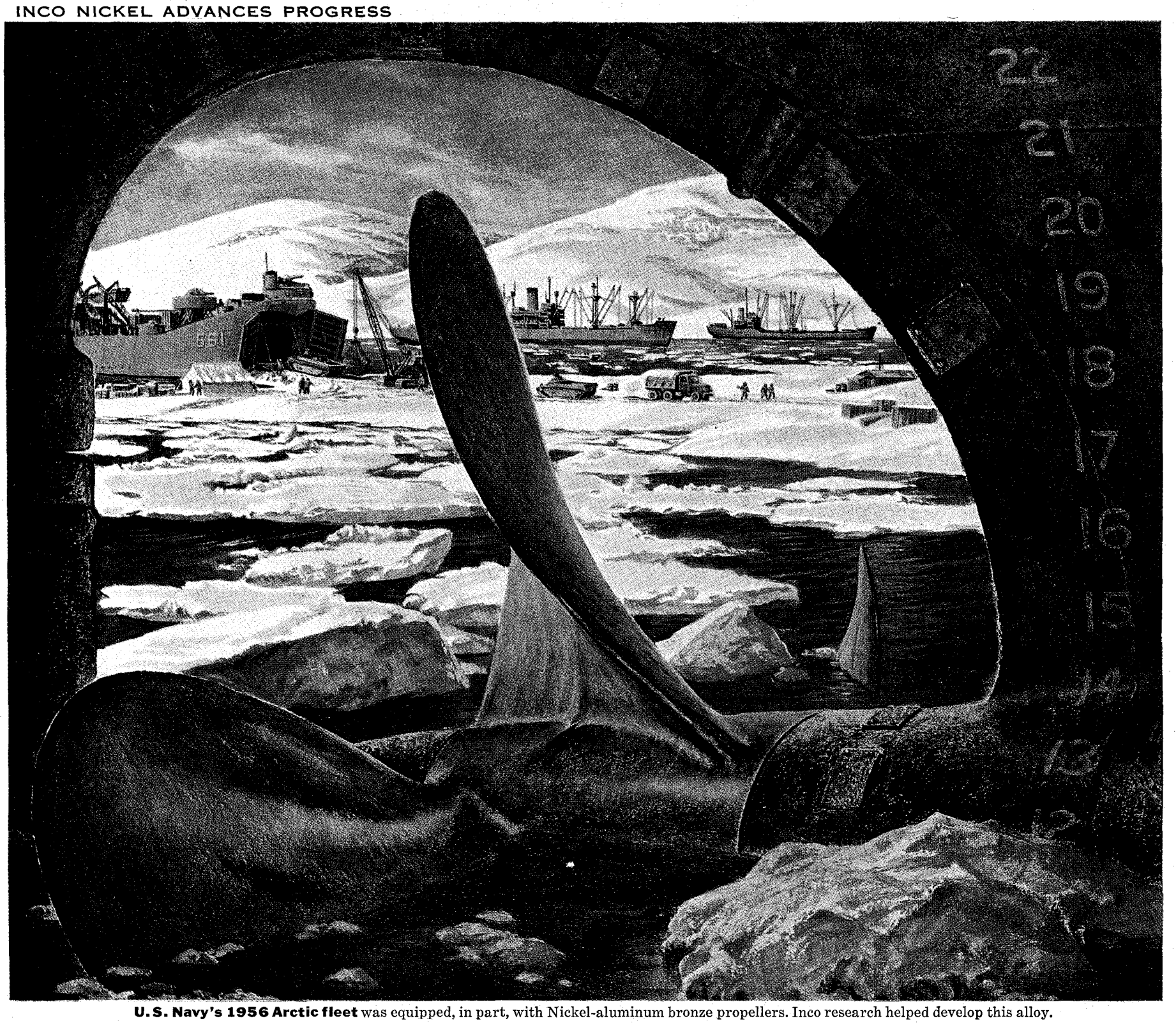

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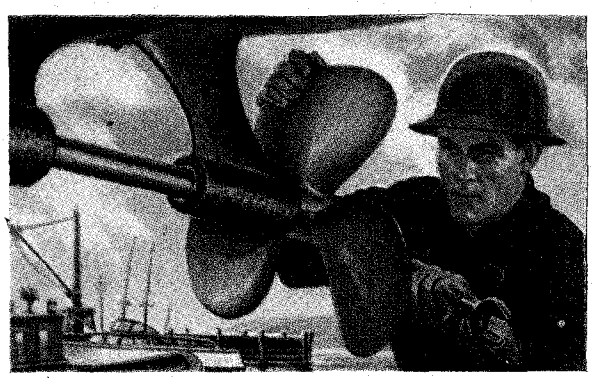

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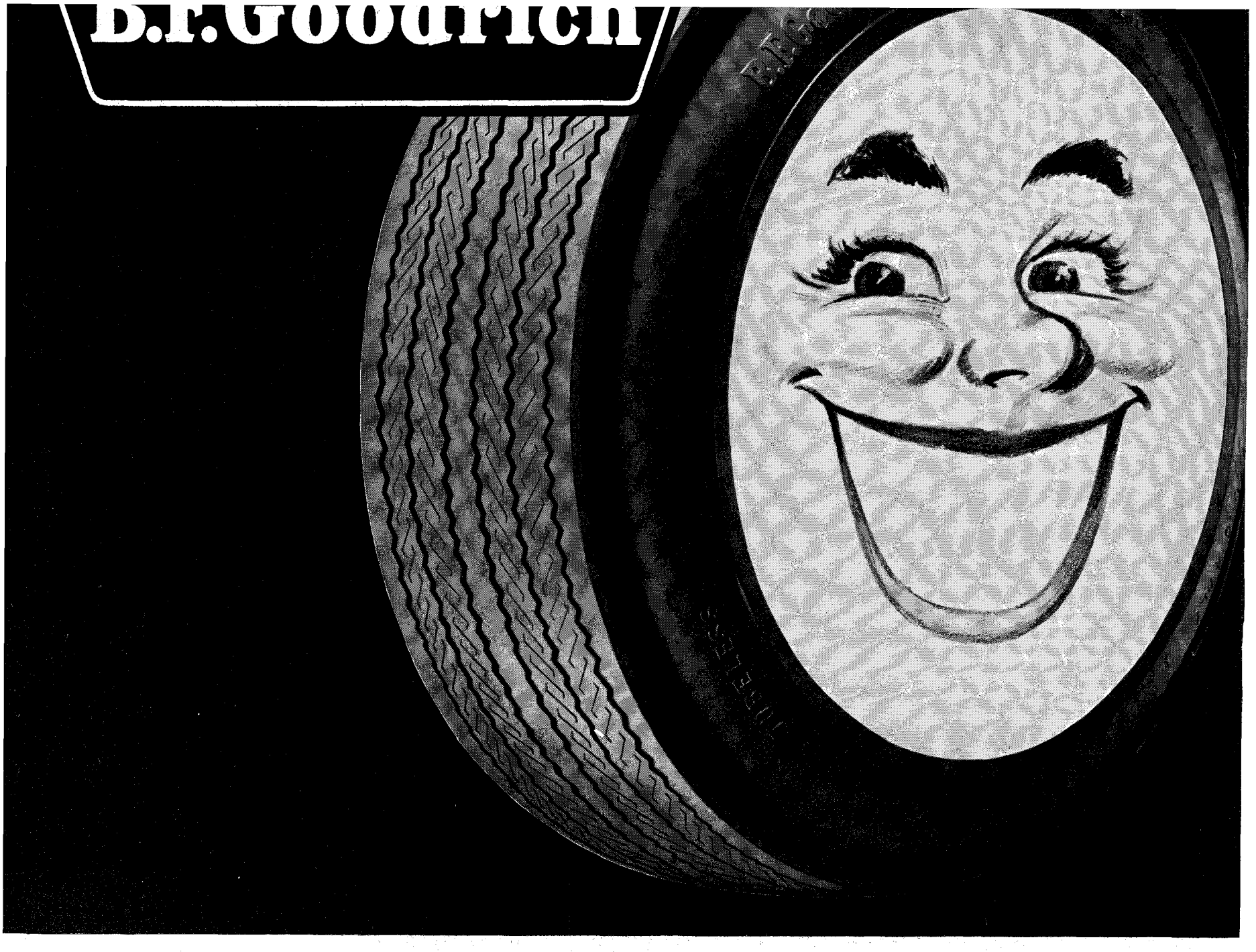


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# Editorials

## If There is a Summit Meeting, Let's Make it a Plug for Our Side!

The Kremlin is giving its all in an effort to entice the United States into a Summit conference. The U.S.S.R. first dumped an unprecedentedly lethal mess of atomic fallout on the Far East and then, in line with its effort to soften us up for a Summit meeting, announced that it had suspended nuclear tests altogether. This, according to Pravda, and also according to some Americans, is a "great propaganda victory." Walter Lippmann appears to think that we have taken this public-relations walloping because we still stand guard at Formosa, West Germany, Pakistan and the Middle East. However, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles do not accept the view that, because many people are likely to be taken in by Soviet trickery, we must scuttle the Free World's remaining defenses.

Under present conditions a Summit conference on Soviet terms would result in a far worse propaganda disaster than the one we have sustained from Khrushchev's phony suspension of nuclear tests. Not even the seizure of total power by Dictator Khrushchev alerts the credulous to the folly of contributing to this Soviet offensive against Free World unity. Indeed one important newspaper, the Philadelphia Inquirer, urged an immediate Summit conference at Washington which should not be "hedged in by red-tape preliminaries and conditions." The reason given was that "Khrushchev is now the unquestioned and undisputed head of the Soviet Government; now is the logical time for him to speak for Russia to the President of the United States." Mayor Dilworth of Philadelphia added the fatuous suggestion that Khrushchev be invited to address a joint session of Congress! People didn't talk that way when Hitler was the menace.

If we are to accept at face value the utterances of the undisputed head of the Soviet Union, the prospects for substantial agreement at this conference are dismal. Khrushchev has repeatedly announced that the unification of Germany will find no place on the agenda. The status of Hungary and the Soviet satellites is excluded. But high among the matters to be brought up is the demand that the United States remove its armed forces from every point where they might check Communist expansion. In view of the advance billing of Soviet arrogance, why should any American want a Summit conference, which the Kremlin expects to be a prelude to Free World surrender?

However, if we must get into this rigged affair, a proposal by A. N. Malyshev in the bulletin of the International Research on Communist Techniques has a lot of merit. Mr. Malyshev believes that "the only way to salvage the Summit conference and turn it to the advantage—not only of the West but of the peoples of the world—is to recognize it for just what it is—a propaganda show." And, having recognized the conference as propaganda, crash the gate with some strong propaganda of our own!

We could get into the act first with demands for free elections in North Korea, East Germany and North Vietnam. Insist on genuine inspection as the essential condition for abandoning nuclear tests. Propose unrestricted contacts between the ordinary people of East and West. Insist that Western diplomats have the right to slap backs and make speeches before the Moscow Woman's Club!

Of course these proposals would be turned down. But their rejection should help convince the gullible in this country and in Europe of the dubious prospect from negotiation with Communists on anything that matters.

## Here's One "Foreign Aid" Project That's Entirely Private!

By JOHN C. CALDWELL

Since 1954, 1,000,000 Chinese have escaped from Red China each year. In Hong Kong alone there are 3,000,000 refugees from Communist tyranny. One hundred thousand refugees live in unbelievable squalor on the tops of buildings; other thousands squat in alleys, on boats or are dug into the hillsides. While the United Nations and the United States Government distribute aid all over the world, Chinese who have had the courage to escape receive no praise and little aid.

Twelve-year-old Leung Kun Yin is a typical refugee. After numerous inquisitions, his father, a Canton shopkeeper, decided to escape with the family. The Chinese junk carrying the Leung family was sunk by Red artillery. Only Kun Yin and a small brother survived.

However, for Leung Kun Yin tragedy has been turned into happiness. On March twenty-second a new "mother" arrived in Hong Kong for a visit. Mrs. John Blyth, a twenty-six-year-old San Diego, California, housewife and mother, was chosen to represent thousands of Americans who are "adopting" or sponsoring orphan children all over the world. Mrs. Blyth arrived in Hong Kong, not only to meet her new son and an older daughter the Blyths have sponsored for two years, but to attend the dedication of Children's Gardens, the largest cottage-plan orphans' home in the world.

Children's Gardens is a unique institution. Costing over $1,000,000 and already caring for 800 children, it was made possible by 75,000 American families who gave from one dollar to one hundred dollars for its construction. The children now there have been adopted by American families like the Blyths. An American sponsor pays ten dollars monthly for support of the child. Through the Christian Children's Fund of Richmond, Virginia, the sponsor receives a picture and complete case history. The sponsors write letters and receive letters, send gifts, and in many cases actually visit their children.

The Christian Children's Fund, established in 1937, has found American families for 9000 orphans in Korea. It operates five additional children's homes in Hong Kong; another Children's Gardens in the Philippines; model homes in Japan, Okinawa, India and the Middle East. Children's Gardens in Hong Kong is the largest, with a complete educational plant including trade and vocational schools. It is expected to be the model home for all the Far East.

The John Blyths have three small children. Mr. Blyth is a grocery clerk, attending college at night. Yet this family of modest means is giving $240 a year that two Chinese waifs in Hong Kong may be fed, clothed, educated and loved.

This is American aid at its best.

## It Takes a Daredevil Racer to Teach Safe Driving to Teen-Agers

A couple of years ago the Champion Spark Plug Company, of Toledo, Ohio, had a good idea: It hired half a dozen speed kings from the Indianapolis 500-mile race to tour the nation to lecture high-school pupils on safe driving.

A nippy, crew-cut young fellow named Jimmy Daywalt, who has been through the Indianapolis ordeal four times, recently brought the current version of this program to a New Jersey high school. The auditorium was full of 800-odd teenage hero-worshipers. Jimmy first showed them a movie of hair-raising episodes from recent races; then gave them forty minutes of personal lowdown on race drivers' habits and skills, each item applied to safety-conscious highway driving. For he and his colleagues are more than daredevil racers. What with the racing circuit and their speaking season, they drive their own standard cars from 35,000 to 50,000 miles a year under normal highway conditions.

The kids lapped it up. To judge by enthusiastic letters from high-school principals all over, the five other drivers on the same assignment get over just about as well. And the special beauty of it is that these popeyed audiences consist of all the kids in the school including the show-off tire screamers who will listen to Daywalt as they wouldn't to anybody else.

The only thing wrong with this program is that these six missionaries can't possibly cover more than a minority of the thousands of secondary schools that need them.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*especially on Mother's Day . . .*

# Eating out gives life a lift!

Any Mother will tell you. There's nothing she would rather do than eat out . . . *any* time, and especially on Mother's Day.

So why not make a date to take *your* Mother to dinner at her favorite restaurant next Sunday?

And for a treat as special as the occasion, we suggest Swift's Premium Roast Beef. Tender, juicy, aged just right for matchless flavor . . . it's the meat that makes the meal! Mother's favorite, too. Swift is a brand she trusts, just as discerning restaurant chefs do . . . because she knows that delicious meats are Swift's *specialty,* and have been for over 103 years.

Good eating places put quality first . . . so does

**Swift**

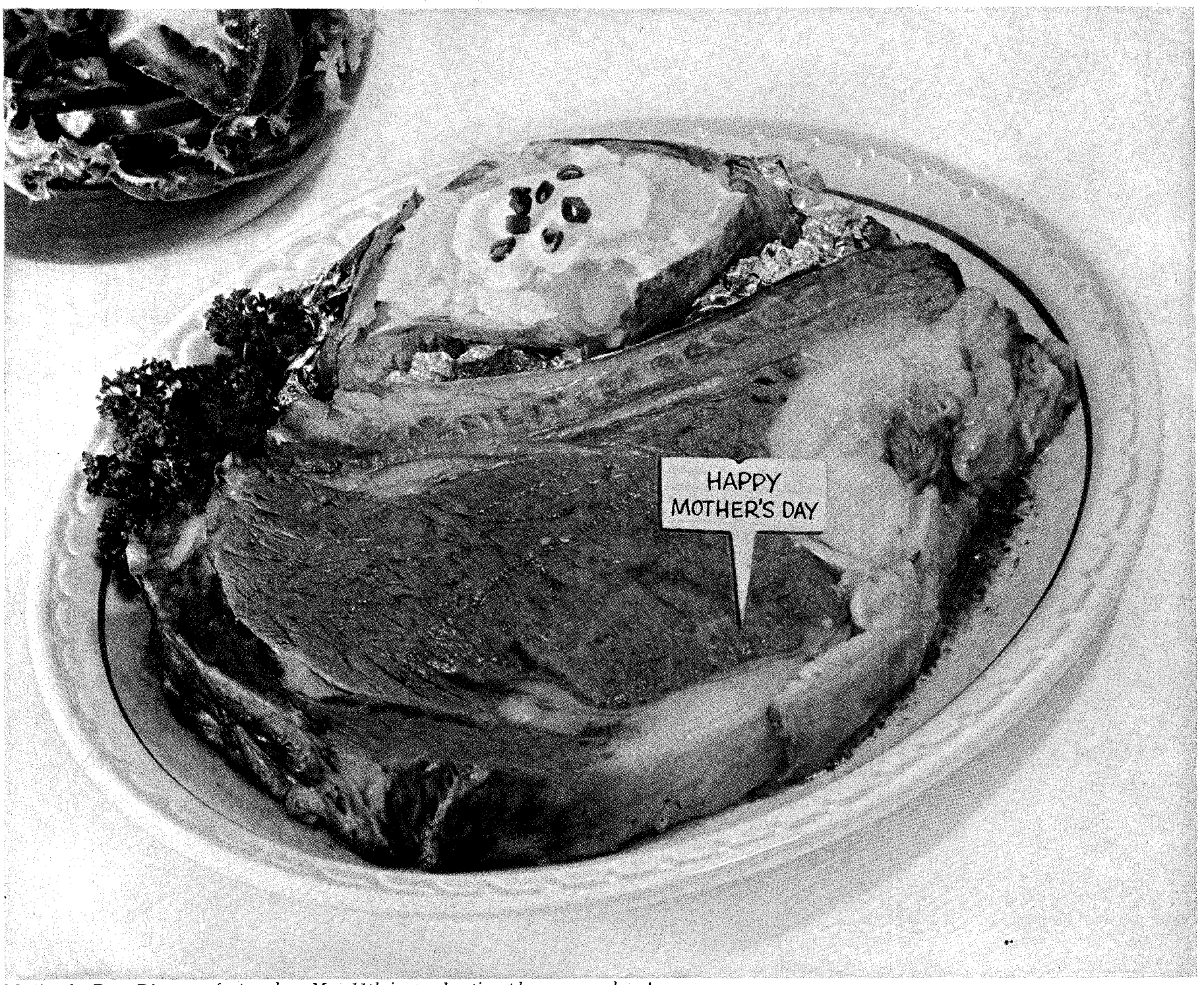
103RD YEAR

*To Serve Your Family Better*

FOOD COMES FIRST!

National Restaurant Association

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Company in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association. Copyright by Swift & Company, 1958




**Mother's Day Dinner:** *featured on May 11th in good eating places everywhere!*

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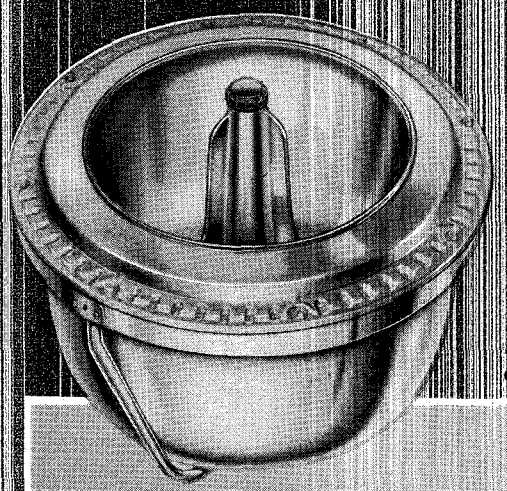
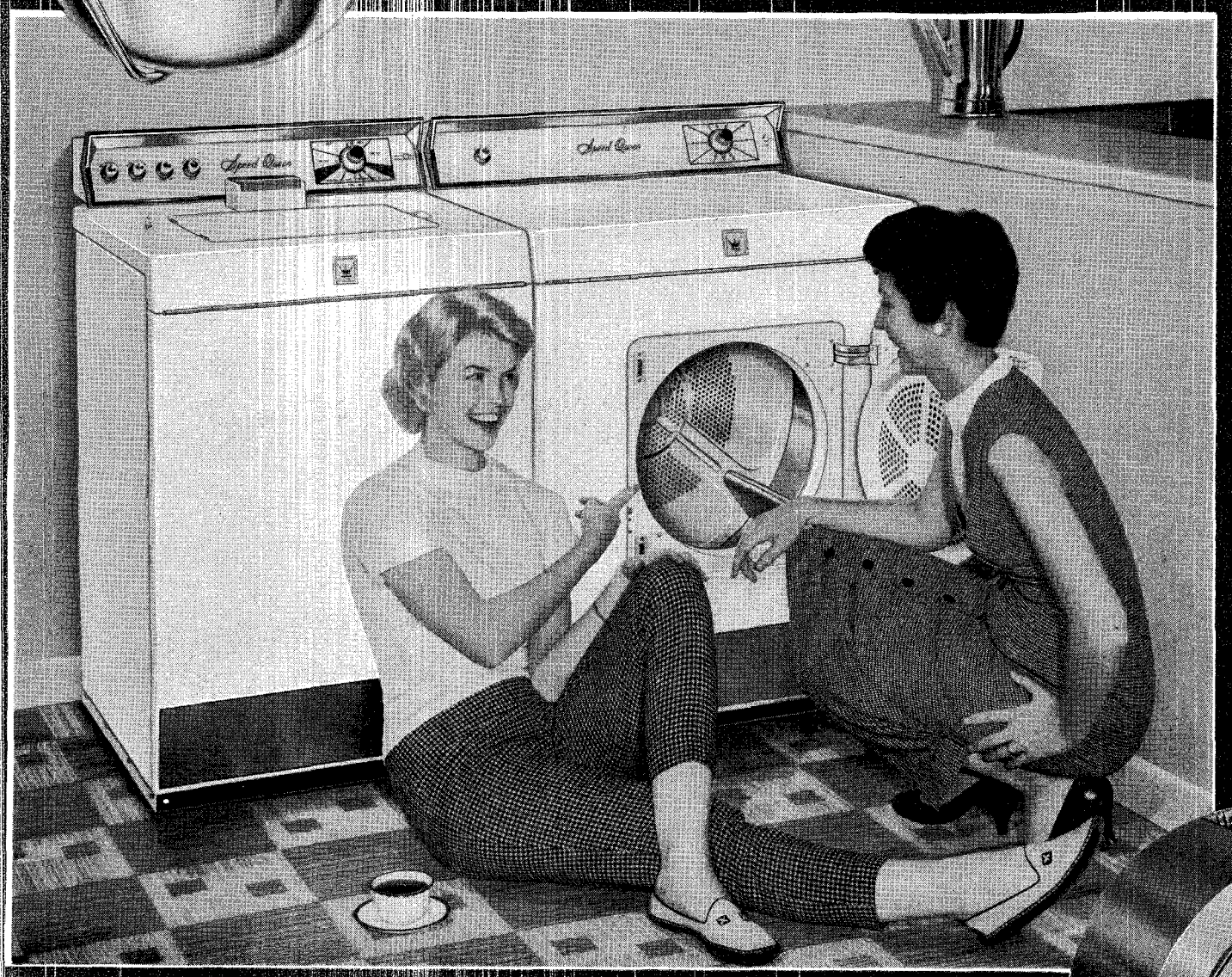
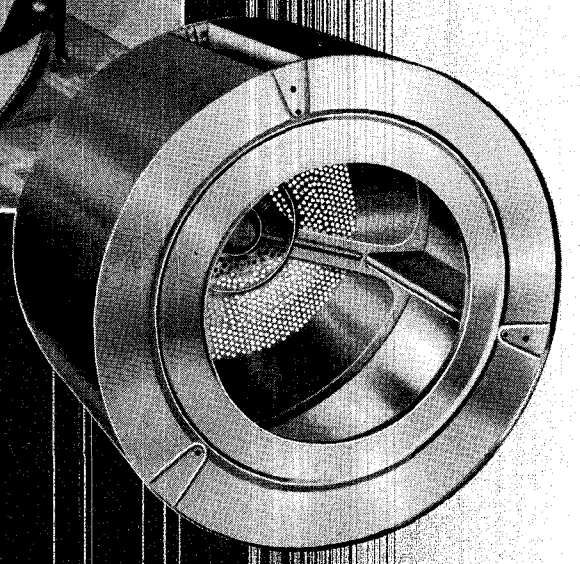
"It's rust-proof, chip-proof STAINLESS STEEL to protect my clothes"

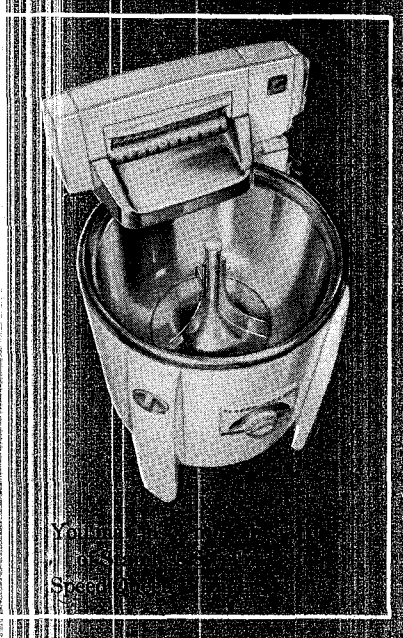




Silver Anniversary
ROYAL PAIR

**SHES and DRIES**
**ALL FABRICS**





The Washer
Lid
Gen
Bleach or
The
The Suds-Saver
The lid
Ever
The Dryer
all fabrics
No other
top oper

dealer for a Royal Pair
literature, write Speed Queen,
Corp., Ripon, Wisconsin.

You
of
Speed Queen

SPEED QUEEN

McGRAW EDISON

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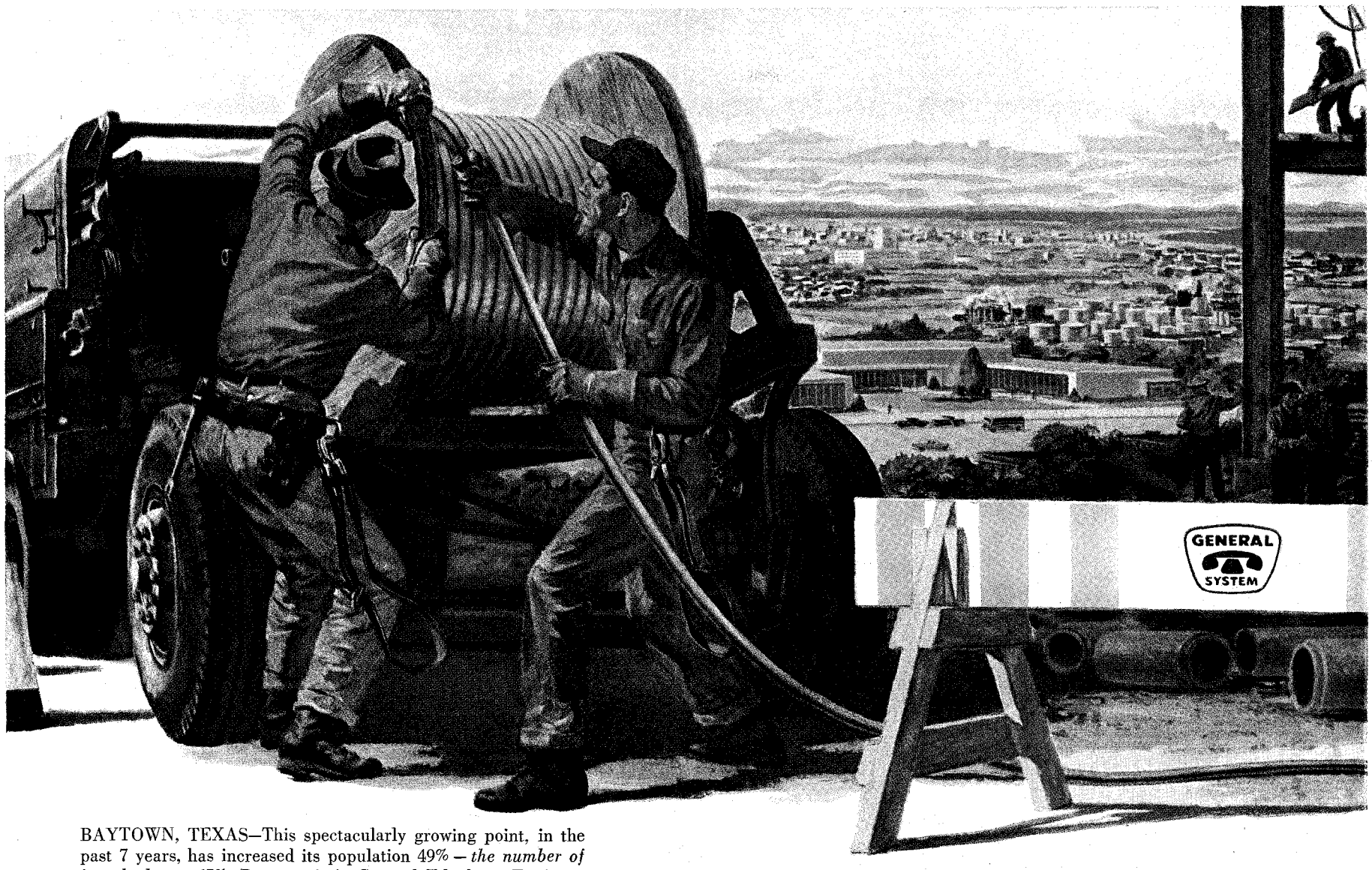
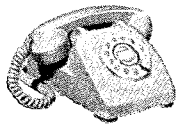



BAYTOWN, TEXAS—This spectacularly growing point, in the past 7 years, has increased its population 49% — *the number of its telephones 67%*. Baytown is in General Telephone Territory.

# Places that are "raring to grow"

## *helped build America's second largest telephone system*



Here you see in Baytown, Texas, an everyday activity typical of bursting-at-the-seams areas served by General Telephone's 1,745 central offices in 30 states.

These fast-growing regions have supplied General Telephone with 2,700,000 new customers in the past 8 years—and are adding about 1,000 more every working day.

General Telephone works closely, too, with most of America's 4,400 other "independent" telephone companies.

Its manufacturing subsidiaries—such as Automatic Electric—supply them with finer telephones and central office equipment, that they may provide unexcelled service to *their* customers.

And it is true that the nation's booming expansion must spread into the areas with room for it. Such new growth is rooting itself in General Telephone Territory.

The prospects for General Telephone are obvious—and pleasant: a constantly greater growth through better service to more people.

General Telephone Corporation
260 Madison Avenue, New York

**GENERAL TELEPHONE**

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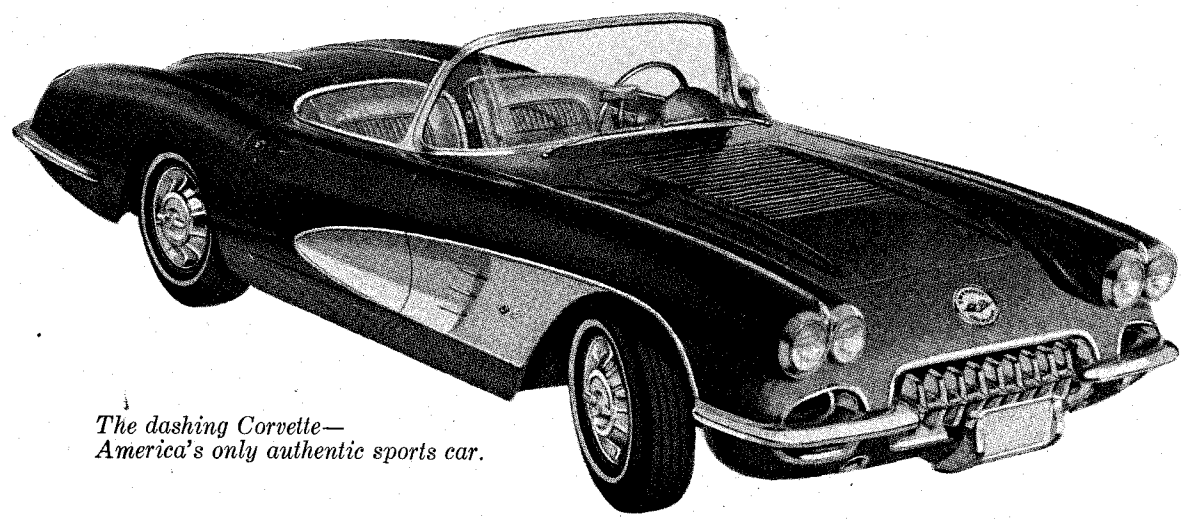
# NOTHING GOES WITH SPRINGTIME LIKE A BRIGHT NEW CHEVY! *Here are cars to rejoice in... sports-minded, fun-hearted and beautiful as all outdoors. The way they perform, ride and handle makes for the happiest driving you've ever known. Got spring fever? Trade it for that Chevrolet feeling!*



*The dashing Corvette—*
*America's only authentic sports car.*

There's something about these new Chevies that was made to order for the warm, wonderful days ahead.

You can see it in the eagerness of their low-thrusting silhouettes. You can feel it in the spirited way they take to an open stretch of highway, in the nimble way they negotiate a winding country road.

These are cars to rejoice in—the surest, happiest cure ever invented for an old-fashioned case of spring fever. And the treatment starts with your first close-up look at the gull-wing glamor of that all-new Body by Fisher.

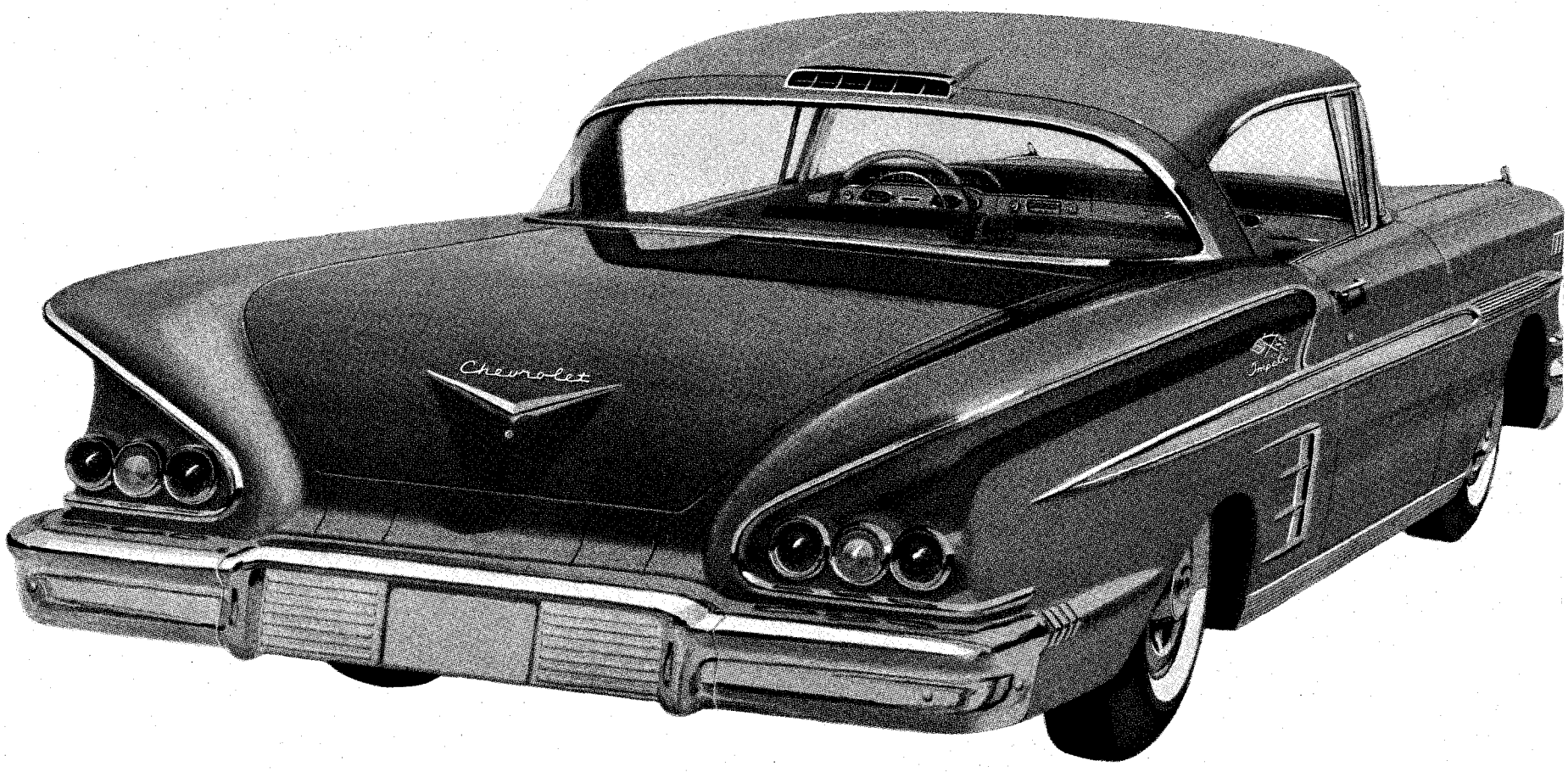
Every one of these new Chevrolet passenger cars is lower, wider and more luxurious in every detail. And every clean-etched line has a freshness you'll find on no other car in Chevy's field.

Once you're behind the wheel you'll find plenty of other exclusives that make driving more restful and zestful. Give some rein to the radically new Turbo-Thrust V8,* for instance, and see how it loves to shrink the miles out where they're long and lonesome. Or follow your wanderlust down a dipping backwoods road—and feel the putting-green smoothness of Chevrolet's new kind of ride.

Your local dealer will be glad to fill you in on all the details—including prices as low as Chevy's roofline! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*

CHEVROLET




*The Impala Sport Coupe—only Chevy's got this kind of gull-wing glamor!*

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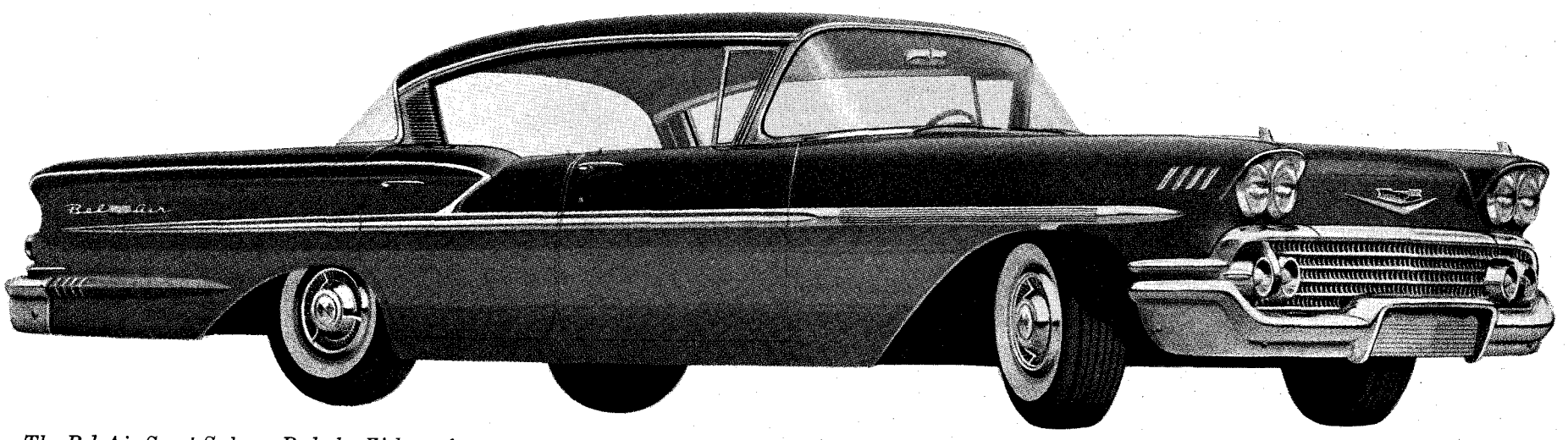
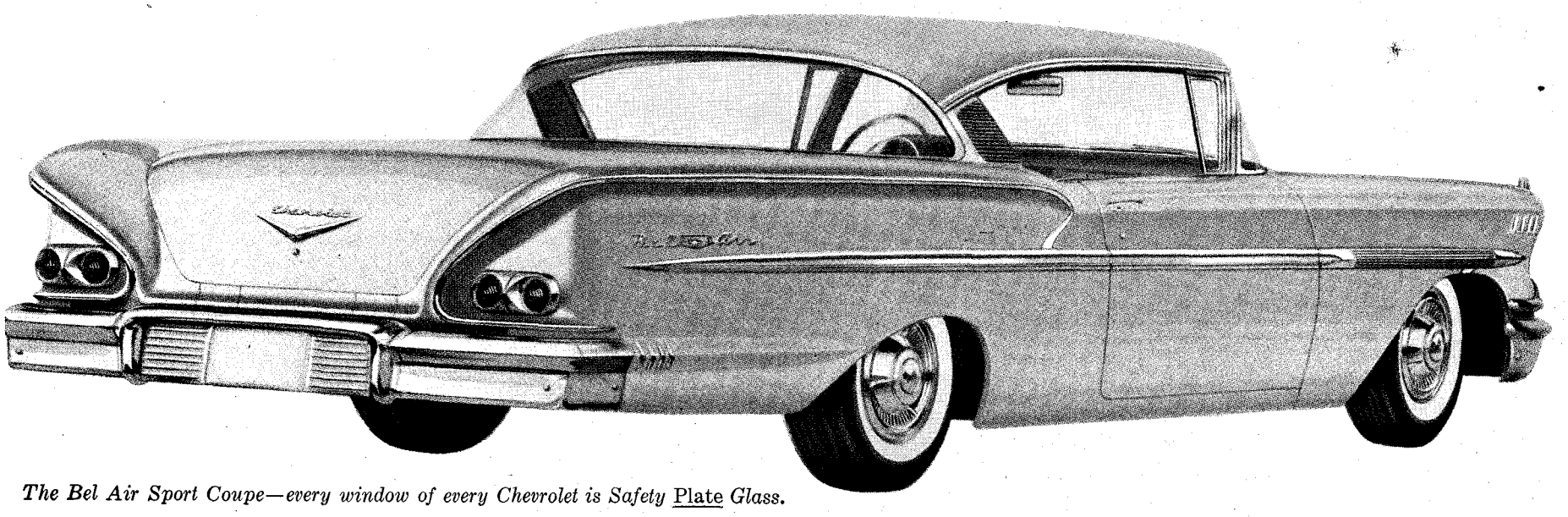
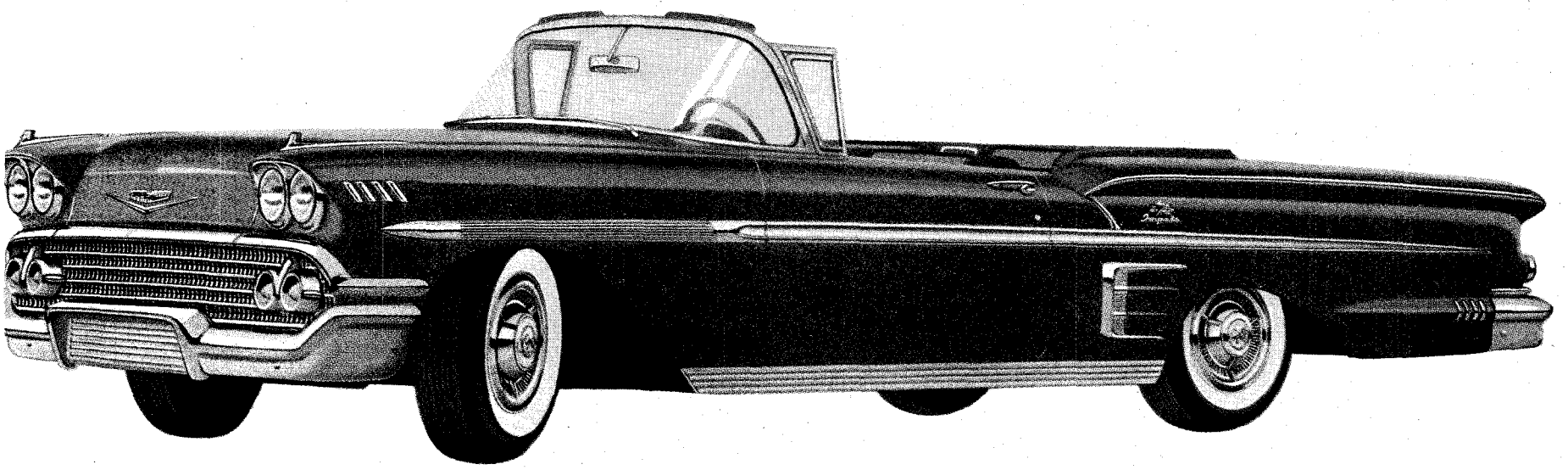


*The Bel Air Sport Sedan—Body by Fisher, of course.*



*The Bel Air Sport Coupe—every window of every Chevrolet is Safety Plate Glass.*



*The Impala Convertible—supremely smart . . . superbly appointed.*

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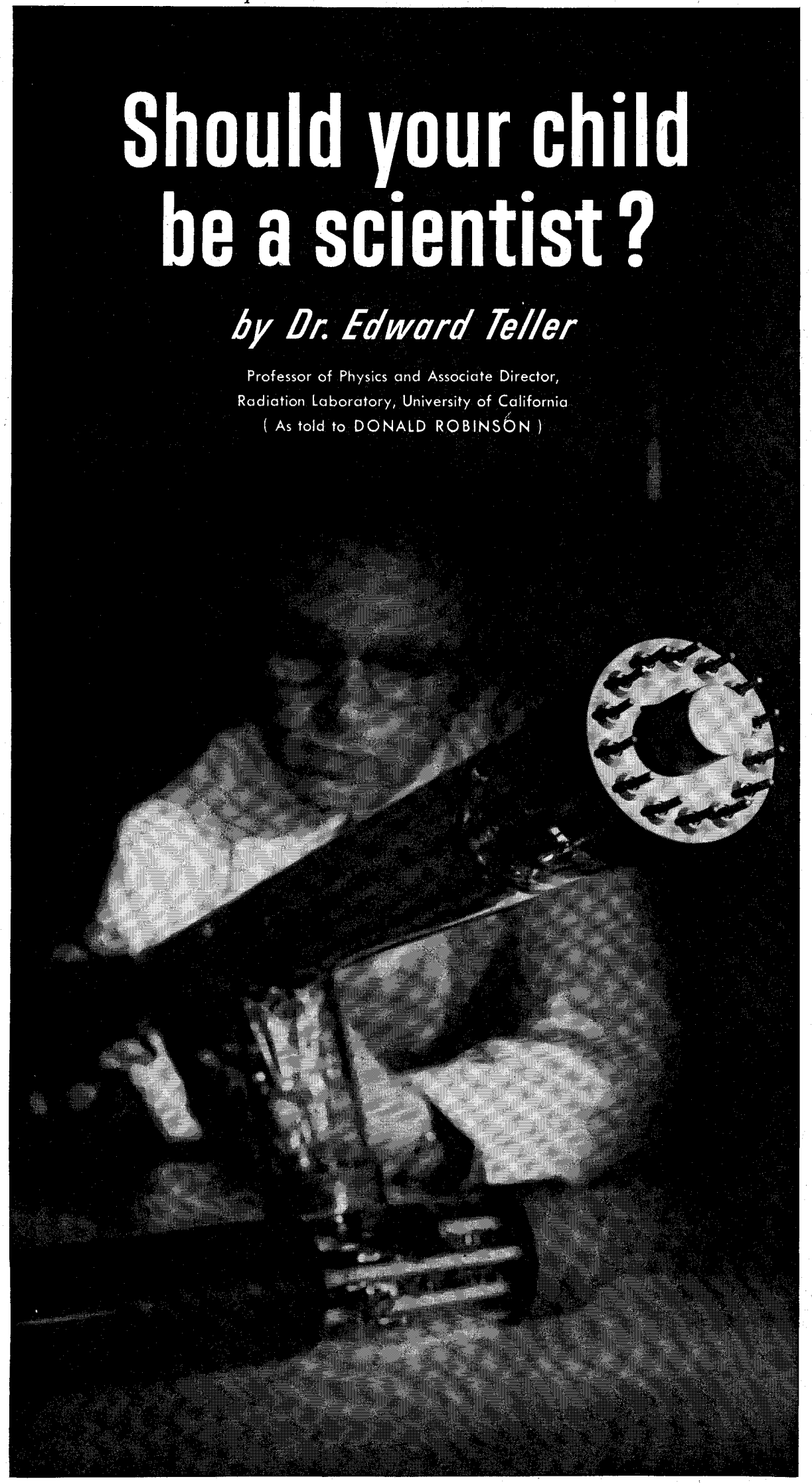
*The 31st in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future*

# Should your child be a scientist?

## *by Dr. Edward Teller*

Professor of Physics and Associate Director,
Radiation Laboratory, University of California
( As told to DONALD ROBINSON )



**Laboratory research often occupies a considerable amount of the scientist's time. Here a scientist examines an experimental tube for testing photosensitive devices.**

NEVER HAS MAN learned so much, and so fast, about the universe he lives in as he has during this century.

We have learned things that are more surprising than any story in science fiction, more beautiful than anything in music.

Just think of the way we have expanded the boundaries of the universe. On New Year's Day, 1900, our main attention was still focused on stars a few thousand light years away. Today, we are studying galaxies a billion light years away.

At the turn of the century, even a simple item like the size of the atom was unknown to us.

The chemists had used atoms as a kind of symbol, but in the year 1900 we didn't even have proof that atoms really existed.

Today, the atom is a demonstrated reality. Both its structure and the laws which underlie this structure are completely understood. We know, for instance, that each atom has a nucleus, loaded with very much more energy than the atom itself. We know, too, that individual atoms are as unpredictable as people are supposed to be, but that we can calculate their behavior *en masse* through the laws of averages.

These are just some of the epochal advances pure science has made. There are more. Many more.

We have gotten an entirely new conception of time in this century. The mathematicians have given us new forms of logic. The geneticists have discovered the laws of inheritance. The chemists have come to understand the structure of crystals, and the complex molecules upon which life depends.

Is it any wonder that historians are calling this "the golden age of pure research"?

In the applied sciences, progress has been as spectacular. It has literally transformed our world within the past few decades.

In this short span the applied scientists have given us automobiles and supersonic airplanes. They have developed rockets that can attain speeds of 18,000 miles-per-hour and lift satellites up into outer space.

They have given us instant, world-wide communication. They have electrified our homes and made our lives far easier. They have evolved electronic equipment that promises us real automation.

And that's not all, by any means.

Years back, tuberculosis and pneumonia took an appalling toll. No longer. The problem of infectious disease has been largely solved in our time.

Years back, we had to rely on particular places for their particular riches. Such as rubber. No longer. Chemistry has provided us with synthetics.

No more do we have to worry because our coal and oil stocks are petering out. We have nuclear power at our disposal now. It should generate all the energy we require for at least 200 years, and it will enable us to supply electricity to the most remote corners of the globe.

Much as science has accomplished in this century, there is still more to be done.

Science will do it. Of that I'm confident.

Before the century is over, we will have explored our entire planetary system reasonably well. We will have found out how to influence the weather. We will have learned how to make proper use of the ocean. Today, our methods of fishing are as crude as they were in the Stone Age, but in the not distant future we will be seeding fish and plants in the sea as effectively as we cultivate cattle and crops on land.

Come the year 2000 and we will have achieved a cure for cancer and heart disease. We will know how to make materials to order, synthetically.

On the broad front of pure science we will have explored the basic structure of the atomic nucleus. We will have peered into the history of the universe down into the distant past, six or seven billion years ago.

Can you think of any other profession that affords its followers the chance to find such towering, demonstrable truths, and to do so much good?

Yet, let me say this as strongly as I can.

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I do not want any young person to choose science as his lifework simply because he hopes to be the one to solve these big, exciting problems.

In my opinion, one should never enter science with a view to the end results. The thought of achievement, fame, position or monetary reward should have no bearing on the decision.

There is but one good reason for going into science. It is that a person enjoys the day-to-day details of scientific research for the sake of those day-to-day details.

Only this kind of a boy or girl will find contentment and success in science. The others are foredoomed to failure and frustration.

I have seen youngsters embark on a scientific career with the fervent expectation that they were going to make world-shattering discoveries. Instead of relishing their everyday activities, they kept fretting about the "big break-through" they dreamed of.

Naturally, it didn't come. Knowledge cannot be wooed so brusquely.

If your child is interested in science, for science's sake and for no other reason, he will find all doors opened to him.

We have a desperate need for new scientists today in America. The fact is that we must have them, if we are to survive as a free, democratic nation. The President of the United States himself has termed this "the most critical problem" confronting the American people.

Year by year, the Soviet Union has been overtaking us in the scientific arena. Back in the '30's, the Russians had to bring in American engineers and machinery to help them with comparatively easy jobs like constructing dams. Today, Russia has more scientists, engineers and technicians than the United States, and is graduating more than twice as many as we are each year.

Not long ago, the National Science Foundation made a check on the status of higher scientific education in the United States. The findings for one sample year were shocking.

In all America, only 986 persons got their Ph.D.'s in chemistry, that year, only 470 in physics, only 230 in mathematics.

Just twenty-three persons got their Ph.D.'s in astronomy. A mere ten got them in meteorology.

Figures like that explain why the U.S.S.R. now has 15,000 more people at the doctorate level in the various sciences than we have in the United States.

If Russia continues to outpace us in this fashion, the results will be catastrophic for us. The Russians will be the ones to land on the moon first. They will be the ones to control weather first. They will be the ones to perfect weapons so overwhelming that no one will be able to resist them. They will lead the world in everything, including science and its peaceful applications.

Then freedom will be lost here and everywhere.

A scientific career is more than a duty, though. It is an opportunity.

Science is fun. It offers people the supreme pleasure of clear, complete understanding, of creating order where there was confusion.

You have the fun of being thoroughly absorbed in what you're doing. And you have the fun of working for a clear-cut decision. It's like chess. Ordinarily, in that wonderful game, there is no question of who wins or loses. Similarly, in science, there is no doubt as to whether you have solved or failed to solve a problem. The proofs are definite.

In many fields, another person's success can be a disadvantage to you. Not in science. Here anybody's success is your success. For one thing, you gain personally from the new knowledge that has been reached. For a second, progress of any sort points out the path for you to further progress.

Best of all, science has objective criteria and a language that are the same in every country. With them, scientific people can, and do, cooperate with each other no matter what their nationalities are.

Let me put it this way. A person who becomes a good scientist joins an international community of people who practice the brotherhood of men.

Sometimes, parents say to me,

"Don't you have to be a genius to make a career for yourself in science?"

My answer to them is "No."

To my mind, talent is nothing but an unusual amount of concentrated interest. If you have this intense interest in a subject—and the capacity to work hard—you will do well at it.

In most sciences, this interest is manifested young. When Karl Friedrich Gauss, the greatest mathematician of all, was a little boy of nine, for example, his teacher in a Brunswick, Germany, school asked the class to add up a long series of progressive numbers.

The other children worked an hour, laboriously adding the lengthy columns of figures. Little Karl spent scarcely a minute on it. He looked up, looked down, and jotted the correct answer on his slate. At his tender age, he'd already figured out how to work arithmetic progression.

I know that in my case I was fascinated by numbers in earliest childhood. My mother used to put me to bed before I wanted to go. So, I'd lie there in the dark and compute the number of seconds in an hour, a day, a month, a year. I did not always get the right answers, but it was fun.

It is up to parents to recognize such interest in science if their children have it and to encourage its growth.

How do you know if your child's interest in science is a genuine one?

By his curiosity about scientific subjects.

By the fact that he asks intelligent questions about science and profits from your answers, so that each successive question shows a higher level of understanding.

By the fact that he loves to work scientific problems—mathematical puzzles, perhaps—and by the fact that he insists on solving each problem completely.

By a bull-dog quality which won't let him drop a subject until he understands it inside out.

A child does not need a lightning-fast mind to be a scientist. Nor does he need a miraculous memory. Nor is it necessary that he get very high grades in school.

The only point that counts is that the child have a high degree of interest in science.

What should parents do to encourage this interest?

Since a child's attitudes are usually set by the time he is twelve, parents should start early to expose him to science and to create the kind of an environment which will stimulate him in that direction.

I was lucky along those lines. When I was ten, my father saw that I had a scientific urge and took me to visit an old mathematics professor of his.

The professor was not very impressive in appearance or anything else. But I learned something priceless from him. He started speaking to me about his specialty, projective geometry, and I discovered that mathematics was fun for him. That he had more fun than any grown-up I'd known.

Then and there, I resolved to have fun like that, too.

If you ask me, the wise parent should talk about science to his children, give them books to read, and arrange for them to meet scientists. He should see to it that they take all the science courses their school offers.

A good teacher can do wonders in this regard. Let me say here that the essential characteristic of a good teacher is not that he knows his subject well or can teach it efficiently. It is that he loves his subject and makes that love evident to his pupils.

In the event that your child does settle upon science for a profession, I would recommend that he get as thorough an education as possible. I do not say that a Ph.D. is a prerequisite to advancement, but it does have great value. If your child does not choose science for his profession, I would urge that he at least take science appreciation courses at school. In this scientific age, all of us should have some grasp of the developments that are shaping our lives.

Much as I respect science, I don't want to leave you with the impression that a career in it is all milk and honey.

It isn't. Unfortunately, scientists are a group apart in America. People often think of them as "high-brows" and "squares."

As a result, the scientists have tended to withdraw into themselves. Many have lost contact with the common man.

This is bad.

However, I feel that the public attitude toward science is gradually beginning to change. Eventually, I believe, scientists will come into their own and be recognized for what they are—one of the most important, small components of our big society. The time may even come when teen-agers will look up to their school's science stars as admiringly as they do to their school's football heroes.

A healthy sign in this connection is that salaries for scientists are now edging upward. Throughout the country, universities, private research laboratories, industrial concerns and the government are bringing scientists' pay up to a level which will assure them a comfortable, secure life.

Not that money should be a factor in deciding on a scientific career.

I well remember the day I told my father that I planned to be a scientist. He was vehemently opposed.

"You'll never make a decent living as a scientist," he warned.

"I don't care," I replied. "If I do anything else, I may make more money but I'll only have fun after hours. If I work at science, I'll have fun all the time."

I do.

nylic

**HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS**

*Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his* opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

*Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.*

*Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.*

**Booklets available on many careers**

*This article on a Scientific Career is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on* Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology, Traffic Managing *and* Secretarial Career. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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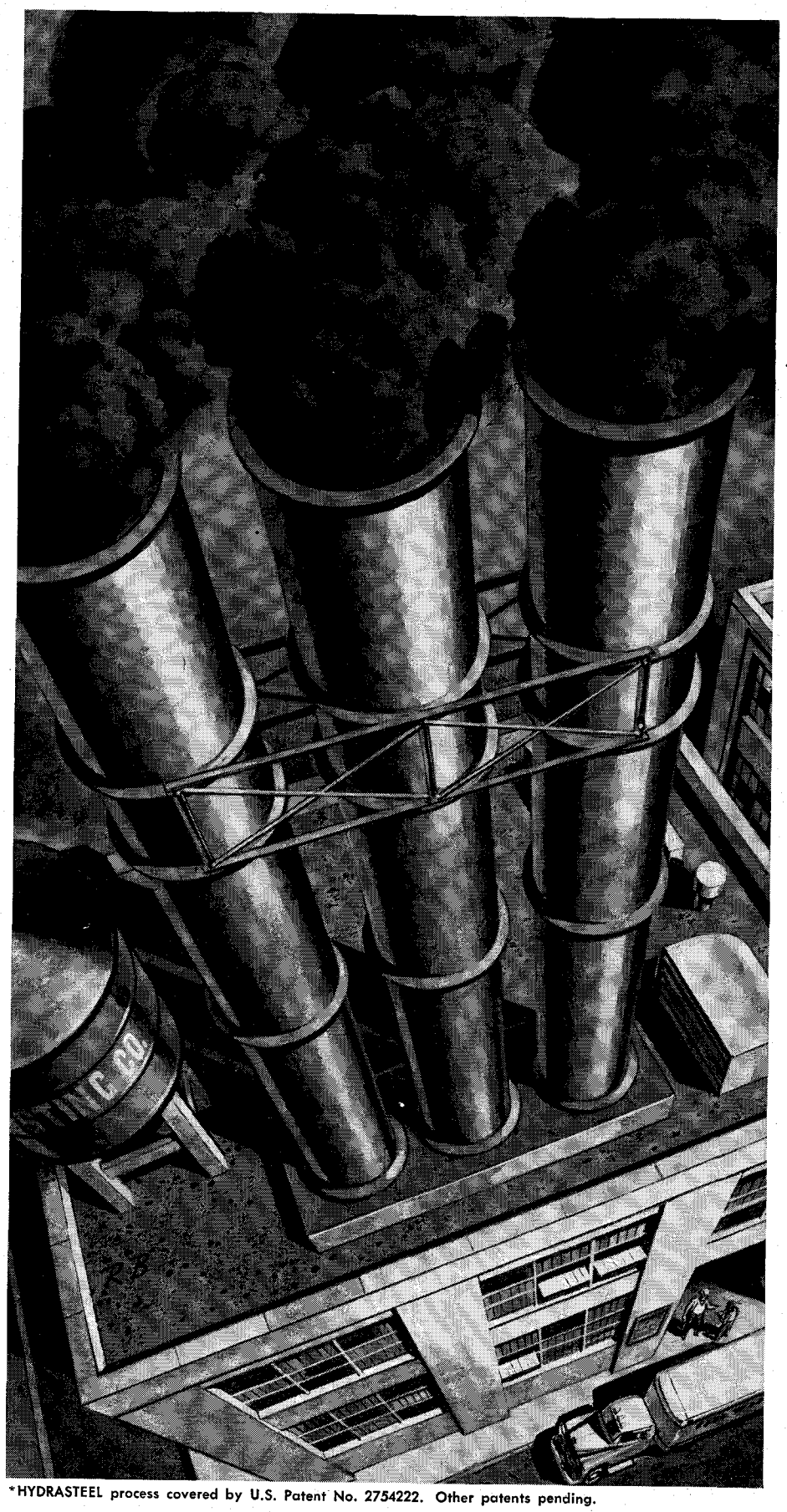
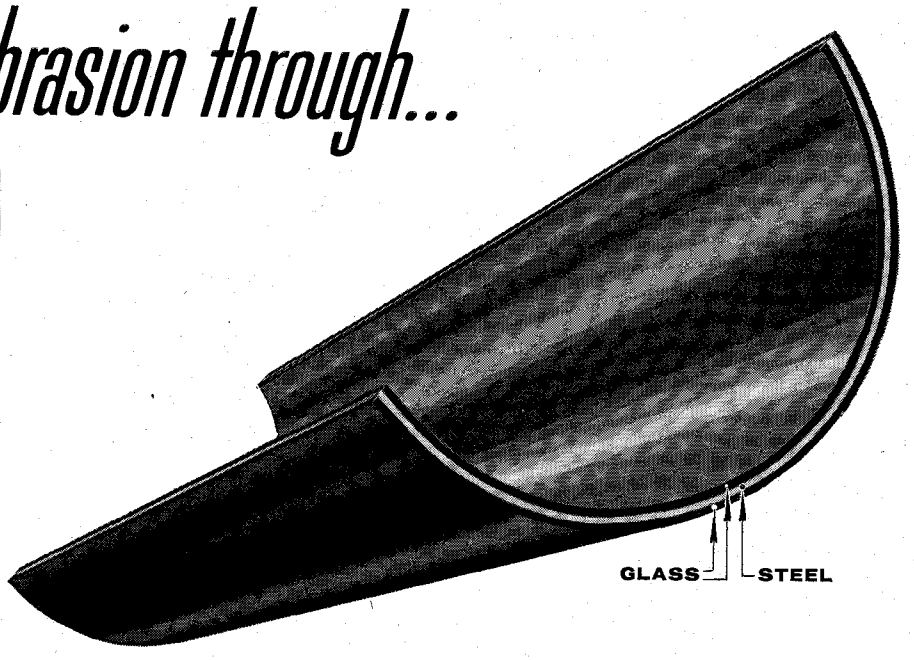
# *Conquering heat, corrosion and abrasion through...*






# the inseparable marriage of glass and steel

**BY A. O. SMITH**

If you were asked to name a product made of glass fused to steel, you'd probably think of *Permaglas* water heaters. That's only natural—since these famous A. O. Smith units have an amazing record of rust-free longevity, producing hot water in more than 4,000,000 homes.

Fact is, however, the enduring marriage of glass and steel goes far beyond water heater service.

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A. O. Smith glass-protected steel products serve throughout industry. Some are specialized production tools; others work almost anywhere.

*Permaglas* smokestacks, for example, shrug off the attack of acid condensate (as no ordinary steel stack ever could). Moreover, their rugged, lightweight design saves on installation and foundations. It all adds up to a great boon for industrial executives who've been plagued by the high cost of stack maintenance and replacement.

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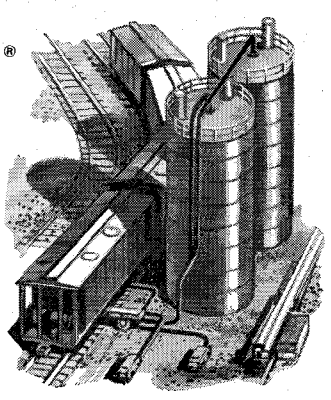
In 1928, A. O. Smith researchers began to preside over the marriage of glass and steel. They created exclusive bonding techniques. They developed and tested more than 3500 glass formulas to find the truly functional-few in use today. They even improved the steel by inventing HYDRASTEEL* processing (a patented exclusive).

All for the sake of a perfect union — glass fused to steel — with resistance to corrosion and abrasion; with hard, slick surface and electrical insulating strength; with flexibility equal to that of the steel.

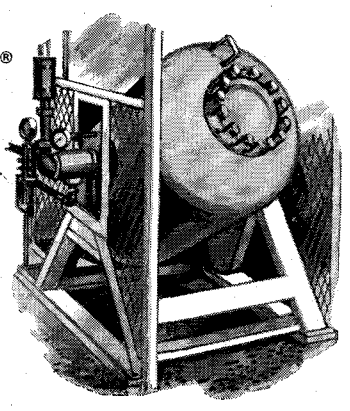
- *Want to know more about these and other A. O. Smith products born of the marriage of glass and steel? Write for free, illustrated booklet. A. O. Smith, Dept. 0181, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.*

*HYDRASTEEL process covered by U.S. Patent No. 2754222. Other patents pending.

**Permaglas®** mechanized bulk storage units turn storage into a profitable production tool, saving up to 67% on materials-handling time alone. These mechanical bottom-unloading structures of steel, glass-protected inside and out, handle a wide variety of bulk materials; flaky, pulverized or granular; hygroscopic, contaminable, edible or non-edible.



**Glascote®** processing equipment is engineered for use by the chemical and petro-chemical industries. Manufactured by a subsidiary of A. O. Smith, this equipment excels in even the most severe corrosive service. Moreover, the non-stick surfaces of glass fused to steel insure freedom from contamination in processes requiring utmost purity.



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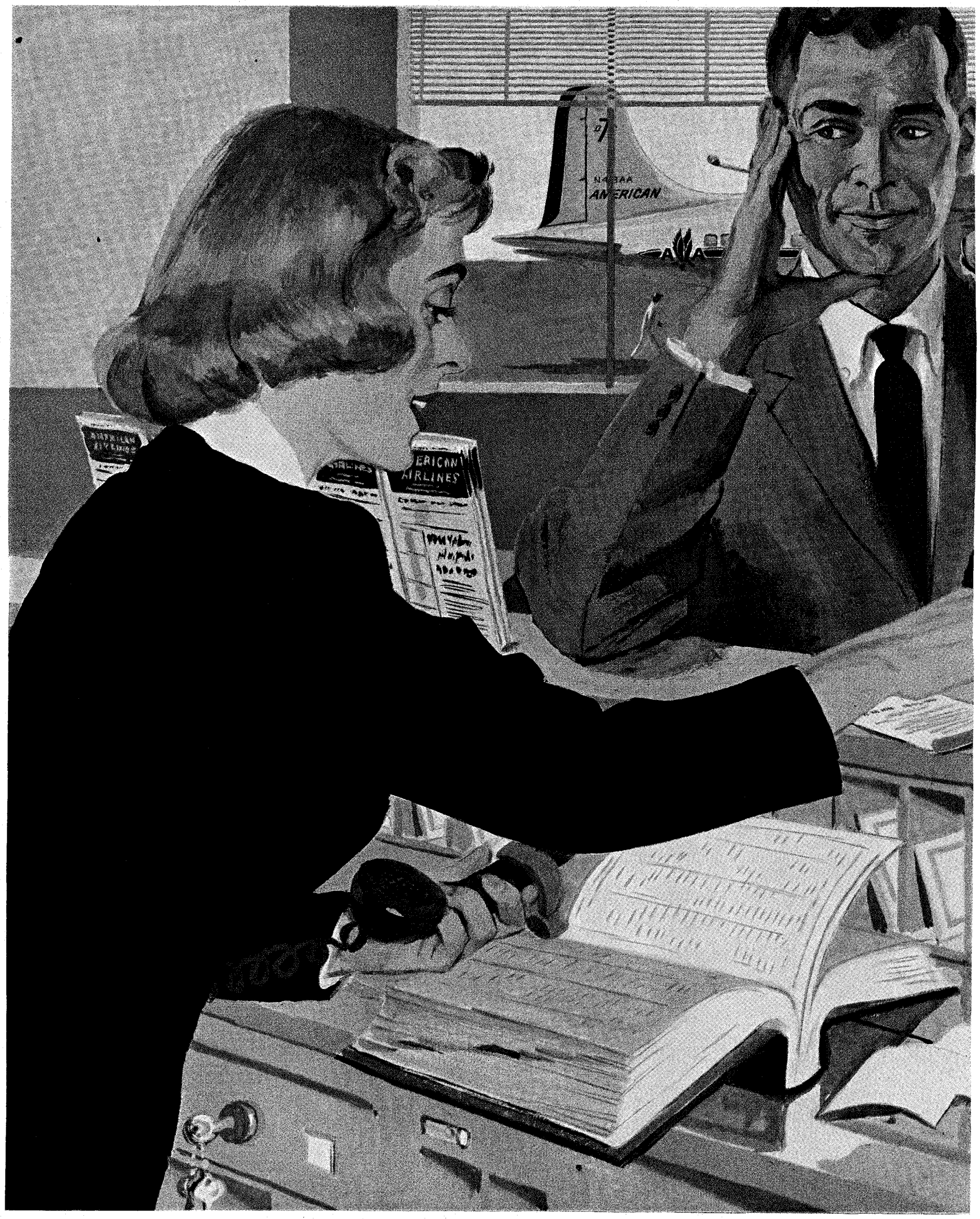
# ANOTHER PASSENGER SHOWS WHY AMERICAN SERVES YOU BETTER WHEN YOU FLY

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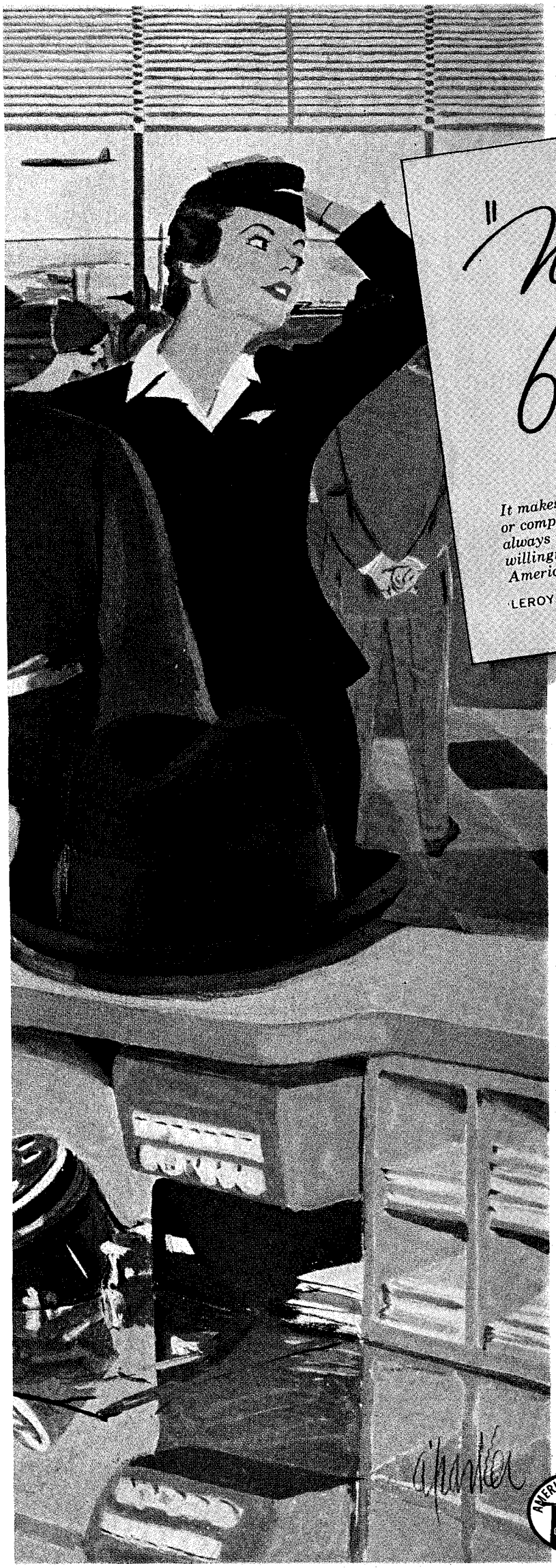

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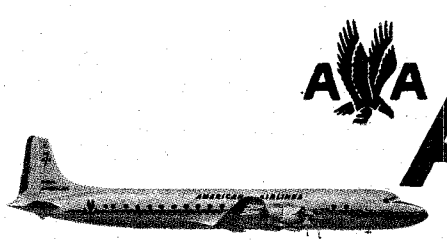

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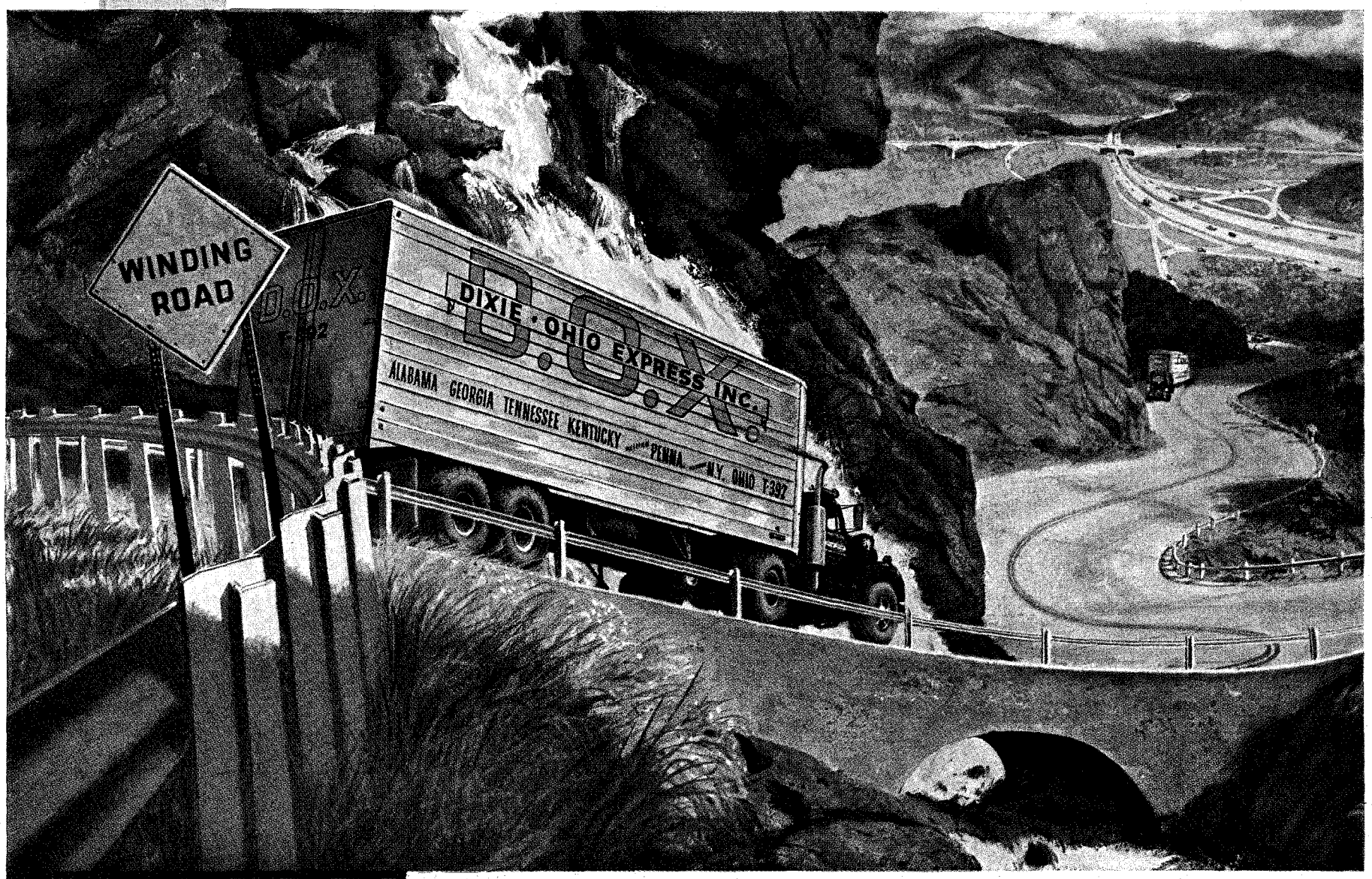


## *and haven't had a failure with HI-MILER CROSS-RIB in 4 million tire-miles!"*

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**TEMPERED LIKE STEEL!** Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!

**How Dixie-Ohio Express vastly increased tread mileage, cut tire-cost-per-mile to new LOWS:**

"When you combine long, hot runs with mountain grades averaging 5 tight turns a mile, mileage shrinks, tire costs mount.

"That was us," continues Dixie-Ohio President Clarence A. Kelley. "You see, we operate over 300 tractor units (mostly big diesels)—and almost 500 trailers—from Buffalo, New York—through Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee—down to Georgia and Alabama.

"There aren't many tougher combinations: braking on downgrades, sharp curves—torque-force tire-loading plus the heat build-up on the long, fast runs.

"But—4 million tire-miles ago, we tried Goodyear's new Hi-Miler Cross-Rib. *The difference is dollars in the bank!*

"At our former top mileage on drive-wheels, our average Cross-Rib still has *plenty* of traction, *plenty* of sideslip resistance—and is good for many thousands of additional miles, *before first recap!* Fact is, we've already tripled our original tread mileage and are rolling up recap records!

"The clincher is this: *We haven't had a Hi-Miler Cross-Rib failure in 4 million tire-miles!* No wonder we buy Cross-Ribs as fast as we get the wheels for them!"

For more Hi-Miler Cross-Rib facts, contact your Goodyear dealer or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

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# We Found a New Northwest Passage

By CAPT. THOMAS C. PULLEN, R.C.N.
as told to Lee Edson

## The man who first broke through the long-sought ocean-to-ocean route for big ships across the Arctic tells the story of his perilous voyage.

In July, 1955, I was a three-ringed ex-destroyer commander in the Royal Canadian Navy, holding down an unexciting desk job in Ottawa. Without warning the naval machinery hiccuped, and, at thirty-seven, I found myself promoted to captain. Automatically I expected a new assignment, and thought it might be a staff post in England. Instead, Rear Admiral H. S. Rayner, Chief of Naval Personnel, summoned me to his office and handed me the most surprising appointment of my twenty-year naval career.

My orders were to take command of the icebreaker H.M.C.S. Labrador, Canada's famed Arctic patrol ship. My mission would be to escort merchant ships supplying Canadian and American radar defense lines, to survey harbors and clear beach approaches of obstructions that might prevent the landing of cargo, and to conduct oceanographic and other scientific research. Finally, and most intriguingly, I would investigate the possibility of a Northwest Passage for big ships.

The author on the Labrador's bridge just before he led three U. S. ships east through Bellot Strait.

Under way in the Arctic, H.M.C.S. Labrador rams through the eight-foot-thick ice by riding up on top of the floe, then crushing it with brute force.

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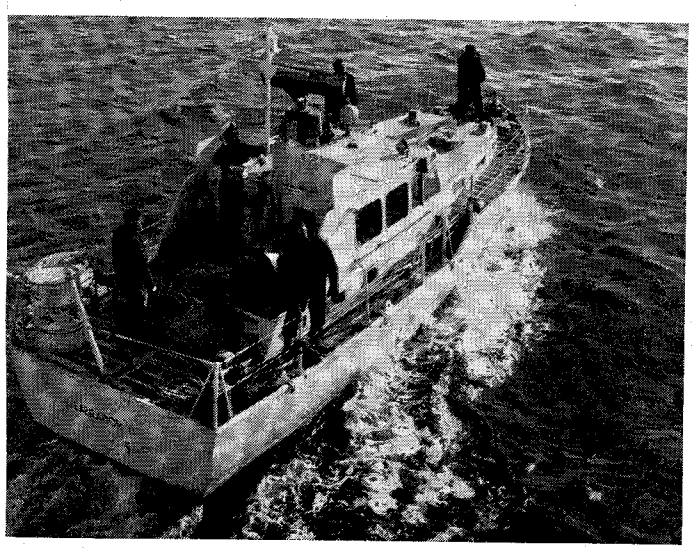


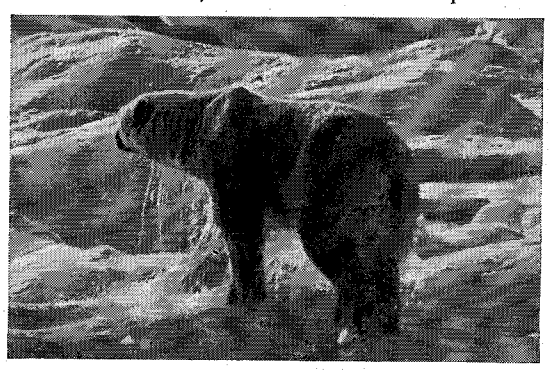
This is "Pogo," the survey boat which probed the unknown strait ahead of the Labrador. But the swift current forced Pogo back.

That night I was bursting to tell my wife, Betty, that her husband, whose only experience with ice had been to skate on it, was going to become a polar explorer. But sworn to temporary secrecy, I could do nothing but surreptitiously read books on the Arctic and commune with history.

The Northwest Passage is an age-old dream. Back in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, John Cabot, and his son, Sebastian, sailed up the Labrador coast as far north as Hudson Strait, seeking an ice-free passage to the "barbaric pearl and gold" of the Indies. Among the ninety-odd expeditons by sledge, sail and steam that invaded the north in the next 400 years, the names of Frobisher, Hudson, Parry and Franklin come to mind. It is said that the history of Arctic exploration can be divided into three eras: the search for the passage, the search for the North Pole and the search for Franklin, an English explorer who disappeared near Lancaster Sound while looking for the passage in 1847. My own great-uncle, Capt. W. J. S. Pullen, Royal Navy, commanded one of the five ships of the Belcher expedition which tried to find Franklin in 1852. His ship, H.M.S. North Star, was the only one to return safely to England. The others, trapped in the ice, had to be abandoned and their crews transferred to the North Star and to two other vessels which fortunately arrived in time. One of the abandoned ships, H.M.S. Resolute, drifted 1000 miles into Davis Strait, where she was picked up by an American whaler and sailed to the United States. Refitted by the United States Government, she was presented to Queen Victoria in 1856.

It wasn't until the twentieth century that the passage became a reality. In 1906, Roald Amundsen, the famed Norwegian explorer, arrived at Nome, Alaska, and announced to a startled world that he'd sailed across the

"The sight of animal life enlivened our Arctic loneliness," says Pullen. "One bear swatted down a wooden cairn which my sailors had laboriously erected to mark the ship's visit."



The mission of the Labrador's three helicopters (left) was to scout leads through the ice pack. After this picture was taken, the two smaller craft crashed on a peak, marooning four men. A day later, the big 'copter daringly snatched them from their barren perch.

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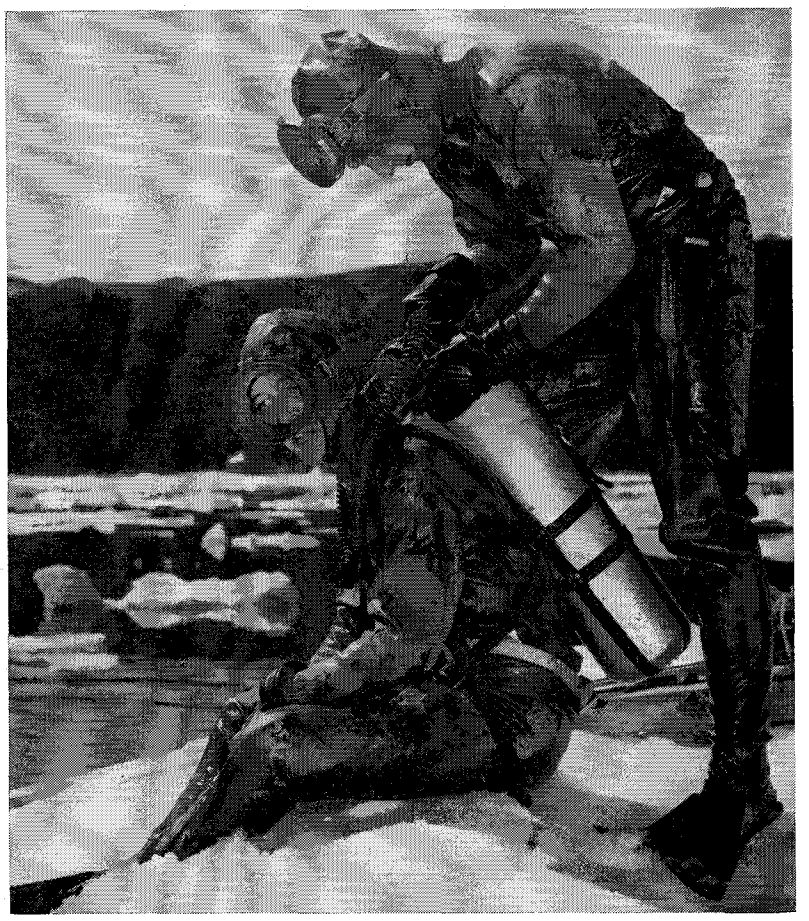
A U.S.N. underwater-demolition team, here seen from a helicopter, plunges in to blast obstructions beneath the ice.

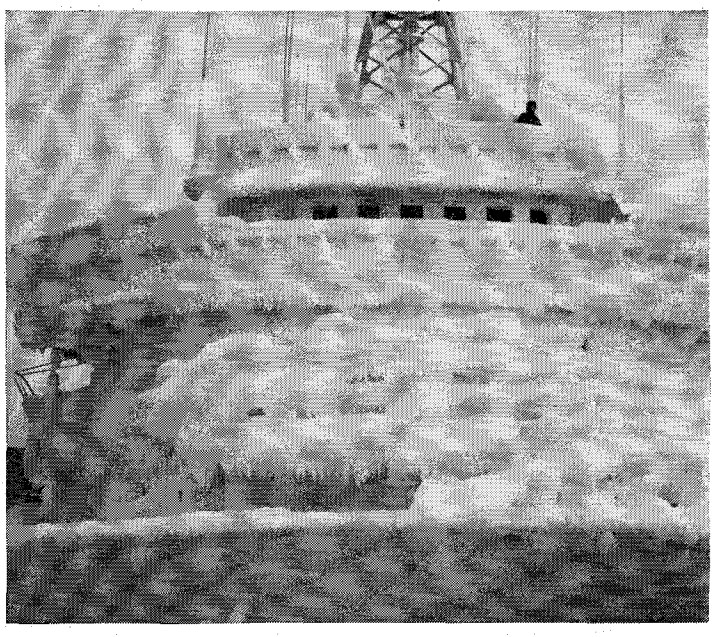


The crew of the author's ship called their own frogmen "madmen." The two above prepare to explore a harbor's frigid depths.

Arctic in his seven-man, seventy-three-foot herring boat, Gjoa. Thirty-four years later, Staff Sergeant Henry A. Larsen, commanding the Royal Canadian Mounted Police schooner St. Roch, sailed from Pacific to Atlantic, and in 1944 he sailed back, the first to make the passage both ways across the top of the continent. Finally, in 1954, Captain—now Commodore—O. C. S. Robertson, R.C.N., the first skipper of the same Labrador that I was now to command, punched a path to the Pacific through icy Prince of Wales Strait and then passing through the Panama Canal became the first naval skipper to circumnavigate North America. Heroic and important though these pioneer voyages were, the first two were carried out by ships much too small for modern sea commerce. The third voyage, though made with a deep-draft ship, was through a route that proved to be ice-filled and uncertain.

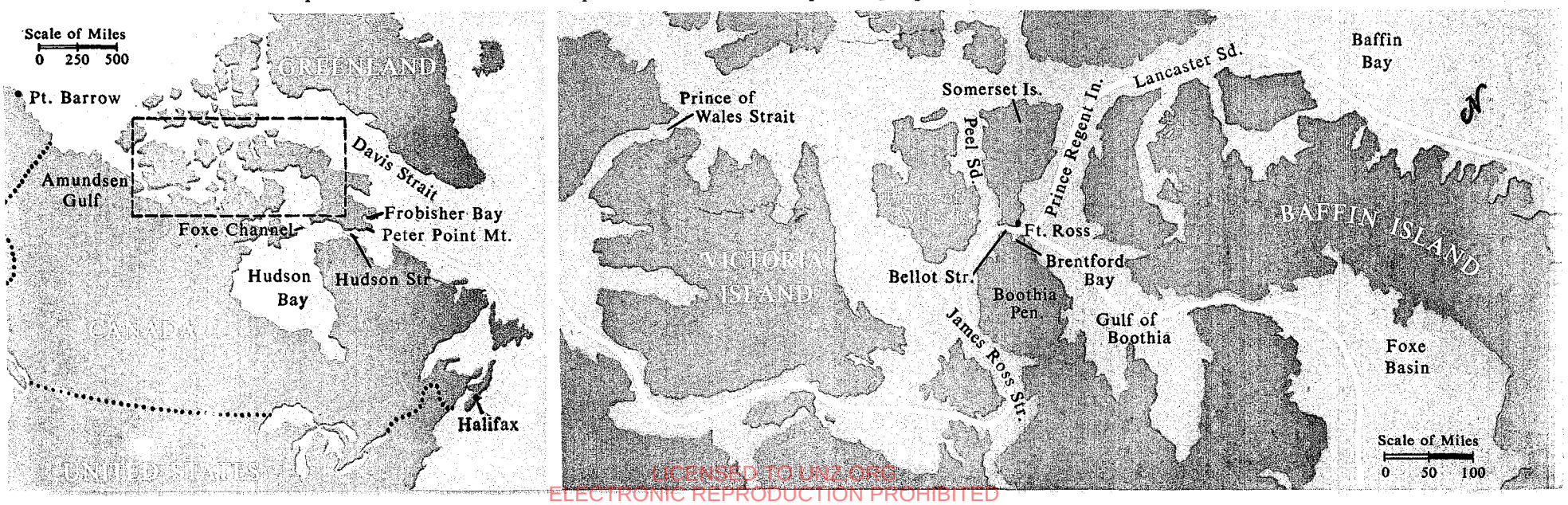
So, in 1956, the search for a practical Northwest Passage for heavy ships was reopened. Sparking the operation, Vice Admiral John Will, head of the United States Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service, gave the reason for urgency. "In the summer," he pointed out, "many of our West Coast-based Arctic cargo ships have to operate some 1500 miles to the east of Point Barrow. This is risky, because the skippers have only a short time to do their work and get back before the polar pack closes down. We can cut this risk—and we can gain precious time for the all-important D.E.W. (Distant Early Warning) Line military-supply job—if we can open up a safe escape route to the east."

Was there such a route? How do you go about finding it? The key, Admiral Will felt, lay in the work of two Canadian scientists—Moira Dunbar and Wing Commander Keith Greenaway—of the Defence Research Board in Ottawa. From air photos accumulated since 1951, these investigators tracked the drift of polar ice through the vast Arctic archipelago that somebody once described as the most complex system of (Continued on Page 62)



After the storm: Ice shrouds the sturdy Labrador's bridge during Pullen's maiden voyage.

The maps below show how the Labrador's penetration of Bellot Strait opened big-ship routes across the top of North America.

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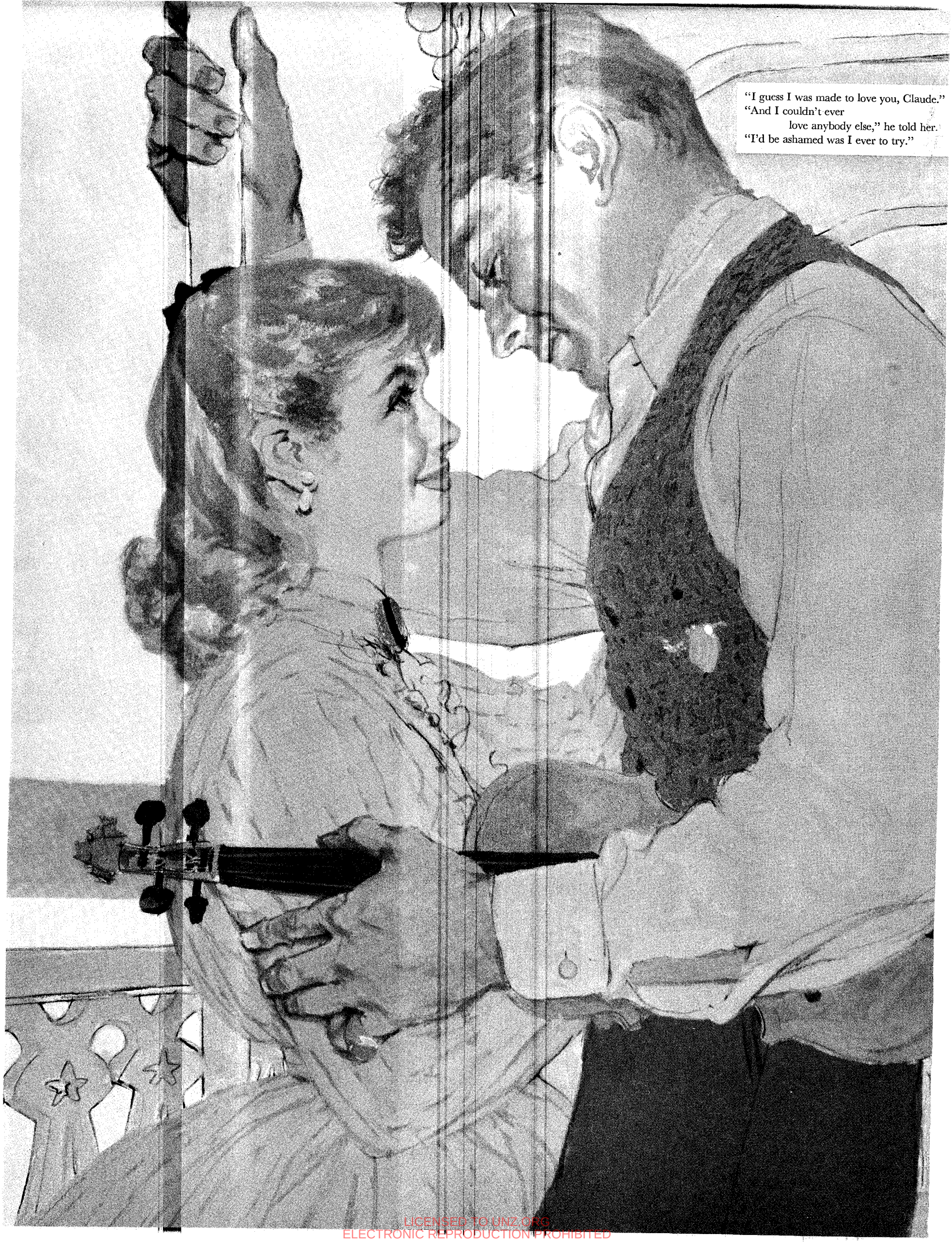


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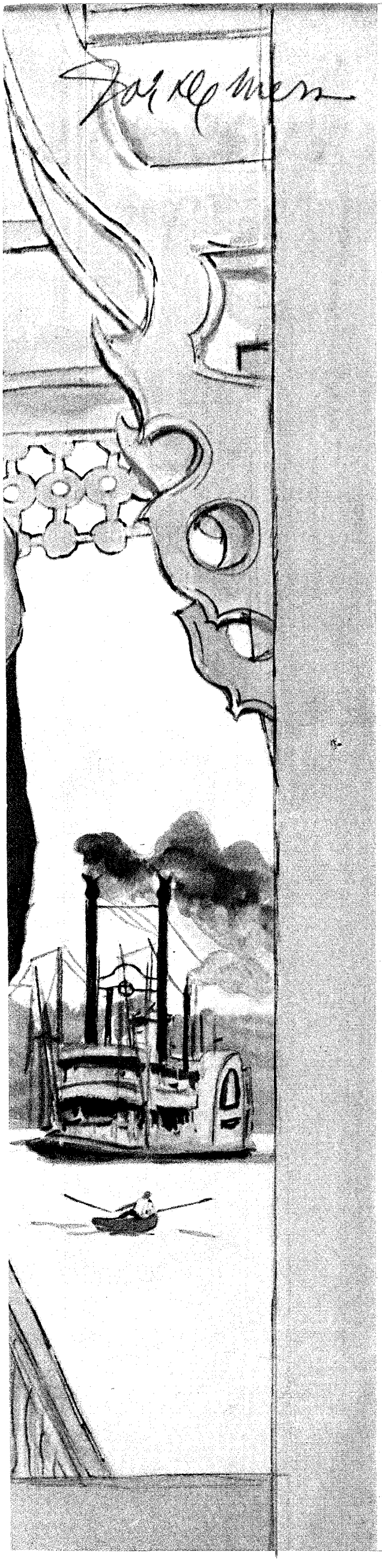

# O MY LOVELY CAROLINE

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

## Caroline was his very life. Then, as simply as footlights fade, she was gone. . . .

Claude Hanson stood on the upper deck of the showboat Starlight and watched the hillmen hang lanterns from the trees on the river's bank. As each lantern was lighted, more and more hill people appeared suddenly, like apparitions, out of the darkness. To Claude they were eager mourners come to watch him perish.

Though still erect, still large and handsome at sixty, Claude lowered his head. But he understood that prayers could not change the inevitable. Never before in his life had he broken a promise to his beloved Caroline, but now he knew he was going to be forced to forsake her.

His arms hung loosely at his sides, the fiddle in his left hand and the bow in his right. As each lantern was lighted, throwing a sterner glow on the wooden lacework of the showboat's decks, each one seemed to highlight a different moment of his life with Caroline. He saw again the astonishing way they had met, the immediacy of their love, the patient weeks and months during which she had taught him to read music and to learn the lines in the plays, the joyous years on the river, the night he had saved the Starlight from sinking, and Caroline's pride in him. He could hardly believe they had had twenty-five years together—forty, really, for though she had been gone fifteen years, he had never once felt she had left him.

The last picture appeared clearly before his eyes, stronger than memory, sharper and more immediate.

The Starlight, tied up at Charleroi on the Monongahela, squatted grandly in the moonlight and though the spring night was balmy, their little room behind the stage held a fearful coldness.

"I've always loved you, Carrie," Claude said, holding his wife close to him, smiling a reassurance he did not feel, for the doctor had said she would never survive the diphtheria.

Lifting her hands, she placed them on his cheeks. Though she was forty, she seemed almost a child, an eager child forever impetuous and hopeful, as though the days and years were too brief. Her eyes passed around the tiny room, seeing each memento, every small and personal reminder of their years together: tintypes, bits of costume tinsel, sheet music hung about the mirror, souvenirs from hundreds of towns along the rivers. "You love the river, don't you, Claude?"

"Yes, Carrie, honey, just like I love you."

"How many rivers there are. The Wabash and Tennessee, Kentucky, Green, Ohio, Kanawha and Arkansas. And the Mississippi. Floating down them, playing the shows—oh, it's a special kind of life. The years have passed like magic. It's gone so quickly I don't even feel like I am a woman yet."

"You are my girl."

As though she did not hear him, Caroline continued, "It's a private world. The shores separate us from other people. And inside there's another world. A world we create on the stage. It is magic. It is!"

"Of course, Carrie."

Suddenly, frenzied, she grabbed him, her eyes looking at him with desperate beseeching. "Don't ever leave the river, Claudie. Promise me. Whatever happens, I'll always be on the river. Don't leave me, Claudie—don't leave me alone on the river."

"Never, my darling. Never."

And then, as simply as footlights go out, she was gone from him.

From beneath the flickering lanterns on the bank someone shouted, "Bring your fiddler! Old John's here! Your fiddler scared, or something?"

Only now did Claude become aware of the shouting and taunting around him. The entire company and crew of the Starlight were lined along the deck in (Continued on Page 135)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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and the
child.

# HOLLYWOOD'S ORIENTAL FAD

By KEYES BEECH

Put a "mad-genius" type of director (John Huston), a tough, temperamental star (John Wayne) and a full movie company on location in Japan. Result: pandemonium.

a haircut on location. The kibitzer is a Japanese actor in wig and nineteenth-century costume.

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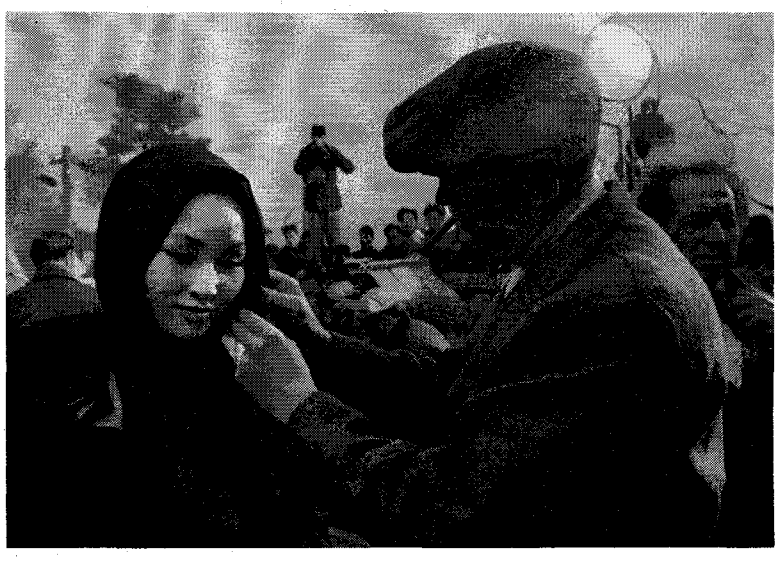
From left: John Wayne (the "Duke"), actress Eiko Ando and John Huston. Says Wayne: "Old Duke isn't the best actor on this set. It's Mister Huston." Wayne's salary for fourteen weeks' work is $666,666.67.

Townsend Harris (above) was America's first consul general to Japan. The film is a fictionalized version of his life there.



Huston primps Miss Ando, who in the film is Harris' geisha lover. An ex-strip-teaser in real life, she had never acted before.

TOKYO.

In the remote little fishing village of Kawana, which clings to the rocky coastline of the Izu Peninsula seventy-two miles southwest of Tokyo, a strange thing happened. Time was turned back a hundred years.

Before the amazed eyes of Kawana's 2500 inhabitants, all surface evidence of the twentieth century was magically erased. Shiny, modern tin roofs were covered with thatched rice straw which for centuries humble Japanese have used to shelter their flimsy houses. Telltale telephone and electric wires were restrung and rerouted out of sight. Cables were camouflaged with bamboo. A concrete retaining wall disappeared under a blanket of greenery. A fourteen-feet-tall television antenna vanished from sight.

Over all this there hung the smell of a burning mattress factory. There was not, however, a burning mattress factory. Several dozen Japanese women were having their hair straightened to look the way they would have looked before the invention of the permanent wave. Hollywood had come to Kawana.

On the edge of Kawana's snug little harbor, director John Huston, spectacularly attired in the costume of an Irish country squire, turned his cameras on an approaching nineteenth-century whaleboat.

Standing tall in the whaleboat was that old cowpoke, John Wayne, far from his home on the range and minus boots and saddle. Instead, in stovepipe hat and striped pants, he looked like a beardless Abraham Lincoln.

This was the opening scene of the Townsend Harris story. This motion picture, titled The Barbarian and the Geisha, bears a faint resemblance to the life and times of America's first consul general to Japan and his alleged love affair with a geisha.

As a matter of historical fact, Townsend Harris landed some forty miles down the coast at the little port of Shimoda on Thursday, September 4, 1856. After proudly hoisting his consular flag over an abandoned temple that was to be his home, Harris wrote prophetically in his diary: "Grim reflections—ominous of change—undoubted beginning of the end. Query: if for the good of Japan?"

Pearl Harbor and the Pacific war proved the validity of Harris' misgivings. But not even Harris, a much neglected American, but from all accounts a remarkable and farsighted man, could have imagined the second "invasion" of Japan—this time by Hollywood.

Lured by Japan's quaint and photogenic beauty, not to mention $100,000,000 worth of blocked yen, Hollywood has gone on what actor Wayne, a rugged realist and star of the Harris movie, called a "Japan kick."

More than half a dozen films, including such box-office successes as Teahouse of the August Moon and James Michener's Sayonara, have been shot on (Continued on Page 99)

Hot-tempered Huston calls for a new extra to replace one who four times led the horse the wrong way. The cherry blossoms (background) are fake: Huston had them tied to bare winter branches to simulate spring.

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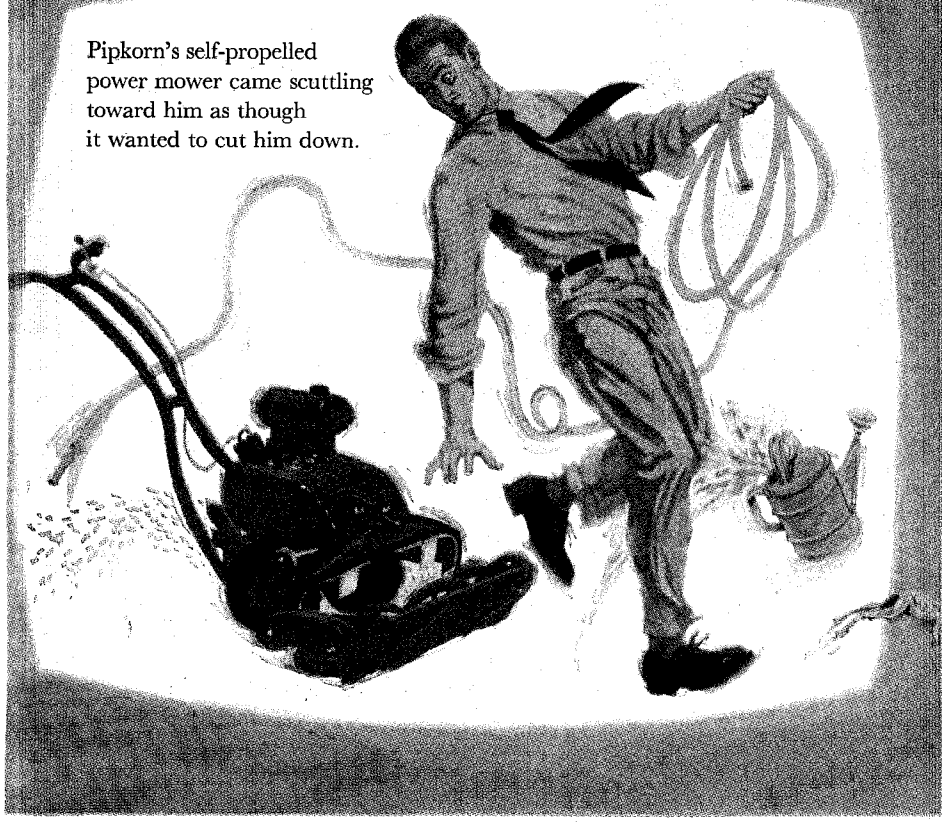
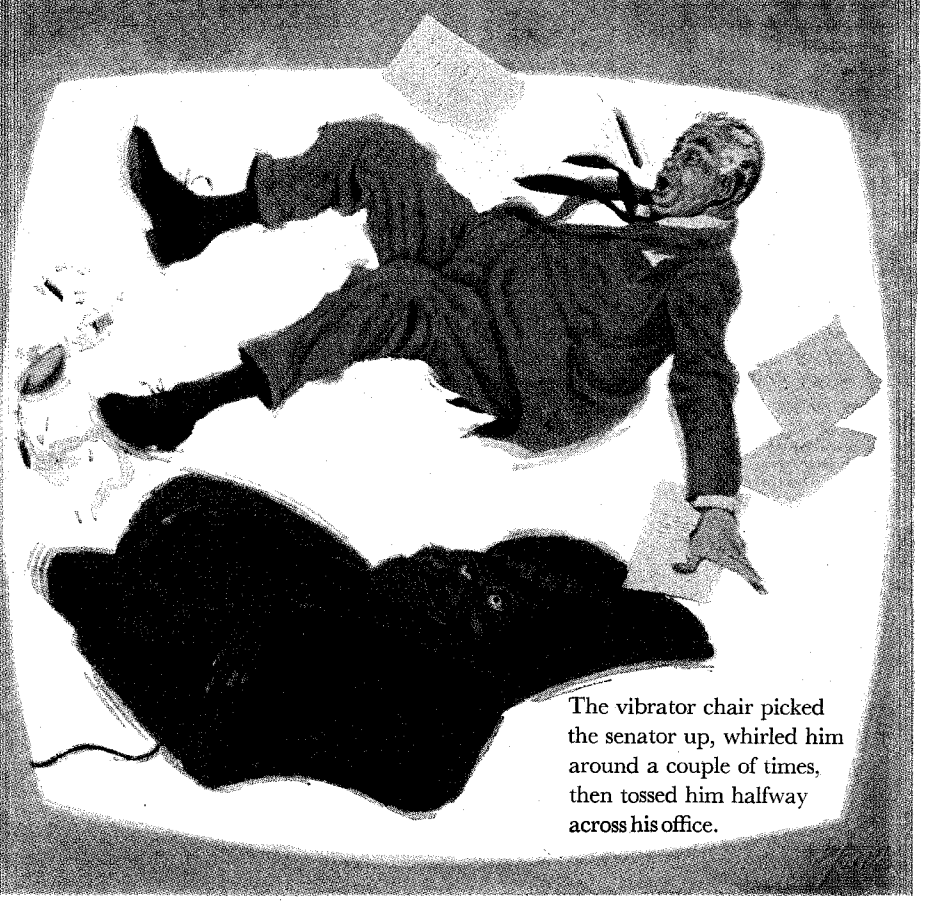
Every time Mrs. Rowbottom went into the kitchen the toaster and automatic mixer had their heads together.

The vacuum cleaner chased Mrs. Bliffert up the stairs and then down again.



Pipkorn's self-propelled power mower came scuttling toward him as though it wanted to cut him down.



The vibrator chair picked the senator up, whirled him around a couple of times, then tossed him halfway across his office.

Every day the mechanical gadgets got bolder and more arrogant. Then came the

# REVOLT of the MACHINES

By ROBERT W. WELLS

The admiral himself met Bobo Rowbottom in the deserted reception room where she had been told to wait. He appraised her briefly but thoroughly out of wintry blue eyes that had kept their sailor's knack of registering unspoken approval of a trim figure.

"Frankly, Mrs. Rowbottom," he said, "I'd expected a somewhat more weather-beaten craft. You're a pleasant surprise. Now you must promise me one thing. No one must ever know of our meeting."

"They won't hear of it from me, sir."

"Good. If the newspapers ever found out that the commission had even considered such a crackpot notion ——" He shook his head and gazed into space, contemplating the horrors of the idea. "But come along. Let's get this nonsense over with."

She followed him down a narrow flight of stairs. At the bottom, the admiral pressed his fingers against what appeared to be a blank wall. A concealed door sprang open to reveal another stairway leading down. The door shut behind them noiselessly.

(Continued on Page 52)

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# The Coach Nobody Wanted

This little-known California coach never made the big leagues himself, but his kid teams incubate plenty of stars—Cincinnati's Frank Robinson, for example.

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

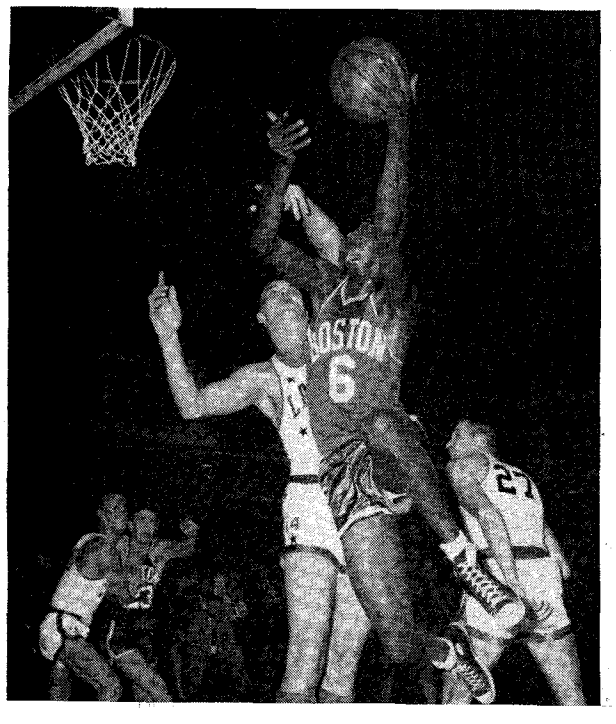
George Powles: "What seems to be a tough break usually turns out to be a good one. I know this is true because it's the story of my life."

Some years ago, when the great depression of the 1930's was on and jobs were hard to find, George Powles began to put kid baseball teams together on the playgrounds of Oakland, California. Either his touch was magic or his material very good, for the teams performed smartly and swept everything in sight. Powles, a trim, quietly self-confident young athlete with a magnificent shock of curly brown hair, raised no particular hurrah. The sand lots, he believed, were only a stopgap to provide eating money until he got his own call to the big time.

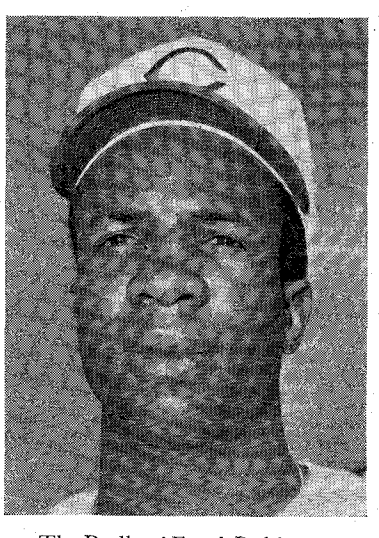
The call never came. At forty-eight he is still putting kid teams together, and still winning. Chunkier now, his hair close-cropped and flecked with gray, he operates today not only on the sand lots but also as gym teacher and athletic director in the city's smallest public high school. The dream of the big time has long since been forgotten. Success chose to come by humbler paths, and in ways he never dreamed of.

This was brought home to him one evening a few seasons back as he sat chatting with his slender, gracious wife, Winifred, in their modest, brown-shingled (Continued on Page 116)

"I don't miss many if they grow up in this part of town," says Powles (left). Here, at Oakland's Bushrod Park, two blocks from home, he coaches some of his hopefuls in the rugged art of base running.



The Indians' J. W. Porter is a Powles playground find.



The Redlegs' Frank Robinson. "Powles started me in baseball."

John Brodie of the 49ers. "George preached confidence."

"You can be great," Powles told Bill Russell (left). Last season, with the Celtics, the former University of San Francisco star broke the N.B.A. rebound record.

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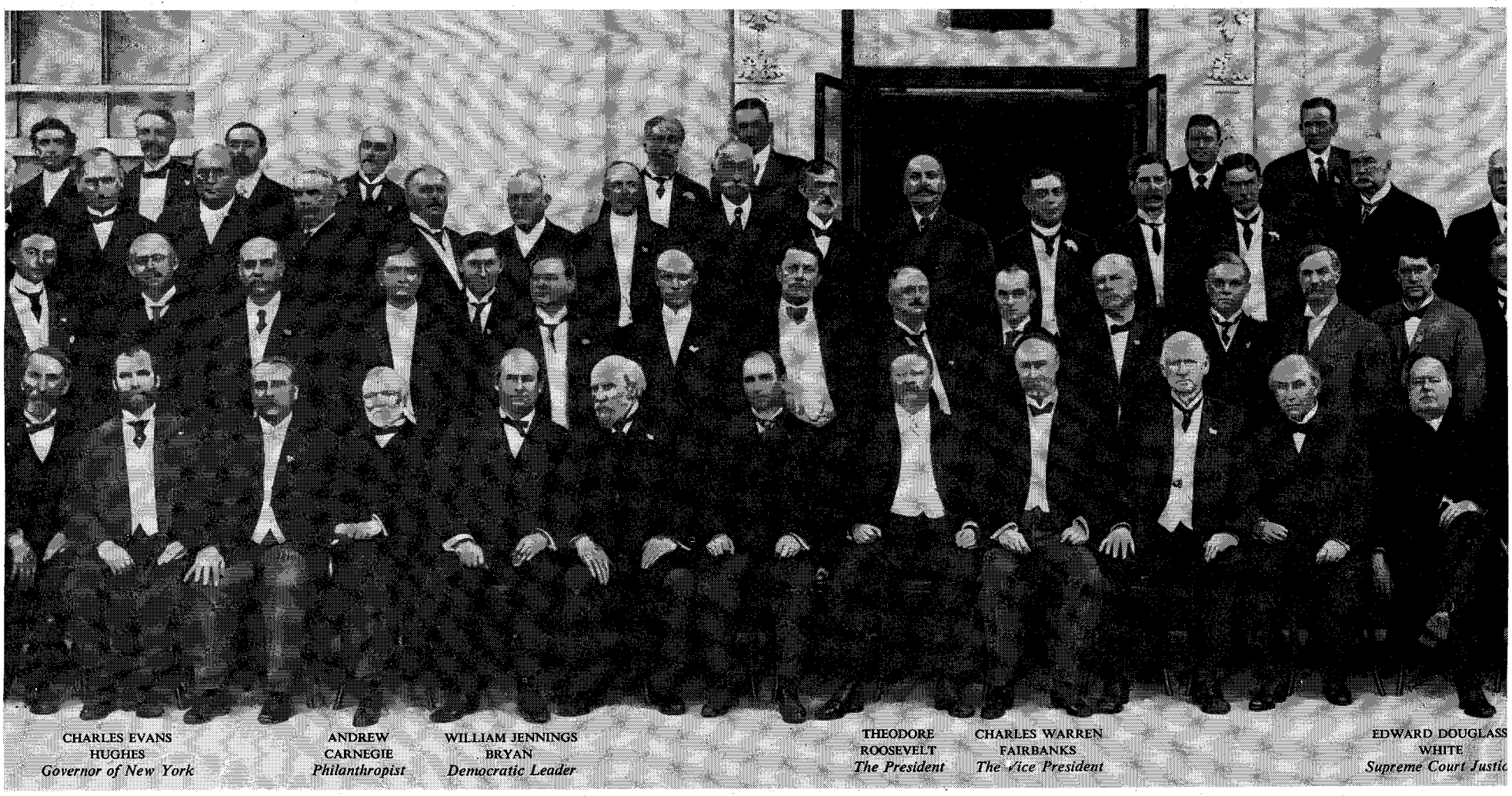

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES *Governor of New York*
ANDREW CARNEGIE *Philanthropist*
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN *Democratic Leader*
THEODORE ROOSEVELT *The President*
CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS *The Vice President*
EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE *Supreme Court Justic*

# When Governors Get Together

## Week after next a diverse assortment of Americans and their wives will gather at Miami Beach. Their conversations, public and private, may affect the lives of all of us.

By Milton MacKaye

Virginia was host for last year's conference, at Williamsburg. The state's expenses—about $50,000—didn't include cocktail parties such as this one, which was given by a local organization.

The first Governors' Conference was called into being fifty years ago by President Theodore Roosevelt (see photograph above), with governors present from thirty-four of the forty-six states. Since that time—with no cannonading by the big guns of publicity—the conference has evolved into a representative assembly which closely approximates a third chamber of Congress.

Almost from the beginning, the governors have convened where work and recreation could be agreeably joined. This year they will bask under the palms May 18–21, in Miami Beach, Florida. Home base will be the brand-new Americana Hotel, and neat, able, white-haired LeRoy Collins will be the host governor.

Last year the governors met in the heady atmosphere of Williamsburg, Virginia, sharing top billing with the 350th anniversary of the founding of the first permanent English settlement on American soil. In 1956, Atlantic City played host; in 1955, it was Chicago; in 1954,

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OLIVER WENDELL
HOLMES
*upreme Court Justice*

The Cecil H. Underwoods (left), of West Virginia, and Governor and Mrs. Orville Freeman, of Minnesota. Underwood, a former schoolteacher, won an upset victory in 1956 at the age of 34. He is the youngest governor.

the governors smiled for the cameramen from rocking chairs at cool Lake George, New York. Over five decades, they have visited most sections of the country, with a preference, perhaps, for such delightful resorts as Mackinac Island, Biloxi, White Sulphur Springs, Asheville, Gatlinburg, and Poland Spring.

It is the proud boast of officials that the conference has never been used as a theater for partisan debate. Strictly speaking, this is true, but governors are by nature politicians. Memorable was the meeting at Houston in 1952. It was there that twenty-five Republican governors got together under the leadership of Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, and denounced by telegram the convention activities of the Robert A. Taft forces in Texas. The so-called "Fair Play" telegram is thought by many observers to have doomed the Taft candidacy at the Republican National Convention and made possible the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States.

It was at the same meeting that a public statement by Adlai E. Stevenson, then governor of Illinois, convinced his well-wishers that he could be persuaded to accept the Democratic nomination. Continuing the tradition, Gov. Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, chose the Atlantic City meeting in 1956 to launch a boom for Sen. Jack Kennedy, of Massachusetts, which carried him within a few votes of a vice-presidential nomination.

"True, politics is never on the agenda," once wrote Edward T. Folliard, political reporter for the Washington Post and Times-Herald. "But to expect that politicians would get together and (Continued on Page 113)

Governor Frank G. Clement, of Tennessee, struck a platform pose for the photographer at nearby Jamestown. The blonde is his wife, Lucille.

Bob Meyner, governor of New Jersey and possible 1960 Presidential candidate, toured the restored buildings of Williamsburg with Helen, his bride of 5 months.

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# COMPANY CAST-OFF

## A man who outlives his usefulness sometimes finds the defeat too much to bear.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

It was like a silent tempest, devised only for him, experienced by him alone. It raged in his fortieth-floor office, sweeping around him and entering his head and rushing about his brains until he felt the roaring shake him. There was a moment of infinite hesitation, and he sat rigid, fearful of a breakdown.

But then there was a bounding rap, tap, tap on his door and he knew who it was. Even as he happily called out, "Come in, Joey! Come in, come in!" the incipient collapse shivered and moved back into the recesses of his ordinarily resilient nature.

The door opened and slammed behind the red-headed gnome carrying the shoeshine box with fierce insolence. "Hiya, Mr. Brand!" cried Joey. "Hiya!" He sat on his box and selected a foot. Joey was the mascot of the company and probably of many others. "What goes, Mr. Brand," he declaimed, "a man with your dough, your position, why ain't you in Florida?"

"I'm thinking about it, Joey; thinking about it."

"Think spink," said Joe. "You been spendin' your life thinking. Me, I never gave a hoot. But you look nervous, Mr. Brand, nervous; get me?"

Talbot Brand smiled, not offended. He relaxed under the prattle and the dub, dub, dub of brush and rag, and the oddly refreshing motion of the polishing, that sent a soothing release sliding as far as his nape and opened the vise that gripped it. He didn't know what he'd do without Joey's visits. Joey breathed life and vigor into the office. With the exception of Miss Quise, the secretary, he was the only one who had visited Talbot since he was installed here, when the reorganized company moved into this soaring new building from downtown.

Florida. He supposed it had come to that—picking up the retirement plan he and Belle had had for years. The only trouble was it was five years ahead of the date when retirement was mandatory. But his hand was being forced, and he had just had a terrific scare. Yes, it had better be Florida, and with no further delay. He'd have to explain it all to Belle, make her see it his way, let her know they had defeated him, or, rather, allowed him to defeat himself. He'd retire with the let-down feeling that comes from crawling away to the pasture instead of walking away in the proper due time, feeling justified after a career well done right up to the end.

The spell of loneliness and frustration disappeared from the room as (Continued on Page 105)

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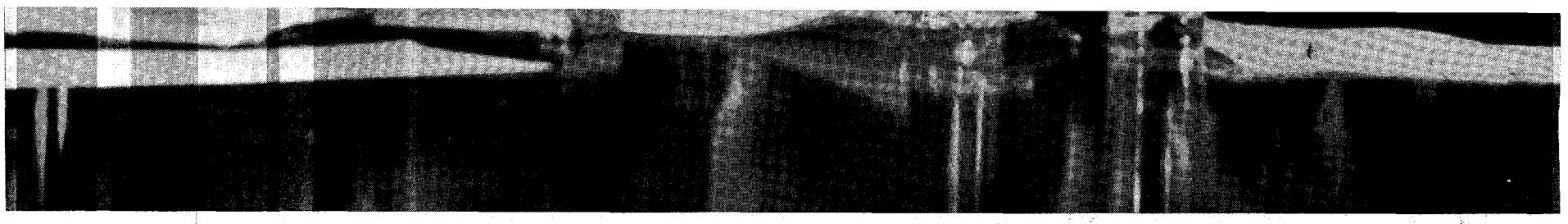

Probers at work: The author (left), Committee Counsel Robert Kennedy (right). Carmine Bellino ("The Man Who Trapped Dave Beck": *Post, July 6, 1957*) is second from left.

**WHAT WE LEARNED ABOUT LABOR GANGSTERS**

# How to Crack Down on the Crooks

## The senator tells what Congress must do to break the grip of racketeers, and why labor alone cannot end the underworld's encroachment.

By Sen. JOHN L. McCLELLAN as told to Beverly Smith, Jr.

CONCLUSION

Last week I gave a general picture, with specific examples, of how far crooks and gangsters have moved into large sectors of the labor-union movement. I explained how, often in collusion with corrupt employers, they loot and oppress rank-and-file union members. It is a shocking picture. It came as a shock to me, as chairman of the bipartisan Senate Select Committee set up to probe such abuses.

Before I heard the four million words of sworn testimony, much of it from union men, and supported by documentary evidence, I would never have believed the extent of this stealthy, growing evil. It not only holds in bondage the workers affected. It also undermines honest unionism, and, unless rooted out by the force of new laws, threatens to permeate with criminality our entire American economy.

In this article I will outline new laws which I consider urgently needed. But first I wish to say something about the present outlook for remedial legislation; also to put before you certain background material which has come to me as chairman, and which should be known to every member of Congress, to all labor unionists and to the general public.

How soon can we get the legislation needed to protect working (Continued on Page 142)

Right: Clues from anonymous letters led to proof that United Textile Workers officials Lloyd Klenert and Anthony Valente had misused $160,000 of union funds. Both men resigned when the AFL-CIO threatened to expel the union, which has since been restored to good standing.

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# The World's *Fussiest* Sport

By COREY FORD

Dry-fly fishermen
aren't like any other sportsmen.
Who else comes home empty-handed after
a completely successful day?

This was the stream a dry-fly angler dreams about. We had traveled hundreds of miles up the coast of Hudson Bay to get here, but Tom Wheeler, the flying sportsman of St. Jovite, had assured us that it was the best fishing water in all Quebec. He was right. Every cast rose a three- or four-pound squaretail; my partner, Jim Perkins, and I must have hooked and released several dozen trophy trout in an hour. We reeled in, took down our rods and carried them back to the plane.

"Sorry," we told our puzzled host. "Too good."

There's no explaining a dyed-in-the-wool dry-fly addict. Everybody agrees that fishermen are a little crazy, but the devotee of the floating lure is somebody that even fishermen think is crazy. He belongs to an exclusive clique in the angling fraternity, a sort of circle within the circle. He's the purest of the purists. He's also the world's worst snob. He looks down his nose at plug fishermen, he snubs spinning fishermen, he regards worm fishermen with icy contempt. The difference is that all the others fish for fish. He fishes for fun.

The object of a dry fly, its advocates will tell you, is to simulate a natural insect on the water in order to hoodwink a trout. Don't you believe them. In the first place, no trout in his right mind would confuse this

Photograph by George Lazarnick

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feathered imitation with any known species of edible bug. Experts who have spent a lot of time lying around the bottoms of pools, looking at things from the fish's point of view, report that a dry fly floating downstream is so magnified by the water that it resembles a Catalina flying boat coming in for a landing. The leader is approximately the size of an eight-inch hawser, and clearly visible behind it, if the trout pauses long enough to look, are two enormous hobnailed brogans and a pair of ballooning waders, past which the stream foams and gurgles warningly. To make the deception even more apparent, the face of the fisherman himself is mirrored upside down in the water, his expression distorted by the current into the leer of Frankenstein's monster. My theory is that the whole spectacle strikes the trout so funny that he laughs until the tears come to his eyes, thus blinding him, and he inadvertently inhales the fly while gasping for breath.

The real object of a dry fly is not to please the fish but to please the fisherman. He selects a particular pattern from his fly box because it happens to appeal to his mood of the moment. Maybe it has some sentimental association, maybe it just matches his shirt. His satisfaction lies in dropping it cocked at the head of a run, and watching it (Continued on Page 96)




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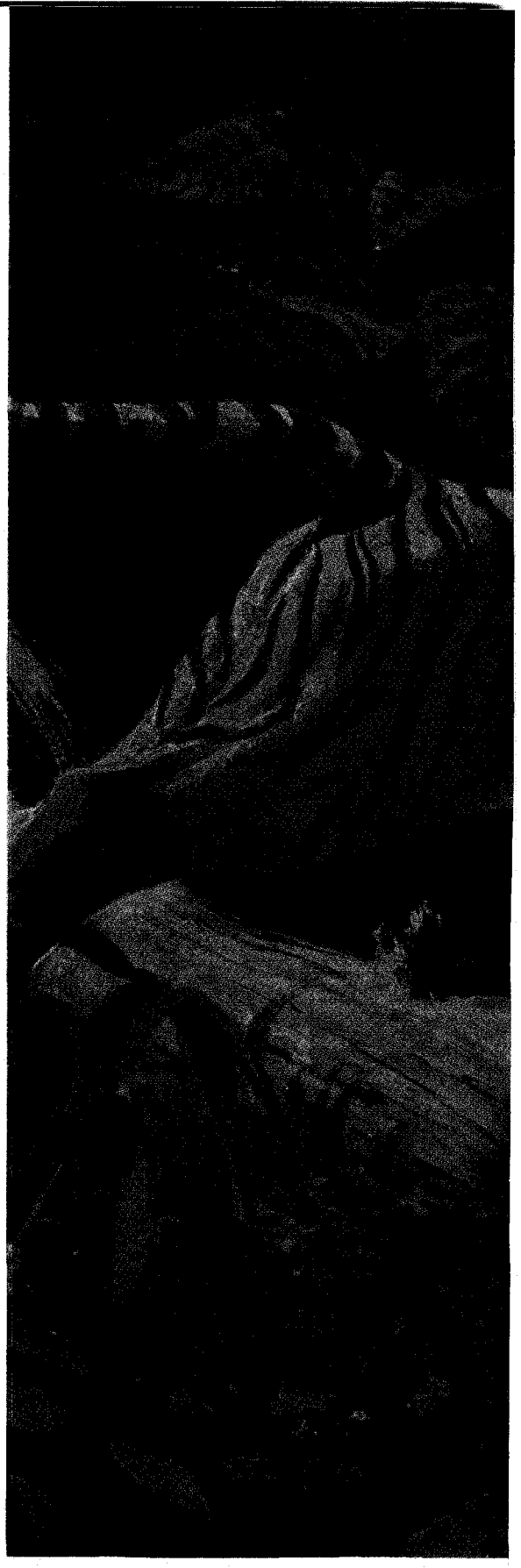
A Post Novelette Complete in This Issue

# Killers of Timbala

By DAVID WALKER

No one was safe from the violent death that stalked these jungles.



Marcus Finigan! Where are you speaking from?"

Finigan closed one ear against the bedlam of Timbala Post Office and listened with the other to the Maharaja of Timbala. Heard he was coming to rid them of this wretched tiger. . . . Yes, delighted to help. . . . A drink this evening? . . . Splendid, then.

Finigan hung up, wiped his brow with a red bandanna, left the noisy furnace of the post office, drank another mug of tepid tea and drove five miles to a forest resthouse. The temperature was a hundred and ten, and the monsoon was still two weeks away. Heat did not bother Marcus Finigan. Nor did the state of his finances bother him. *You know* —— he thought later, in the tin bathtub. *You know*, he thought, with that complacency which endeared him to a few people, but not to many, *I'm at my best when I'm at my brokest.*

"Drop it," said a voice behind him, and Finigan felt a muzzle in his back.

The sunset climbed the hills. Night arrived as Finigan climbed the long avenue. He drove up to the palace at a respectable speed in his respectable suit, parked the jeep, dusted himself, and was led through tarnished halls. Finigan paused a moment at a door. Then he made an exit from the building and an entry to the party.

Three women, five men—strangers, except Sharma and the Maharaja. Of the women—and Finigan's trained eye always embraced the ladies—of the women, one would be Mrs. Sharma; one would be a tea planter's weather-beaten wife; the third —— His trained eye questioned No. 3. There was a lull in talk, and heads turned to him. *So this is that famous Finigan*, they would be thinking. Finigan enjoyed the inevitable stir as he prowled down steps and onto a terraced lawn.

His host came to meet him. The Maharaja wore a thin black dinner jacket of admirable cut. He was a man as large as Finigan himself. He limped, and on the third finger of his left hand, holding an ebony-and-silver cane, was the Emerald of Timbala.

"My dear fellow," he said, shaking hands, "this is indeed a pleasure, and after so many years."

Finigan had once shot tigers with, and once played polo against, Tim Timbala—both respectable occasions, he was glad to remember.

"A long time, your highness," Finigan said.

Timbala was lame, but as hard and lean as a boy of half his age, of twenty or so. This, in India, was most unusual. Finigan's glance wandered to the hand that held the cane—that emerald, one splendid Oriental gleam setting off austerity—and up again to the smiling face, paler than Finigan's own, but the eyes were black in artificial light.

"You look well," he said.

"Tolerably," said Timbala, "except for this tiresome sciatica, which has plagued me since last monsoon. My father used to take the cure at Baden-Baden, and for sciatica. But in these days, as you will understand ——"

Finigan understood very well what the Maharaja had left unsaid. In these days Indian princes did not gravitate with suites to Baden-Baden. In these days they were pensioners on sufferance.

"There is potable champagne. Or whisky?"

"I have a vast whisky thirst," said Finigan. He did not say that his thirst was all the vaster because he could ill afford whisky of his own. Free drink beckoned.

"Then your thirst shall be suitably quenched. Now come along, old boy, and meet everyone."

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"Watch out," shouted Finigan, as the tiger hurtled forward.

Finigan met everyone—the first tea planter and his weatherbeaten wife; a second planter with an expensive face; then Mrs. Sharma, to whom he bowed, making the graceful Hindu greeting, palm to palm; then Duncan Dawson, planter No. 3.

"How d'you do," said Dawson; and he added, "Glad you've come." Then Mrs. Dawson—the one whom Finigan's trained eye had instantly observed. He admired her now, and Mrs. Dawson smiled.

"Marcus, you villain," said Unni Sharma, the commissioner. He was a plump and jolly little man, the last man you would take for a trouble-shooter of renown. But that was why Sharma had been posted to Timbala.

The Maharaja—His Highness Maharajrana Sher Bahadur of Timbala, ex-seventeen guns—sat with his guests. Mrs. Dawson, Finigan and Sharma made a smaller group. Timbala was an admirable host. He drew people out urbanely. *Quite a comedown,* Finigan thought, meaning that the company tonight must make dim comparison with the crowned heads, the viceroys of the past. But there was no evidence of that in Timbala's courtly air, talking to the weatherbeaten wife. Her face was animated, and Finigan, who studied faces, caught a faded glimpse of the bride's face of twenty years or so ago. *I wonder why he never married,* Finigan thought. Timbala—Tim to the elite of three continents—had played gay and fast at his state's expense across those continents. Then Finigan thought it as much to the point to wonder why he himself had never married. *Well, that's easy,* Finigan thought.

"You seem pensive, Mr. Finigan," said Mrs. Dawson.

"I am," he said. "I'm thinking I would not love you dears so much, loved I not freedom more."

She and Sharma laughed, but Finigan remained grave. What was it about the Dawsons?

"Shooting man-eaters," said Mrs. Dawson. "Is that your job?"

"Yes," he said. "In a manner of speaking, off and on. But it's an unhealthy occupation, so the rewards have to be very healthy, don't they, Unni?"

"I'll do my best," said Sharma. "But you must remember, Marcus, there is competition here about rewards."

The three of them were silent. They looked over a stone (Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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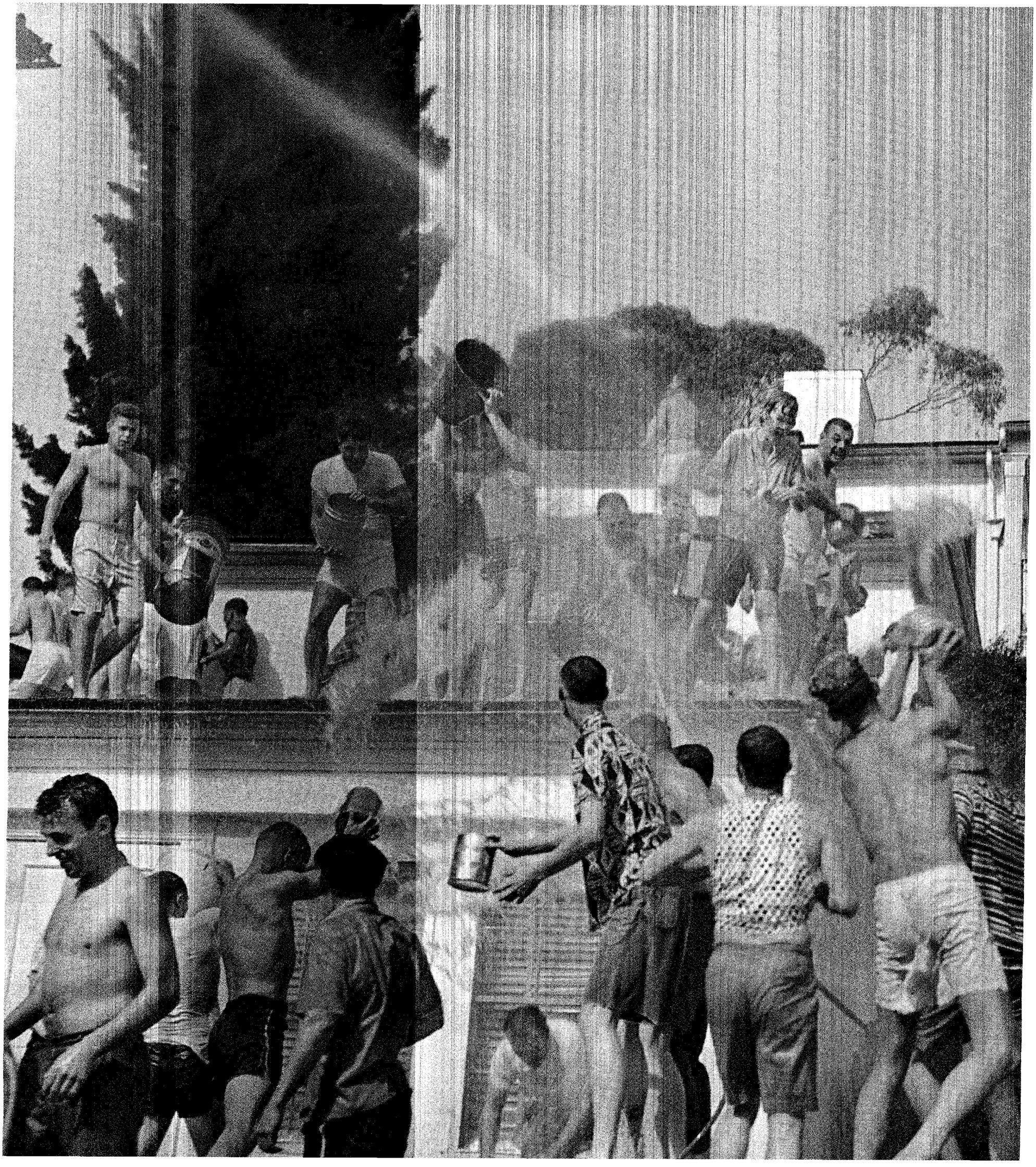

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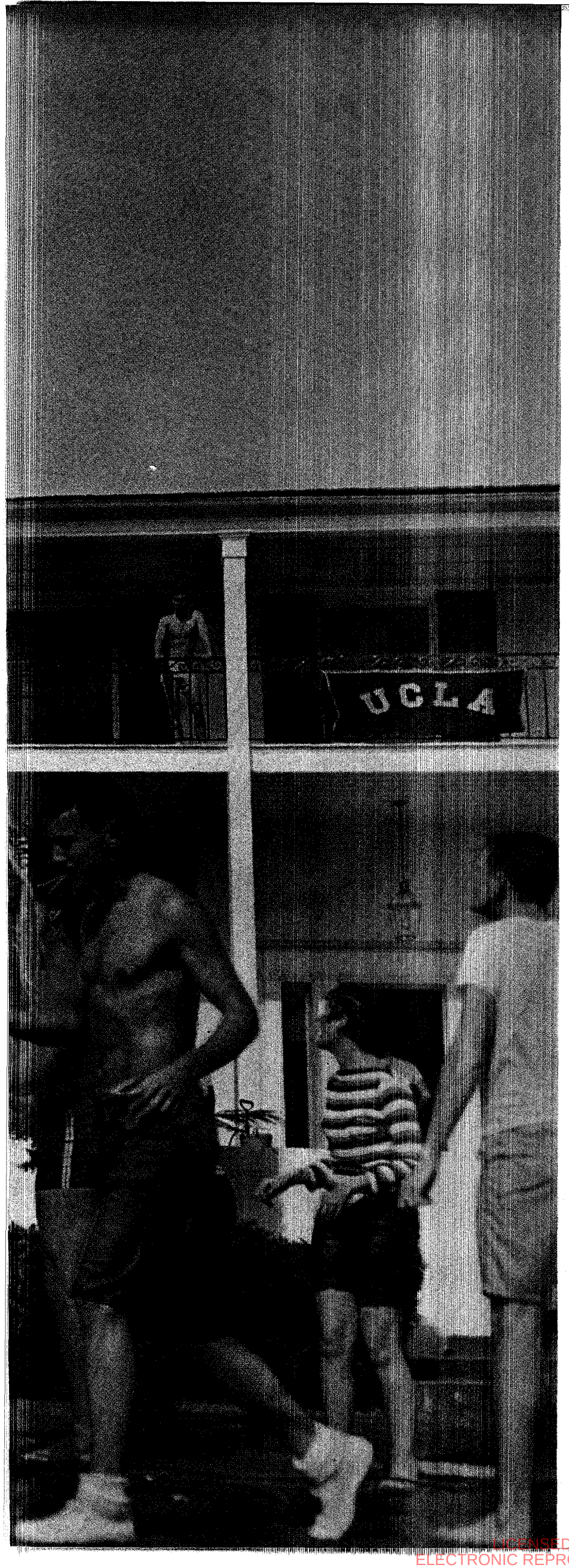


The Face of AMERICA

# This Time of Year

The intoxicating music of spring's silly symphony was everywhere . . . and along fraternity row at the University of California at Los Angeles the collegians succumbed to vernal madness. One day last spring, some high-spirited Phi Kappa Sigma boys lobbed a balloon full of water into the midst of a group of Sigma Pi's. The challenge was accepted, everybody peeled down for action and the battle was on. Both sides rushed buckets and hoses to the skirmish line. At least two coeds got into the act (yellow shirt and peppermint shirt). Several hundred gallons later a waterlogged truce was signed. Although the warriors on the rooftop had a tactical advantage, both sides claimed victory. This goofiness isn't peculiar to U.C.L.A. at this time of year. At almost all educational institutions vast numbers of students are likely to discover that it is great to be alive now that spring has come. ● Photograph by Gene Lester

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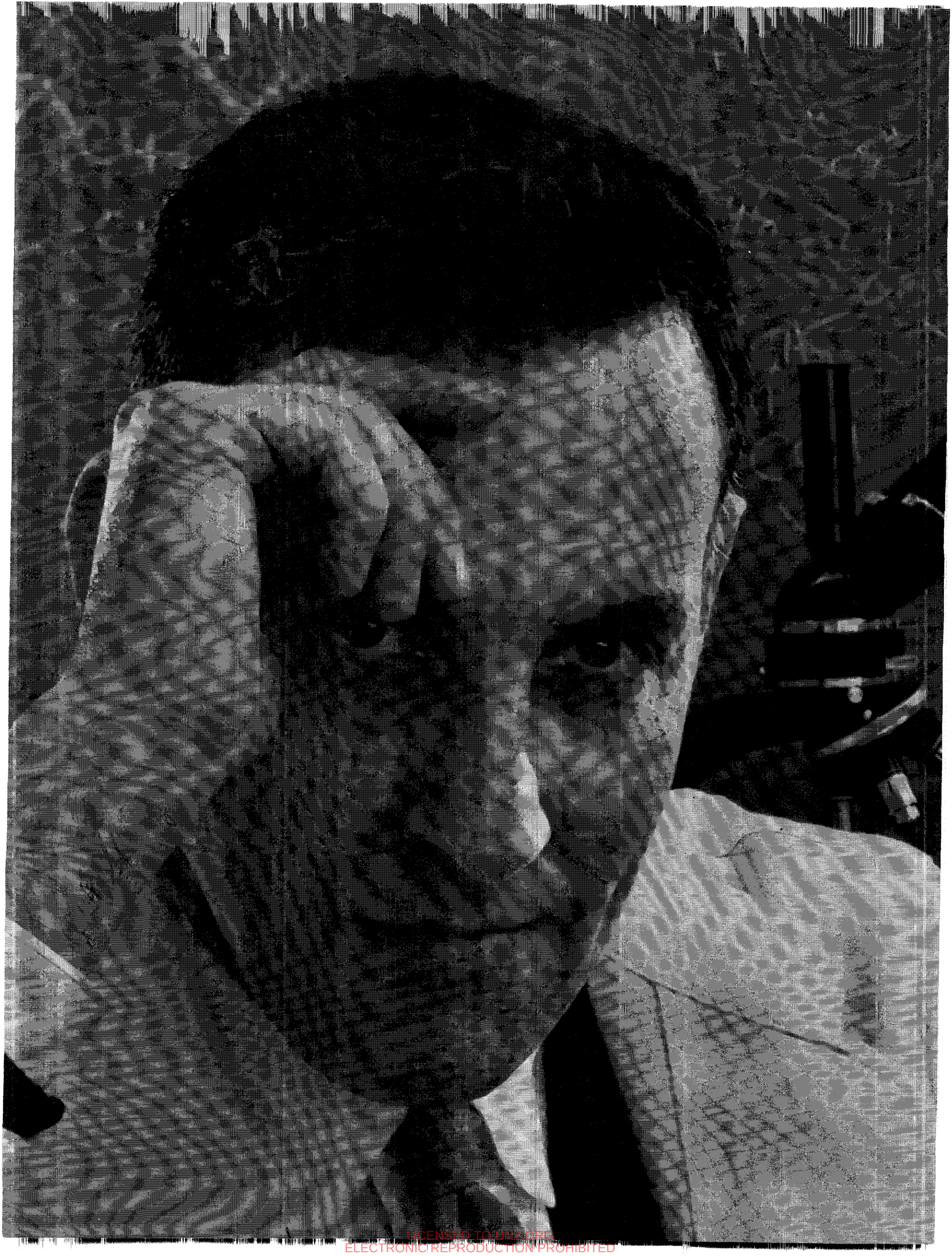

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# The Riddle of Life

*By WILLIAM S. BECK*

There have been times, in years gone by, when the public had an active interest in the great scientific and philosophical debates of the day. Men of affairs shared in the excitement aroused by new ideas, they helped create it, and in many of history's more unforgettable intellectual free-for-alls, a volatile and partisan public almost succeeded in forcing the principal disputants out of the theater of battle, that noisy was the din.

In general, these were the debates which followed upon any contribution which directly or indirectly threatened to unseat man from his throne at the center of the universe. It is said, for example, that when Copernicus revealed that the earth moved around the sun rather than the sun about man's earth, great hilarious parties were held in which reveling citizens would pretend they were too dizzy to walk upright, for who could keep his balance on an earth that moved? Similarly, an aroused public took sides in the great controversy between Pasteur and his opponents over whether bacteria could arise spontaneously out of sterile broths to make it a burning issue of the day. And who will forget the clamor which followed Huxley's declaration that the Darwinian theory of evolution applied as well to man, that man was a product of organic evolution as were all living beings, that, if you wished to phrase it bluntly, man descended from the ape? This, in Huxley's proud phrase, is man's place in nature.

Today, the interest shown by many literate people in the progress of science and its implications has ebbed very low, despite the fact that the content of contemporary science (particularly biology) has never been more uproariously exciting or profoundly significant for human life and thought. This is a paradox difficult to explain, though one may speculate that we are living in a time when personal security is so constantly threatened it is perhaps too disturbing for many of us to delve into questions whose answers may make us even more insecure.

But this is not the whole story. For many, the estrangement has arisen out of the fact that science has grown technical, impersonal, complicated, abstract and symbol-ridden. Communication has broken down, and it is perhaps hopeless to try to understand today's specialist when we are not sure we ever understood yesterday's *CONTINUED ON PAGE 90*

## About the Author

William S. Beck is one of the most articulate interpreters of modern biology to the general reader. His recent book, Modern Science and the Nature of Life (Harcourt, Brace, 1957), a searching study of science and the scientist, received high praise. He has been affiliated with U.C.L.A., the Atomic Energy Project and N.Y.U. As assistant professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and Director of the Hematology Research Laboratory of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Doctor Beck is engaged in research on cell metabolism, enzymology and mammalian-cell genetics. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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# Death Stands By

**One of his own men had agreed to do a murder job. "Which one?" Sergeant Odeen wondered. "Which one?"**

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Detective Sgt. Miles Odeen walked down the hall of the hotel in which the witness, Kelly Pomeroy, was being held in protective custody. He entered her room, smiling at the nervous girl. "All spooked up again?" he asked.

"That's right," Kelly replied. "I've thought of something that should have been obvious a long time ago. I'm not going to get to the trial. I'm going to commit suicide."

Kelly, who had been a tutor for Jack Nevada's son, Donny, had seen Nevada murdered by a rival mobster, Mario Marcotte. Kelly's testimony had led to Marcotte's arrest, and her testimony could send him to the gas chamber, if she stayed alive until the trial. But Kelly was convinced someone was going to murder her and make it look like suicide. The only man who could do the job was a cop.

Odeen would have laughed at Kelly's fears had he not known that Marcotte wasn't worried about his trial. The murderer seemed cocksure he would go free.

To protect Kelly, Odeen had jail-type screens put on her windows, let her cook her own food, and tightened up on the guard. His captain, Harry Groggin, exploded when he learned what Odeen had done. It was obvious that the measures had been taken to protect Kelly from her own guards, and Groggin couldn't suspect one of his own cops.

However, the district attorney, Clyde Pickens, backed Odeen. "I've got to win this case," he said. "And I can't without that girl. Keep her safe, Miles."

Back at his apartment Odeen found a message. He was secretly to meet a woman at the public library. The woman was Jack Nevada's wife. "This girl who see my husband killed, she is going to be killed," she told Odeen. Who would do the job? "It is one of the police—for fifty thousand dollars."

II

Odeen stood beside the map table, looking down at Mrs. Nevada, hating her unreasonably, as a man will hate a person who brings him ugly, unwelcome news. He did not want to believe her, but he couldn't set aside the things she'd said. He turned his eyes away, trying to swallow his sickness and anger.

"You're sure, Mrs. Nevada?"

"I'm sorry, yes."

Odeen held his voice even. "If it's one of the police, I have to know his name. You understand that, don't you? The trial starts Monday. They have to kill her before the trial. They haven't much time. We haven't much time."

"I know."

"If Kelly dies," Odeen said, "Mario Marcotte will go free. We have other evidence, but not enough for a conviction. Mario must pay, Mrs. Nevada. The girl must not be hurt."

Her dark eyes were aching. "I can't say the name."

"I believe that." Odeen dug at his short hair with stiff fingers. "I'm not going to ask any more of you, Mrs. Nevada. I doubt that you can get the name. Paul and the others would be very close about a thing like that. You couldn't pry it out of them. If they caught you trying to pry, you'd be killed. So let's leave it at this: If by any lucky chance you can get the name without danger, call me at once. If not, thanks for what you've done."

"It's a terrifying thing," said Kelly, "to know someone I like and trust will kill me."

"I will do all I can."

He watched her leave the room, and then turned to stare at the map on the high desk before him. "One of the police," she'd said. And now, which one? The faces of those assigned to Kelly's protection moved through Odeen's mind. Proudfoot, Squires, Barber, Linn, Atkinson—he looked at each one. "No," he whispered to each one. "Not in a million years."

His thick brows knotted in a scowl. Why did he have to believe the woman? Was her unsupported word enough to destroy his faith in men and women he'd known and trusted for years? No informant deserved complete confidence, ever. Deceit was their business—they gave or sold information they had been trusted to keep. What about this? Was she lying? Was there any possible profit for anyone in such a lie? Was he being misled or cleverly steered toward something he couldn't see?

"Think about it," Odeen told himself.

Information was never better than its source—Rule I, in any detective's book. This woman, this informant, was Jack Nevada's

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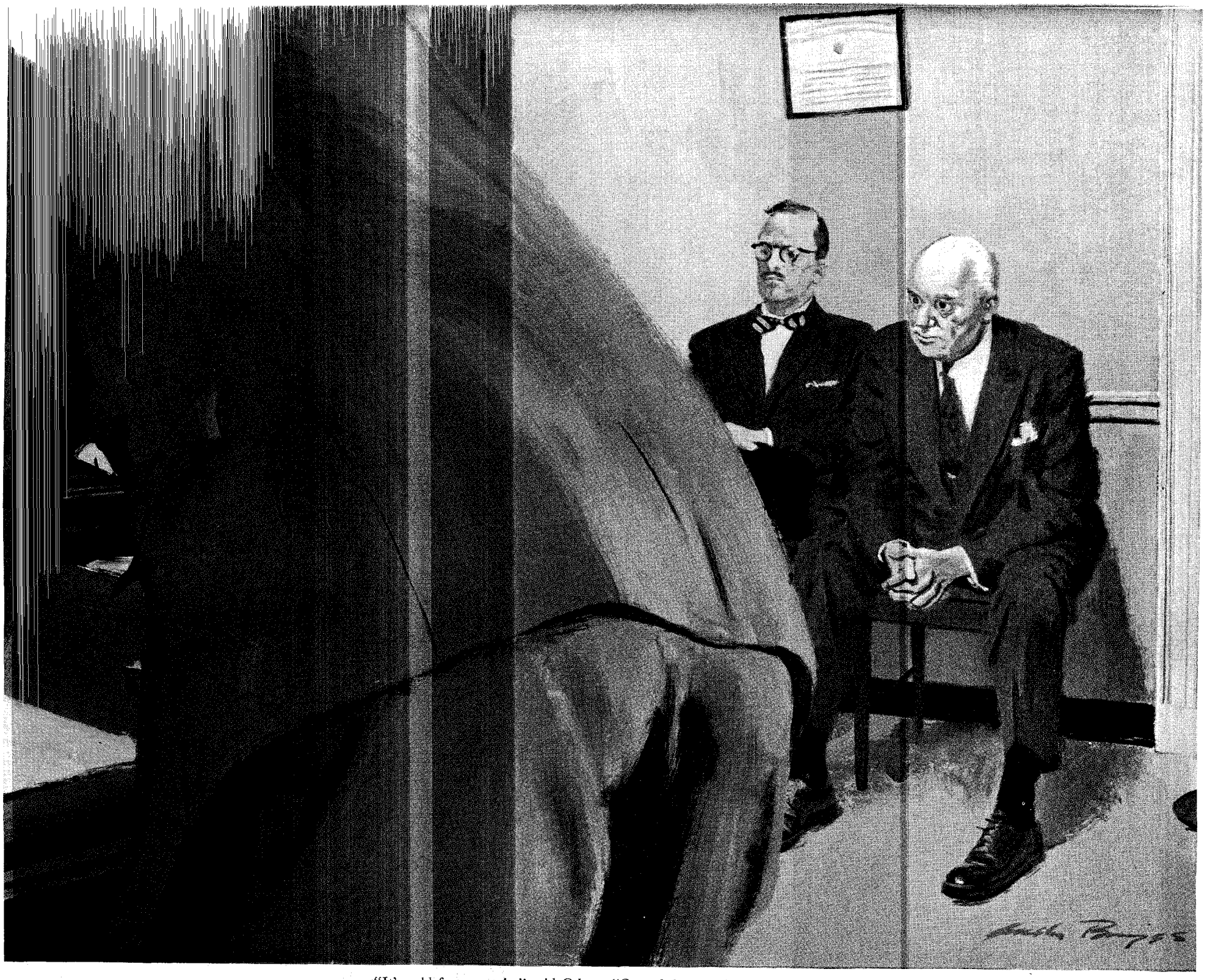

"It's cold fact, captain," said Odeen. "One of the guards sold out."

widow, the mother of his son. She'd come to him from the place of his birth, at the age of sixteen, virtue certified, to bear him children of his own race. She'd been Jack Nevada's most treasured possession, guarded jealously and with violence.

Jack Nevada—real name unpronounceable—dealt in violence and in crime. He'd been the front man for the Marcotte brothers—Mario and Paul and Gino, now dead—standing between them and the law, the strong arm in charge of the rackets and the hoodlums. Gino Marcotte, the youngest of the Marcotte brothers, had been slim, hawk-faced and woman-hungry. He'd seen something in Adria Nevada's dark-eyed beauty he wanted. She'd refused him, and Gino hadn't liked refusals. He'd struck at her in the ugliest of ways.

He'd said she was his, spreading the story around the town. She was leaving Jack Nevada, divorcing him to marry Gino. To build validity, Gino had sworn this to his brothers, Mario and Paul. Then he'd somehow trapped Adria away from her home. He'd taken her to a vacation resort in the mountains of another state. A telegram to Jack Nevada, a day later, had completed her destruction.

Jack Nevada had been a violent man. Dishonor to his house and name required payment in the only coin he'd understood. Gino Marcotte had died, within the day, in what had appeared to be an automobile accident. Adria, who was to have died with him, had been thrown clear.

Thereafter, Adria Nevada's story had taken an odd turning. Mario and Paul Marcotte had believed Gino—they'd thought she'd willingly left Jack Nevada for their brother—and Gino had not been alive to set them right. They'd paid her medical expenses, offered her protection, a place in their home. A brother's woman, however come by, was one of the family, one of the blood. Adria had accepted their offer.

Mario and Paul had known Gino's death was no accident, the rough hand of Jack Nevada had been all too evident. Jack Nevada had had to die, and not at the hands of a hired killer. This had become a family debt—personal. Only Mario, the eldest brother, could do the killing. Jack Nevada had been an easy target and, except for Kelly Pomeroy, the eyewitness, the thing might have ended there.

Odeen rubbed hard fingers into tired eyes. Adria Nevada had been a good wife to Jack Nevada, a good mother to his son—this much Odeen could and did accept. Why was he sure? Because he'd known the cunning and rotten Gino well. And what of Adria living in the house of Mario and Paul, after what a Marcotte had done to her? Odeen had questioned her about that at their first meeting. Now he remembered her answer.

"After the hospital I have no place to go," she'd said. "I am afraid—my husband still wants me dead. After he is killed, I hate them. These men have taken my home from me, my husband, my son, my life. I think I will live in their house and watch and listen like a mouse in the walls, and someday I will make them pay. It is like this now. I hear this thing. I find your name—the man who arrests Mario. I call you. I tell you they don't worry for Mario. You do somethings—you stop them, yes?"

It could be, Odeen thought. A woman could live in a house (Continued on Page 129)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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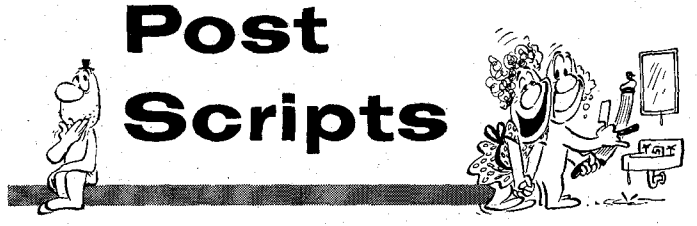
# Post Scripts



## Fashion Note

The chemise is a must for milady;
Our loved ones are back in a sack.
Good-by to the bust for milady;
She's the same from the front as the back.

They're putting up girls like potatoes
In non-curvilinear bags.
No more crisply packaged tomatoes—
"Glad" isn't the word for these rags.

New comfort they claim for the wearer,
A freedom as bland as the breeze.
But women have ever been fairer
When one knew their waist from their knees.

The chemise is a must for milady.
You can't fight a fashion decree,
But those who now lust for milady
May join the sack race without me.

AL HINE

## The Family Car

My teen-ager says, in a tone of distress,
That I don't understand his position.
It seems that the key to his social success
Is the same one that fits the ignition.

HAL CHADWICK

## Oh, I Like It, I Like It!

Thank you, Miss Murdock. That pretty well covers your latest picture and your impressions of Hollywood. Now, to complete our interview, we'd like a list of things you like. It will be entitled, Things I Like, by Marilyn Murdock.

In order to simplify matters we have prepared a list of things to like which have been popular with our readers in the past. However, Item No. 16, Walking Barefoot in Mud, and Item No. 38, Hamburgers With Everything on Them, have been overworked lately. So we would appreciate it if you would select some of our newer Likes, such as No. 17, Doing My Nails While Riding Horseback, or No. 22, Long White Gloves With Simply Scads of Fingers.

For your teen-age fans we have No. 29, Bubble Gum Before Breakfast, or No. 14, Perfectly Huge Chocolate Sodas With Gobs and Gobs of Whipped Cream. For your older admirers we have No. 6, Russian Novels of the Pre-Revolutionary Period, and Ravel's Bolero, which is standard on this type of list. We're not doing much about the rock-and-roll crowd, but there's always No. 25, Dig Me Alligators, I've Got Six Carburetors, by the Five Skins and a Cat.

On the national scene there is No. 12, Paying My Income Tax Because it is the Patriotic Thing to Do. This is standard on all lists, of course, and you needn't bother to mark that. As a matter of fact, Miss Murdock, we could have one of the girls in the office check the list for you. We're pretty close to the public and know the things to like that they'd like to have you like. Thank you, Miss Murdock.

DICK ASHBAUGH

## The Middle Years

The party's still young
But I yearn for my cot.
The party's still young.
I'm not.

ETHEL JACOBSON

## Here Comes Mother's Day Again!

M is for the mink coat that you want, dear,
O is for the opal ring you crave,
T is for the tiny car you'd love, sweet,
H is for the hat that makes you rave;
E is for the earrings you'd admire, love,
R is for the rug on which you'd tread;
Put them all together, they spell BANKRUPT—
So I'm giving you this handkerchief instead.

DICK EMMONS

## My Wife's Icy Stares

"Say, I have a real good joke to tell you folks. It seems there was this traveling salesman, and he stopped at this farm . . . and . . . I guess it isn't too good to tell in mixed company, so ——"

"Try some of your prune-whip pie, Mrs. Linden? I really don't believe I . . . can think of anything I'd enjoy more."

"I wish you folks could have seen my wife here when we were kids together in the seventh grade. She wore a wool-knit cap and cotton stockings and . . . I sure always thought she looked real nice in them. I mean ——"

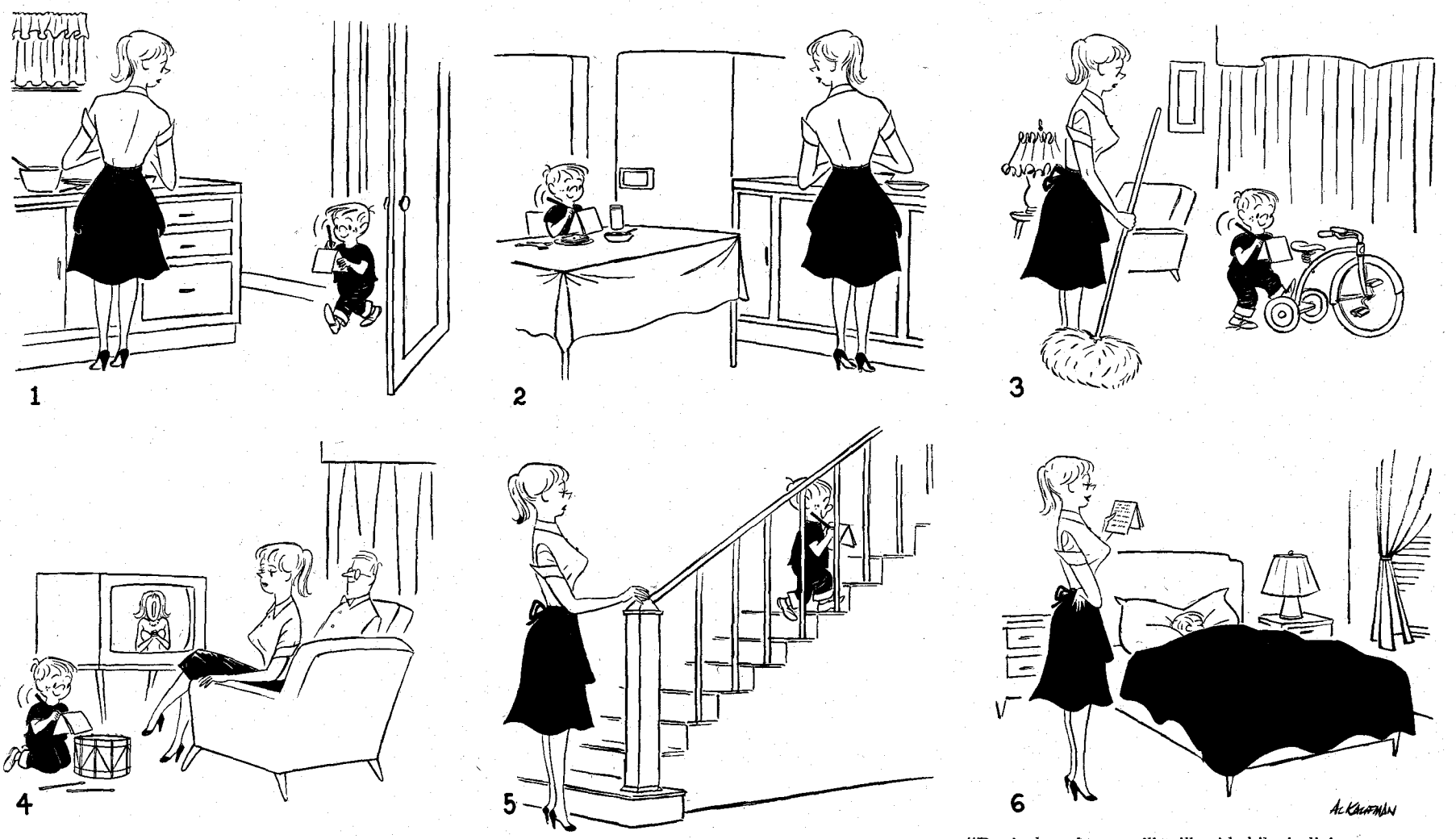
"Our monthly payments are exactly twelve dollars and . . . something."

"Well, my wife is down to 118 pounds now, but, believe it or not, there was a time when she was clear up to . . . about 120 or so, wasn't it, dear?"

"I got a real good price on my wife's fur coat. It cost me . . . quite a bit more than you'd probably think, however."

"Well, I was born in 1920, and my wife here was born in . . . Indianapolis."

RAYMOND HOWARD




"Don't slam doors, spill milk, ride bike in living room, bang drum or mess up bathroom on Mother's Day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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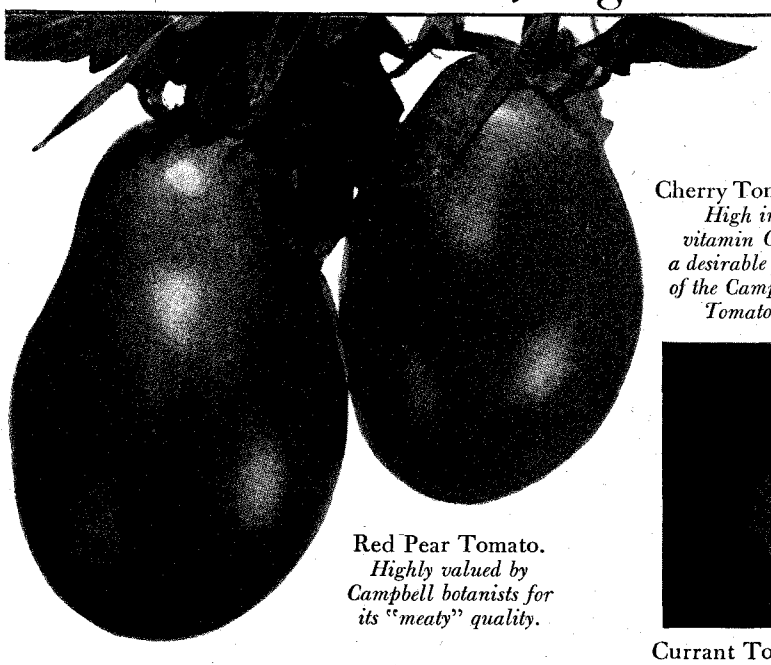
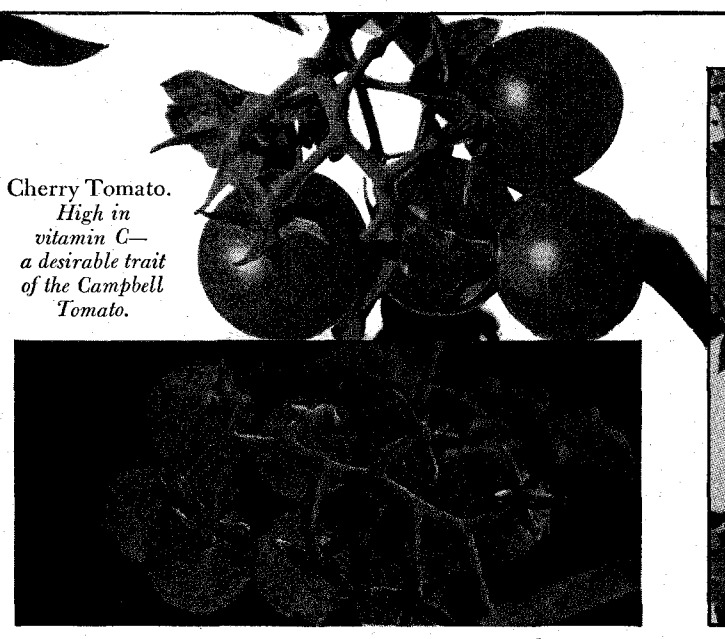
*"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*



Red Pear Tomato. *Highly valued by Campbell botanists for its "meaty" quality.*

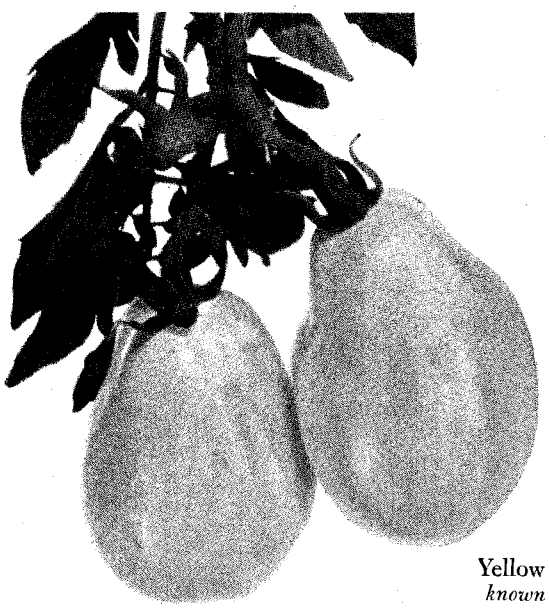


Cherry Tomato. *High in vitamin C—a desirable trait of the Campbell Tomato.*

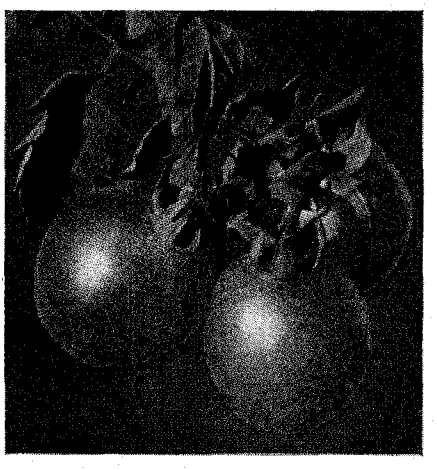
Currant Tomato. *Tiny but hardy. Used in developing finer varieties.*

Wild Tomato *from Philippines. "Sets" fruit in hot weather. Useful in developing new growing areas.*

Campbell Tomato. *Product of more than 50 years of research.*



Yellow Pear Tomato. *Also known for "meatiness"—a quality bred into the Campbell Tomato.*



Plum Tomato *from South America. Important in Campbell research because of its resistance to disease.*

# The Campbell Tomato's odd little cousins

## *How they bring new vim and vigor to their big red relative*

That big, red fellow on the left is, of course, the Campbell Tomato. Looks pretty special—if we do say so ourselves. And it is, from the inside out, flavor and all.

The point we want to make here is that this didn't "just happen." It's the result of more than 50 years of work and tens of thousands of crossbreedings.

That's where all those strange little tomato characters in the pictures come in. Campbell botanists collect seed from many corners of the world and grow them in test plots as part of our "operation tomato improvement."

Some are so odd-looking you wouldn't know they were tomatoes. One variety from the Andes Mountains of Peru, for example, bears fruit so tiny when full grown that you can hold 20 or 30 in your hand at once.

But, odd or not, each of these tomato strains has its own virtues. And, through years of patient crossbreeding, the best of these are being "donated" to the Campbell Tomato.

Actually, this botanical exchange program will never end at Campbell's. Not as long as there's an outside chance that the Campbell Tomato, fine as it is, can be made a little bit finer.

As we say in our motto: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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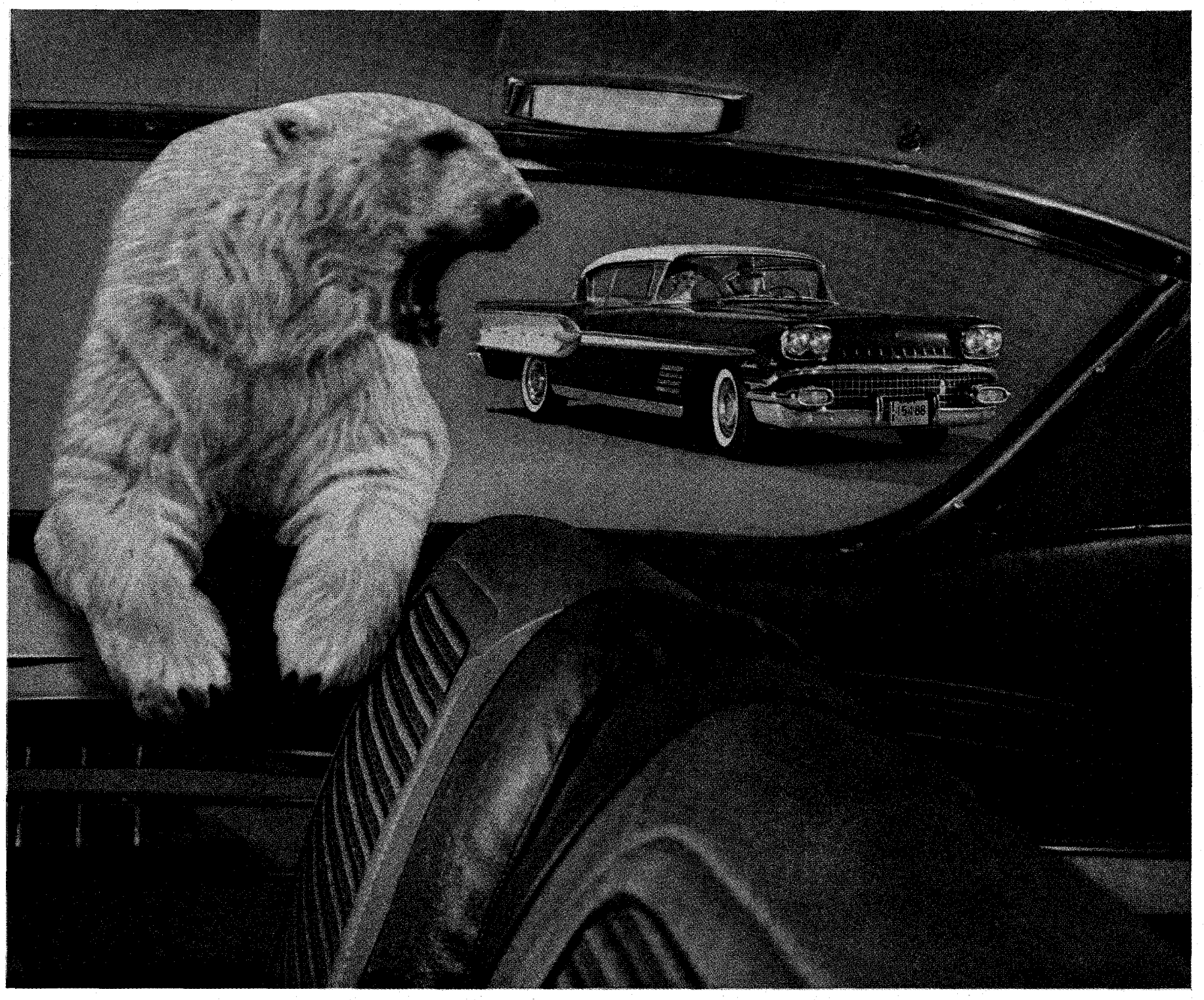
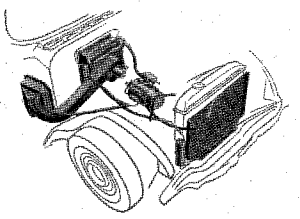
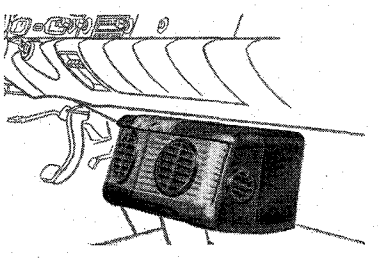


# "SO COOL...THINK I'LL SPEND THE SUMMER IN HERE!"



CUSTOM . . . under the hood



COOL-PACK . . . under the dash

Enjoy a cool retreat from the heat. Just enter a Harrison Air Conditioned car—and step from simmering summer streets into a haven of cool, refreshing air. A flip of the switch sends cool, draft-free currents of clean, dehumidified air to every corner of your car. And with windows up you lock out wind, dirt and road noise. You'll emerge after every trip as clean, refreshed and neat as when you started.

Harrison's Custom "under the hood" Air Conditioning is designed for *all* 1958 General Motors cars. Also available now . . . the thrifty "under the dash" *Cool-Pack* for the new Chevrolet, Pontiac and Buick.* So, whether you're already driving your '58 or just about to buy, ask your GM dealer today about Harrison Air Conditioning.

*Also available on most 1958 Chevrolet trucks.

cool air by the carload

**HARRISON**

**AUTOMOTIVE AIR CONDITIONING**

A GM PRODUCT—AVAILABLE AT YOUR GENERAL MOTORS DEALER

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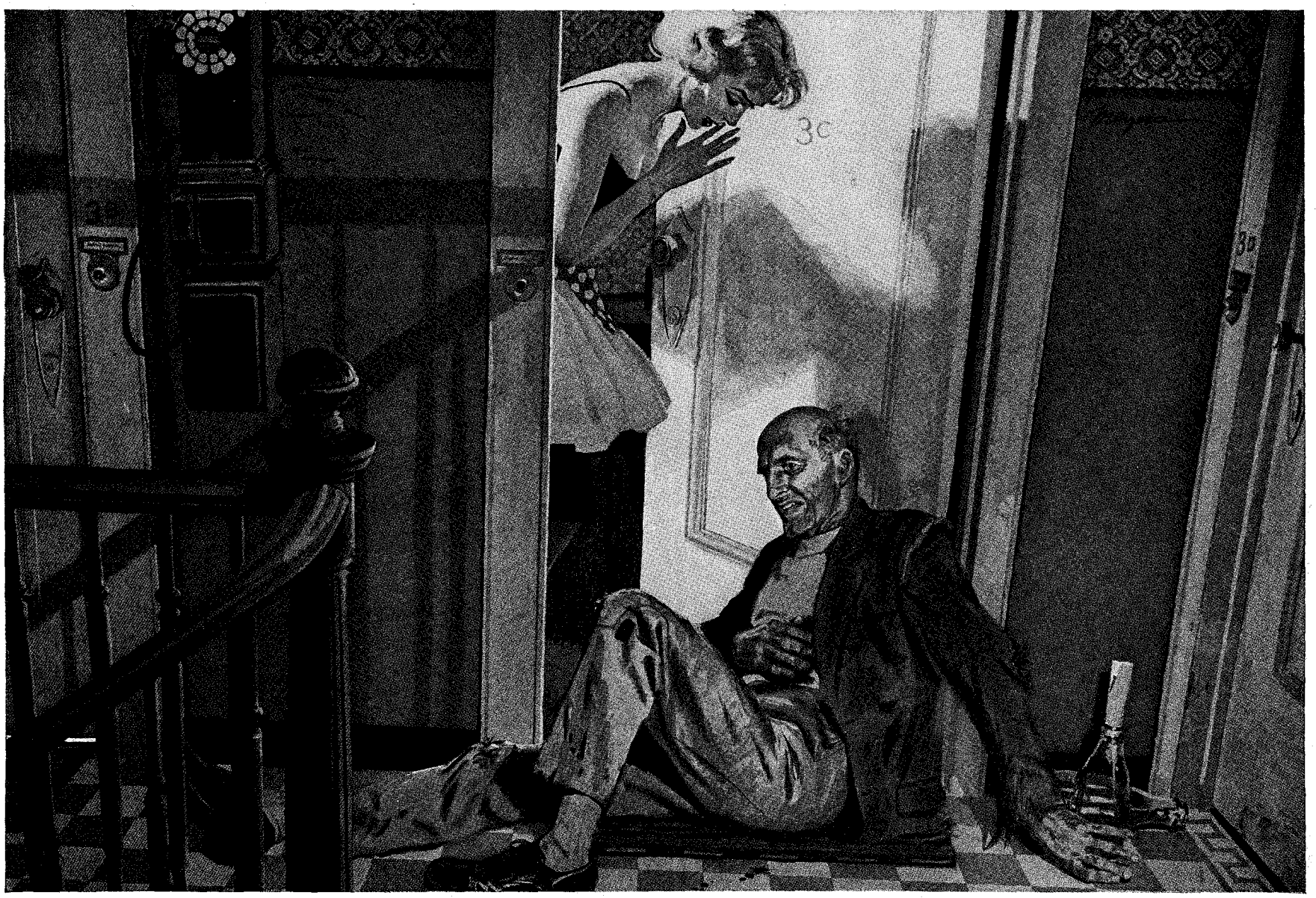


Nora stood, pale as death, staring at the body of a man sprawled at her feet.

# ARSON, INCORPORATED

The dying man uttered a cryptic message with strange implications.

**By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND**

"But why?" Craig asked. "Why would anybody steal that file about my father's death?" Craig Batts, newly risen from the uniformed-firemen's ranks to the detective duties of a New York fire marshal, knew his long-dead parent had been the victim of an unknown incendiary. At present, however, the department's official belief was that there no longer were organized professional arsonists operating in the city. But recent incidents began to arouse Craig's suspicion. Who could explain the strange behavior of the mysterious Clyde Tupper at the scene of a recent blaze? Was Tupper somehow responsible for a second fire, in which Chief Fogarty was seriously injured? Craig was even more puzzled by Tupper's powerful influence over the old fire fighter. Perhaps the eccentric fire buff, Pieter Van Rensselaer, was right. There was a sinister warning in the mounting series of fires and robberies occurring now in other big cities.

III

Curious didos were being cut on a forgotten block in the East Fifties. It was close to the river, and in these days was little used by traffic of any sort. Along its north side ran a high fence shutting off the rubble of a row of condemned and razed buildings, demolished to save taxes upon their uselessness. On the south side was a massive brick structure patterned somewhat after a castle on the Rhine. It had been a brewery, busy and prosperous back in the nineties, but standing these long years tenantless, with blind eyes staring lidless at the drab scene before it. Piercing its face at the right side were massive doors through which splendid Percherons had been wont to haul great wagons laden with kegs of beer. This barrier was again pierced by a smaller door, a sort of postern through which men might enter without the labor of swinging the massive portals.

It was inside this building, pitiful in its desuetude, that the curious didos were being cut. Four men in paint-splashed overalls were putting the finishing touches on the task of repainting an automobile. The color being applied was a brilliant red, and there were visible to the superficial eye such identifying marks as would permit (Continued on Page 120)

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GET
SATISFYING FLAVOR...

# SO FRIENDLY TO YOUR TASTE!

Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke and makes it mild — but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

1 Don't give up flavor to get mildness.

2 For flavor and mildness fine tobacco filters best.

3 Pall Mall tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.

## Outstanding... and they are Mild!

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# Revolt of the Machines

(Continued from Page 30)

The walls at the bottom of the second flight of stairs were of solid steel. The admiral, a small, spare man behind his gold braid, permitted himself a frosty smile.

"You have heard the term 'hush-hush'? As my teen-age granddaughter might put it, this commission is the hushest."

A door in the steel wall swung open. The door was a full six inches thick, but it made no sound. The admiral followed her inside the small, paneled room. Three men were sitting around a mahogany table. The admiral introduced them. She recognized Happy Sam O'Leary, of course. He was chairman of the joint Senate-House Committee on Unexplained Phenomena—an immense man with a bull neck concealed in front by three rolls of chins. Dr. Kermit Akwa, the tall, horse-faced fellow next to the senator, she knew only by reputation. His work was so secret that his picture seldom was published, but he was frequently referred to as the nation's leading scientist. She had heard only vaguely of Charlie Pipkorn, the tanned young man who was studying her profile approvingly, but the admiral explained that Charlie represented industry, labor and the public in general, which made him a versatile fellow indeed. Mrs. Rowbottom was instructed to sit in the chair at the head of the table, where they could all keep an eye on her.

"And now," the admiral said, leaning back and lacing his fingers together across his stomach, "let us proceed."

Mrs. Rowbottom sat up a little straighter. "Gentlemen," she said, "I can understand why you must think I am—to use the admiral's word—a crackpot. I'll admit that my theory about the rising revolt sounds fantastic. I assure you that I will be delighted if you can show me I'm wrong."

She glanced around at the four pairs of male eyes. Now that she was actually here, her task seemed hopeless. Men were always so hard to convince. If there were only a woman on the commission. But wasn't there supposed to be?

"Don't you have a fifth member, admiral?"

"We do. Mrs. Zell Bliffert, representing womankind. She was unable to attend."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## Checkers

By Anne Marx

The fever has abated;
You are better, not yet well—
My chance, so long awaited,
To spoil you for a spell.

Once time was distant towers
And you were small and close.
Remembering long-lost hours,
I've wondered why I chose

Sometimes to say, "Till later, son!"
To seek mundane pursuits—
When "later" came, you had begun
To grow your private roots.

"Come in my room and play with me!
Where are the checkers stored?"
Child, do you know how eagerly
I resurrect this board?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"May I ask why?"

"Everything about our affairs, Mrs. Rowbottom, is top secret. I will ask the questions. When did you first suspect there was a ——" He paused, glancing at his colleagues. The frosty smile came and went. "A rebellion afoot?"

"About three months ago."

"Tell me the circumstances."

"I was driving downtown to pick up my husband when I ——"

"You live out beyond the area of public transportation?"

"Oh, no. But Herbert, my husband, doesn't like to ride the bus. He says the doors snap at him as he tries to get on."

"Herbert, I take it, is rather nervous?"

"He didn't used to be. Everyone's nervous now. That's part of the plan they have."

Happy Sam O'Leary leaned forward. "By 'they,' you mean ——"

"The machines."

"Machines! What machines?"

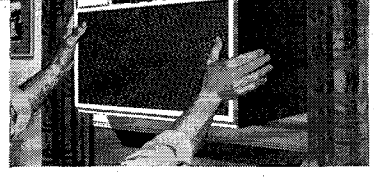
"Every last one of them, senator."

"You think the machines are after Herbert?"

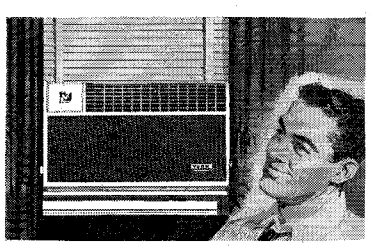

Amazing York Power Mite Room Conditioner

COOLS SPACE 1,428 TIMES ITS OWN SIZE!

Model F 107-2
13 11/16" x 22" x 14 15/16"



**Carry it Home.** Install-it-yourself in minutes. No inside or outside supports. Simply tighten two thumb screws by hand, snap side panels into place and pull down the window. 115V, 7½ amp. unit plugs in to any adequately wired circuit.



**Get a quick pick-up** from summer heat, humidity, hayfever in minutes after the unit is hooked up. Pick up with a 1958 York Power Mite Room Air Conditioner, today!

**New 1 HP Air Conditioner Proves High Power Cooling Can Come In a Small Package!**

If you have ever shopped room air conditioners, you have probably found that the higher the cooling power, the larger the size of the unit. But now, in the Power Mite, York has discovered a way to reverse this principle—a way to build a room air conditioner 2.6 cu. ft. small and give it power enough to cool over 3,769 cu. ft. of living area! And this new unit is fully equipped—with exclusive Rotary Deflector Grille, 2-Speed Fan, Automatic Thermostat and new snap-in installation kit! (Three deluxe 1 HP models—115V, 7½ or 12 amp and 230V)

Now producing toward its 2nd Million Room Air Conditioners...

YORK CORPORATION
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**Millions Live Better With York... the quality name in air conditioning**

Manufacturers of Residential Heating and Cooling Systems • Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Equipment for Industrial and Commercial Installations • Room Air Conditioners • Ice Makers • Refrigeration Units and Systems


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"Not him specifically. All of us. They want to make us all so exasperated we'll just give up."

"Excuse me, senator," the admiral said. "We are getting a little ahead of ourselves. Mrs. Rowbottom was driving downtown to get her husband. Take it from there, please."

"I always use the same route. South on Daffodil Lane, then east on West O'Konski Boulevard until I hit the Mulligan Expressway. As I turned east on West O'Konski, I put on the brakes automatically, but not quite in time to miss the hole in the road, and then it came to me all of a sudden that there was something funny going on. I don't know why I hadn't realized it before."

"Frankly, Mrs. Rowbottom, you've lost me. What hole in which road?"

"The hole that's always somewhere around the place where you turn off Daffodil onto West O'Konski."

"I see. Now far be it from me to cast any reflections on women drivers, Mrs. Rowbottom, but it seems to me that if I or any other male knew there was a hole in the road from past experience, he would try to avoid it."

"I did try. But you can't tell exactly where this one's going to be from one day to the next."

"The hole moves?"

"It moves. Or rather, they move it. The city comes out and fills it up after we've complained, but the next night they come along and make another."

"Who makes another? The workmen, you mean?"

"The machines. Bulldozers and things."

"Just on the corner you mentioned?"

"Of course not. All over town. All over the country, I imagine."

Pipkorn had been gazing thoughtfully at the windowless walls. Now he cleared his throat.

"I can vouch for my neighborhood. It's going on there. Why, only two nights ago my left front wheel hit a rut that was ——"

"Please," the admiral said. "Let's get on with this. Have you ever seen the bulldozers creeping out at night to dig up the roads to annoy the drivers, Mrs. Rowbottom?"

"Not exactly. But how else can you explain what's happening?"

"I'm here to ask questions, madam, not answer them. Now, as I understand it, you got to thinking about all this after your car bounced over a hole in the pavement?"

"That's right. All the way downtown I thought about it. Dozens of examples of what's happening occurred to me."

"For instance?"

"Well, take the radio set. My husband keeps it on during the summer to hear the ball games. He turns it down low enough so it won't disturb me. And it doesn't until the commercials come on. Then it really blares. It makes you jump, it shouts so."

"Herbert is an admirer of commercials and turns up the volume?"

"Certainly not. Herbert is a normal man, not the freak you're trying to make him out. The set turns itself up louder during the commercials."

"For what purpose?"

"To try to break up our marriage."

"And then, when the baseball game comes on again, the volume diminishes?"

"Yes. I'll be working around out in the kitchen, let's say, and I'll be half listening to the game too. It gets to be the last of the ninth with three on, two out and the count full, and then it pulls its other favorite trick."

"I know!" Happy Sam O'Leary cried, jumping to his feet. "It fades out! And when you finish fiddling with the dial and get the station again, somebody's selling beer, loud and clear, but the game is over."

Mrs. Rowbottom turned to him sympathetically. "So they've done it to you too? I didn't suppose they would dare."

The admiral glared at O'Leary, who subsided into his chair. He asked Mrs. Rowbottom to give other examples.

"There are so many I don't know where to start. Like the way the automatic washer snips off all the buttons from Herbert's shirts when it knows he's got an important business conference coming up. Like the way the oven overheats and spoils the casserole on a night when Herbert's mother is eating with us. And then, of course, the car is in on it too."

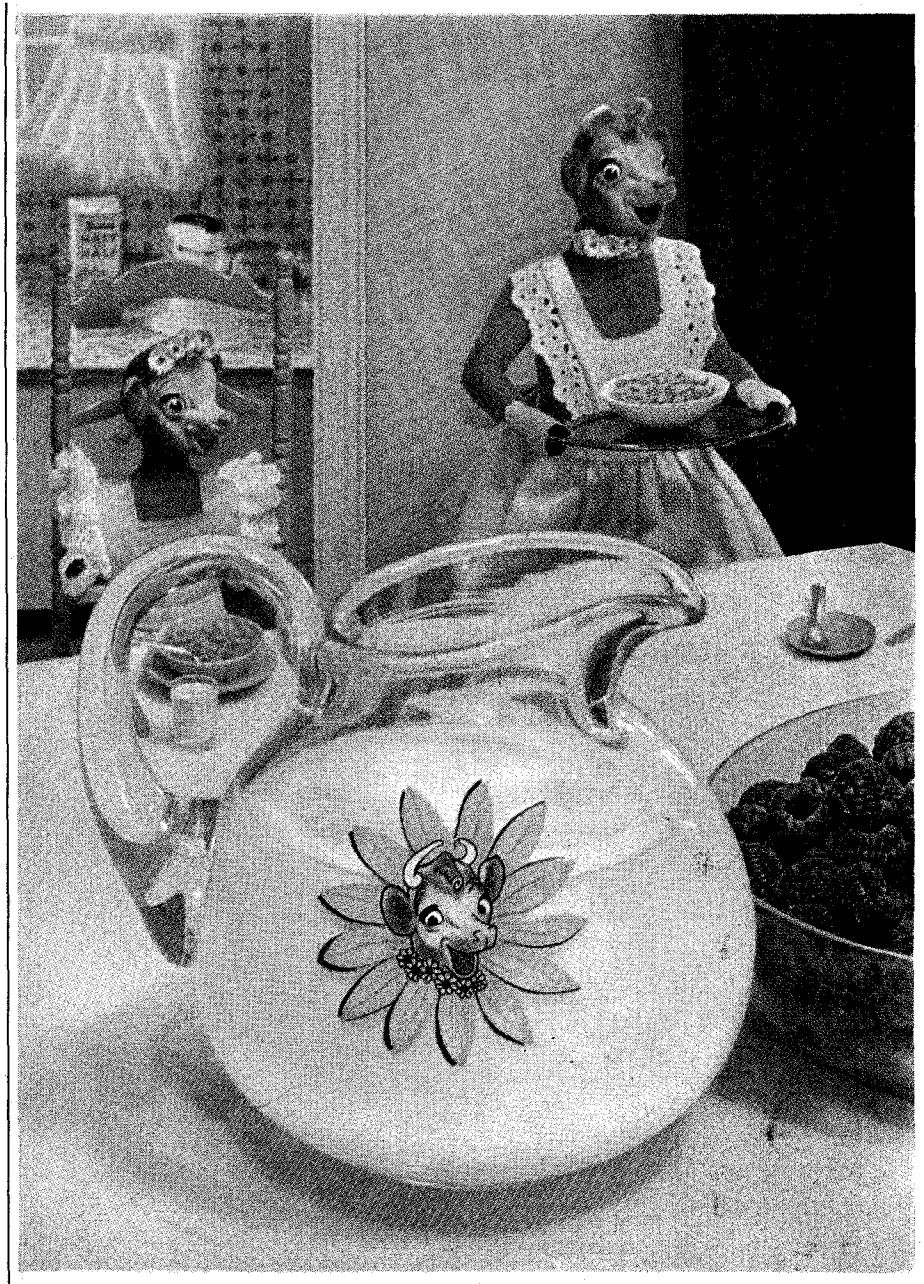
"It steers, I suppose, toward those holes in the road?" the admiral asked in a tone of heavy irony.

"It doesn't have to do that. I've already explained how that's taken care of. But it does something worse. It stretches."

"It does what, Mrs. Rowbottom?"

(*Continued on Page 57*)

"Greatest outfielder in the league."



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# Borden's Half and Half

*said Elsie, the Borden Cow*

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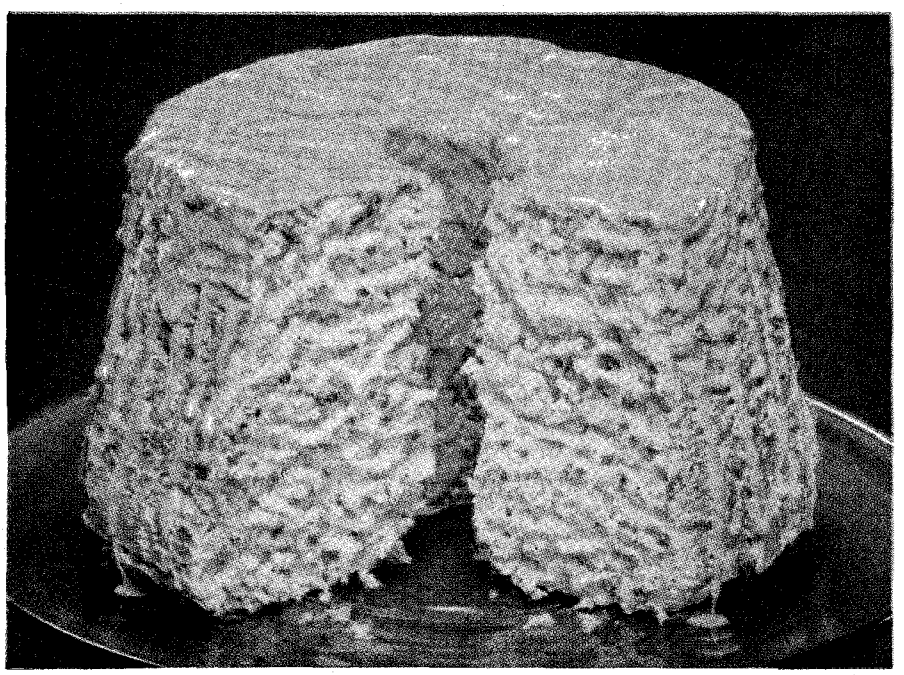
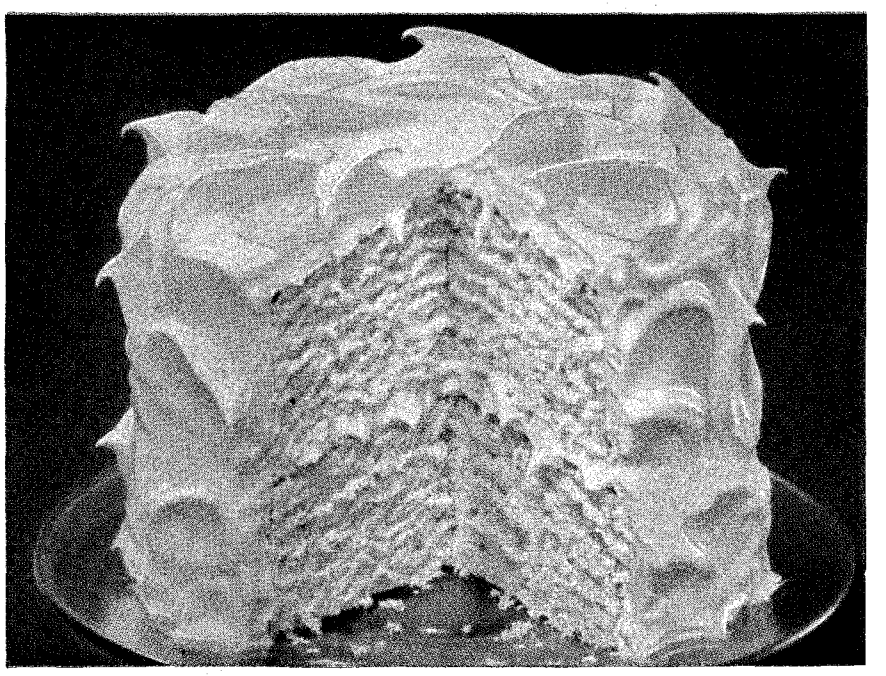
*Nothing says lovin' like something fron*

# 6 NEW WAYS TO FROM PILLSBURY



## NEW CHERRY ANGEL FOOD MIX

One of the most beautiful cakes you ever made, and an ever-lovin' dream to eat! Crystals made from ripe red cherries are scattered all the way through this lightest, loftiest of 13-egg angels. Make it soon . . . and be an angel, 1st class!



## NEW PINEAPPLE CAKE MIX

Pineapple! The juice, the fruit and the flavor of fresh Hawaiian pineapple all the way through this light, moist beauty. The secret: crystals made from fresh pineapple that melt as you bake. Try New Pillsbury Pineapple Cake Mix to get homemade quality cake.

## NEW PUDDING-CAKE MIXES

Here's new dessert magic in a mix (and so quick and easy to fix!). The cake floats on sauce that starts on top and bakes its way down. Cake and sauce mixes are both in one package. Try both chocolate and lemon. You'll eat it with a spoon and *love* it!

## NEW LOAF-SIZE CAKE MIXES

The small size that's just right for so many kinds of cakes. Just one package makes a single layer, half a 2-layer cake, a square loaf, a Boston cream pie or 12 cupcakes. Comes in White, Chocolate Fudge, Golden Yellow and Marble. Try your favorite soon.

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# *the oven*

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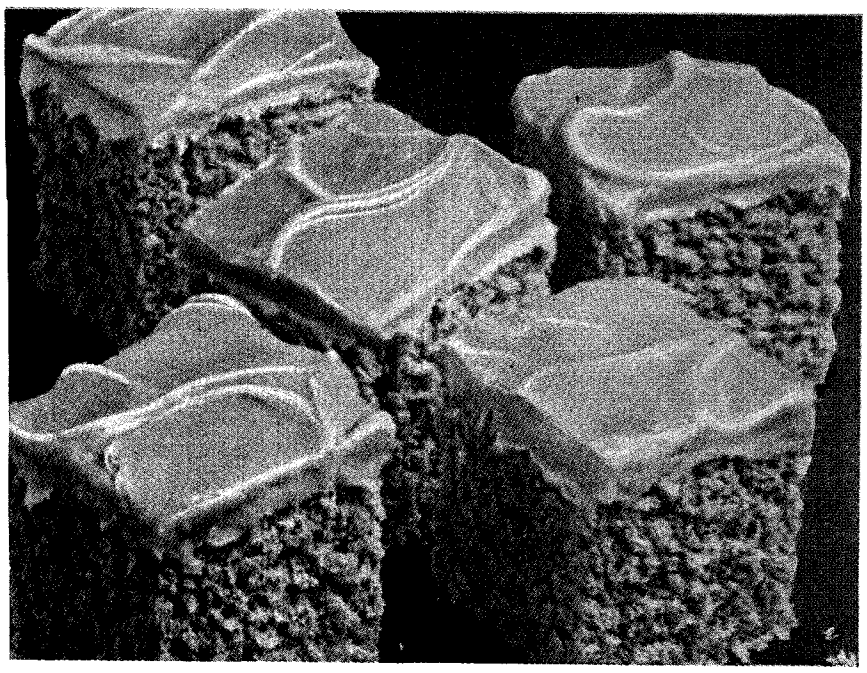
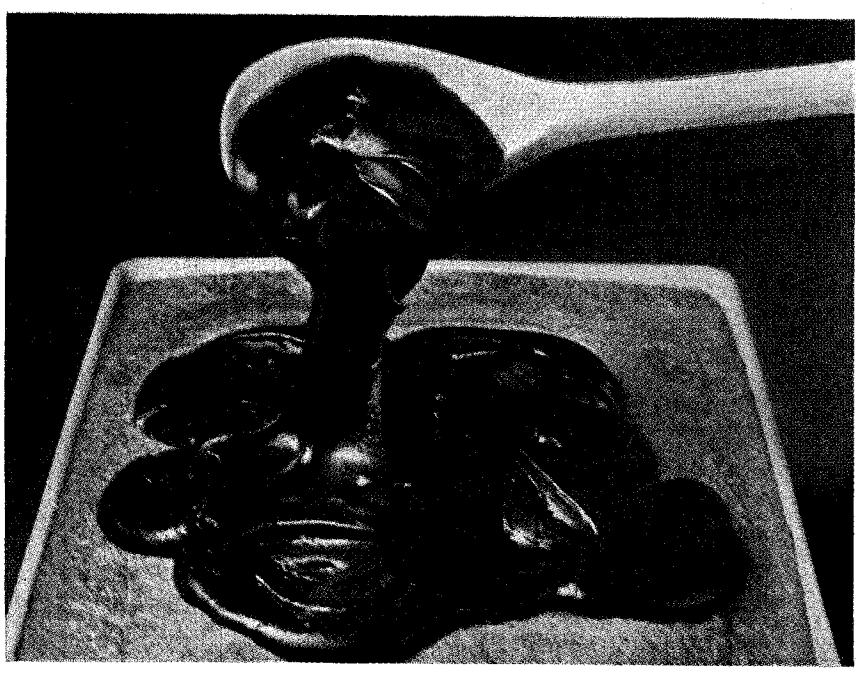


## NEW APPLESAUCE CAKE MIX

You'll want to try this old-time favorite, never before available in mix form. You get a moist-as-can-be applesauce cake—with chopped real apples and spices right in the mix. And it's in the new smaller Loaf Size, that fits most any pan. Give it a whirl real soon.



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The small size—just enough for a loaf, a single layer, or 12 cupcakes. New 2-layer treat—try both Creamy Fudge and *New* Creamy Vanilla—one on each layer. Like our regular-size, these are the homemade "cooked" frostings you don't have to cook!

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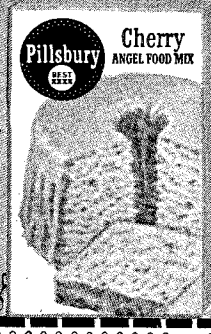


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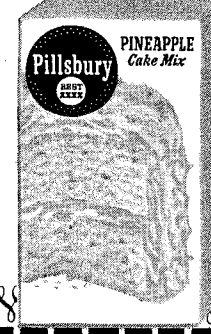


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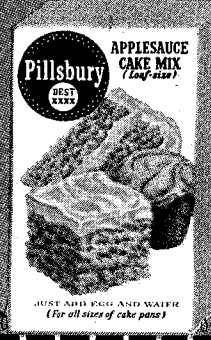


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**Chocolate or Lemon**

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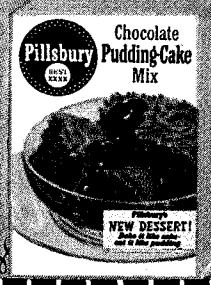


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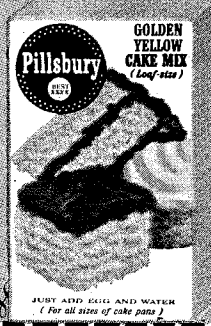


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**save 5¢**

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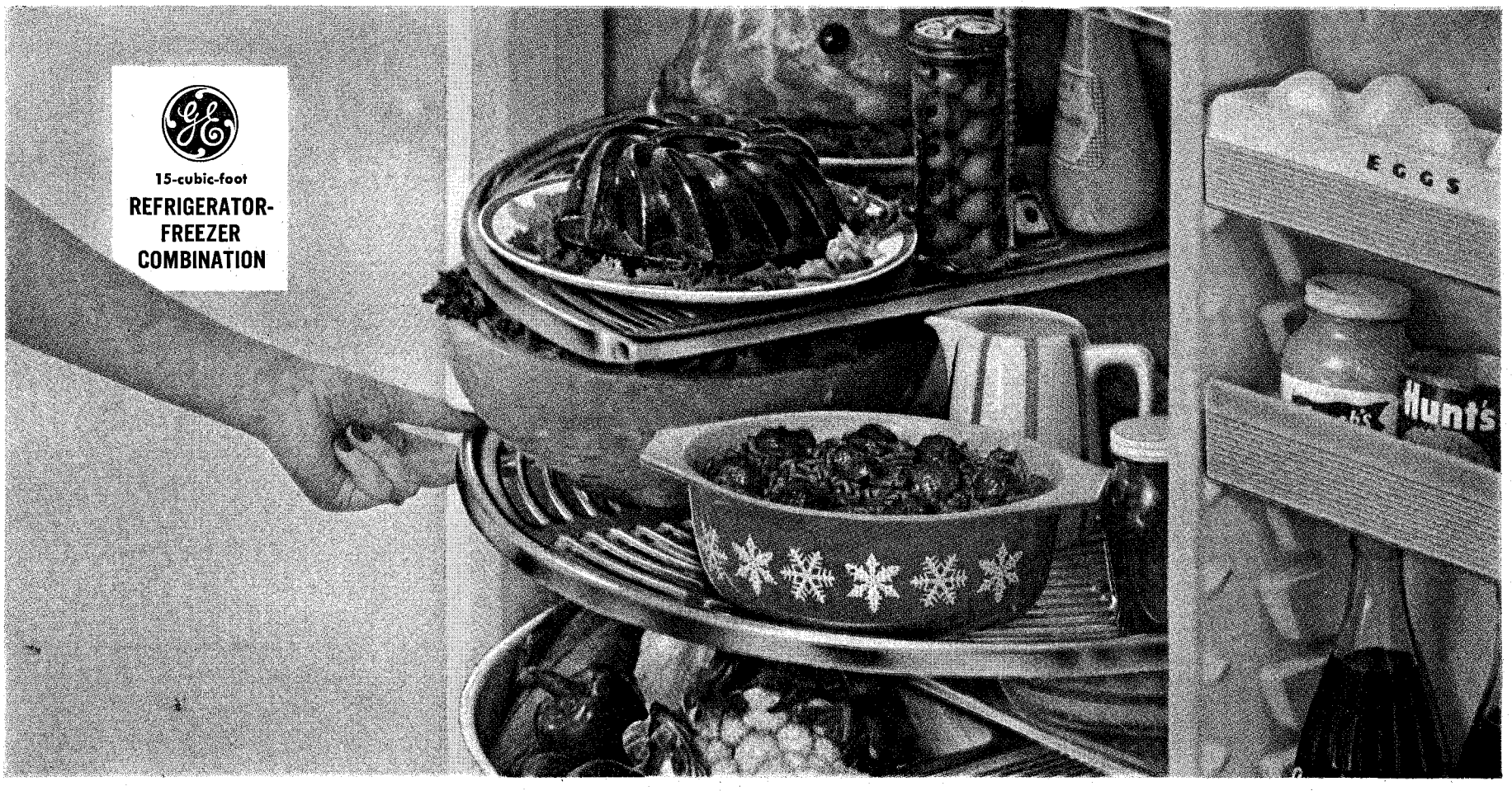


# Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

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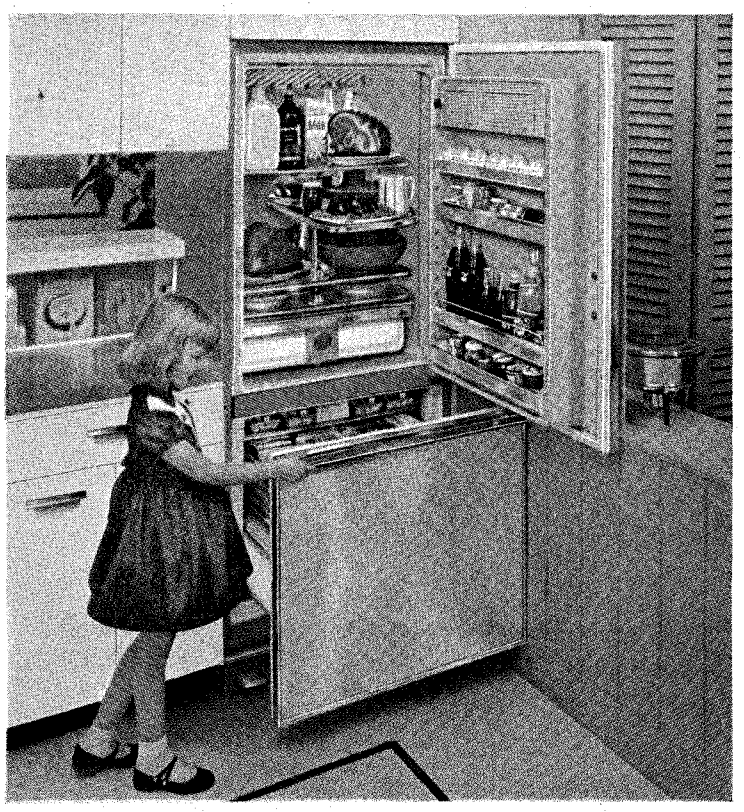


**Big zero-degree Roll-Out Freezer** glides out at a touch, holds up to 175 pounds of food. Foods are easy to see, easy to get at.

**Adjust revolving shelves** to hold a pie or bulky turkey. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.

**Revolving Vegetable Bins** turn out at a touch. Two large porcelain bins hold nearly a bushel of vegetables.

REVOLVING SHELVES make all other shelves old-fashioned. So much space for food . . . and all at your fingertips. Just a *touch* brings the food in back right out to the front. No hard-to-reach corners!

And everything's so easy to clean. You never have to remove shelves *or* food. Just revolve the shelves to one side to expose the refrigerator walls. Shelves are sturdy, too. Each one supports as much as 150 pounds.

The big refrigerator section defrosts *automatically* . . . no pans to empty, no clocks to set, no buttons to push.

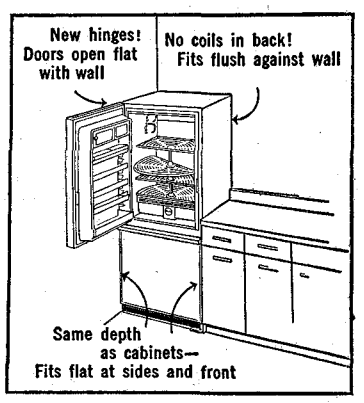
Added feature of the new General Electric is the handy Ice Ejector Trays which drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer.

Ask your General Electric dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**Cleaning problem solved** with "Straight-Line" design. No dirt-collecting waste space. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.

* * *

*Today, more than 4,000,000 General Electric Refrigerators are in use 10 years or longer!*


New hinges! Doors open flat with wall
No coils in back! Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets—Fits flat at sides and front

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(*Continued from Page 53*) "Stretches. Gets longer. Whenever I'm trying to back it into a fairly tight parking space, it stretches out as much as a foot. Of course, the cars standing at the curb expand some too."

The admiral leaned forward and spoke gently, "We've all had that feeling, I suppose, Mrs. Rowbottom. But don't you think it would be more logical to assume that the driver had misjudged the amount of space available?"

"Logical, yes. And that's just what they're counting on. Anybody but a man would see that."

The admiral ran a hand through his thinning hair. His face was a little flushed and his eyes were growing slightly dazed.

"May I suggest that you try to explain it in a way that even a male can understand?"

"But it's so obvious. They expect us to assume the blame for everything that goes wrong. Like all the times I've scraped the paint off the fenders."

"That wasn't your fault, naturally?"

"I thought it was at first. I blamed my own carelessness, coupled with the fact that they don't make garage doorways wide enough. It took me quite a while to realize that the car was puffing out its fenders just as I was trying to drive in."

"I see," the admiral said. "Puffs out its fenders, eh? Maybe that explains why my wife —— But never mind. How does Herbert feel about all this?"

"Oh, he used to get quite provoked, before I explained things to him."

"And now he agrees that the car puffs out its fenders?"

"He doesn't seem to like to talk about it. I sometimes think I've convinced him, but he can't quite understand why the car doesn't do the same thing when he puts it in the garage. They're too clever for that, of course."

Pipkorn quit drawing faces on the pad of paper in front of him and looked up. "Cars interest me. Does yours have any other little tricks?"

"None that are really unusual. They aren't really very imaginative. They keep pulling the same old stuff. Like what happens when you take the car into a garage to get some little thing adjusted—a new spark plug put in or the motor tuned up."

"What happens?" the admiral asked.

Mrs. Rowbottom regarded him with surprise. Then her brow cleared. "Of course. You're a military man and you don't understand what we civilians go through. But I'll bet Mr. O'Leary can tell you what happens when he takes his car to a garage in order to have a spark plug changed."

"Sure," the senator said. "The mechanic finds two or three dozen other things that have to be done immediately, and my spark plug winds up costing me a couple hundred bucks."

"Exactly," Bobo Rowbottom said triumphantly. "They wait until you're at their mercy, then they sabotage you."

"Now wait just a minute," Pipkorn interrupted. "I resent any aspersions being cast on the American mechanic. Why, he's as honest as ——"

"I'm not talking about the mechanics. It's not their fault. Oh, I'll admit the machines want us to think so. They're never happier than when they can drive a wedge between us and split us up into little bickering groups. Drivers against garagemen. Husbands against wives. Housewives against all the people who come around to make minor repairs on appliances—minor repairs that wind up costing a small fortune. But the mechanics aren't to blame. The car does it all by itself."

"How, exactly?" the admiral asked. "As you say, I'm a military man and I don't quite understand."

"Why, it waits until you're especially broke, and then it stops one of its plugs from sparking and you think, 'Oh, well, I guess I'll have to get it fixed; it won't cost more than a dollar or two,' and then, when you've left it at the garage, the car deliberately burns out its generator, puts metal slivers in its crankcase and rusts all its least accessible parts."

"Mrs. Rowbottom," Doctor Akwa said, "I will admit that most of us have felt the latent diabolism in mechanical things at one time or another. But as a scientist, I am certainly not going to accept the premise that the malevolence of our machines is intentional on their part. What possible goal could they have, anyway? They're entirely dependent on humans."

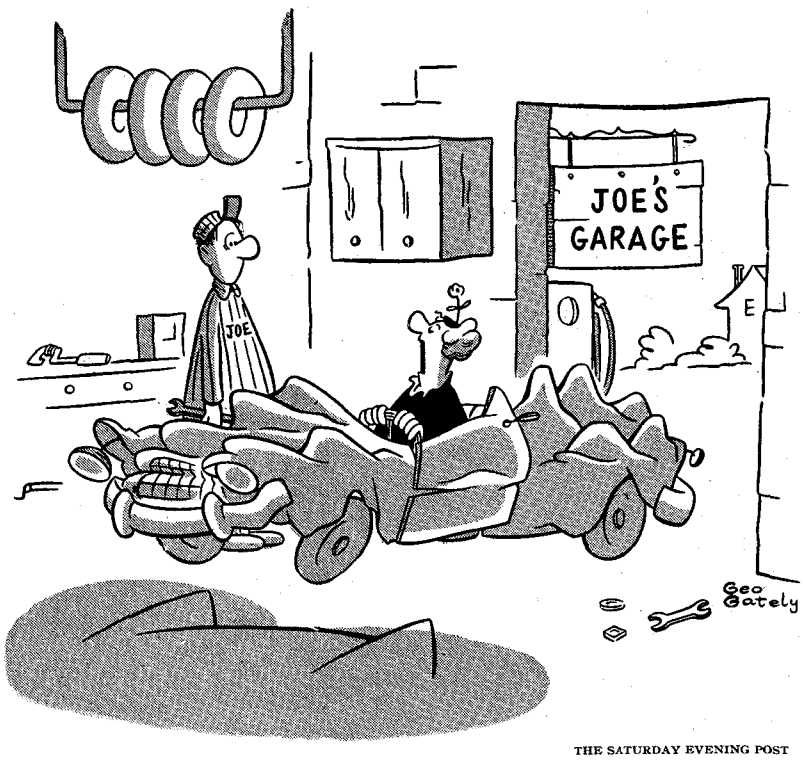
"But are they? Oh, sure, that's what they want us to think. They want us to believe that they depend on us to make the payments on them and everything. Probably they used to be dependent on us, back a few years ago before the mechanical brains got smarter than we are. But times have changed, gentlemen. It may already be too late to do anything about it."

She had risen to her feet. The admiral put a hand on her arm and pushed her gently back into her chair.

"Nonsense, my dear young lady. I do not like to brag but it is only a matter of plain fact that sitting here with you in this small room are four of the ten most influential and powerful individuals in the world. I think we can handle any menace that arises. Not, of course, that I accept your thesis for a moment. The machines are our servants—I might almost say our slaves."

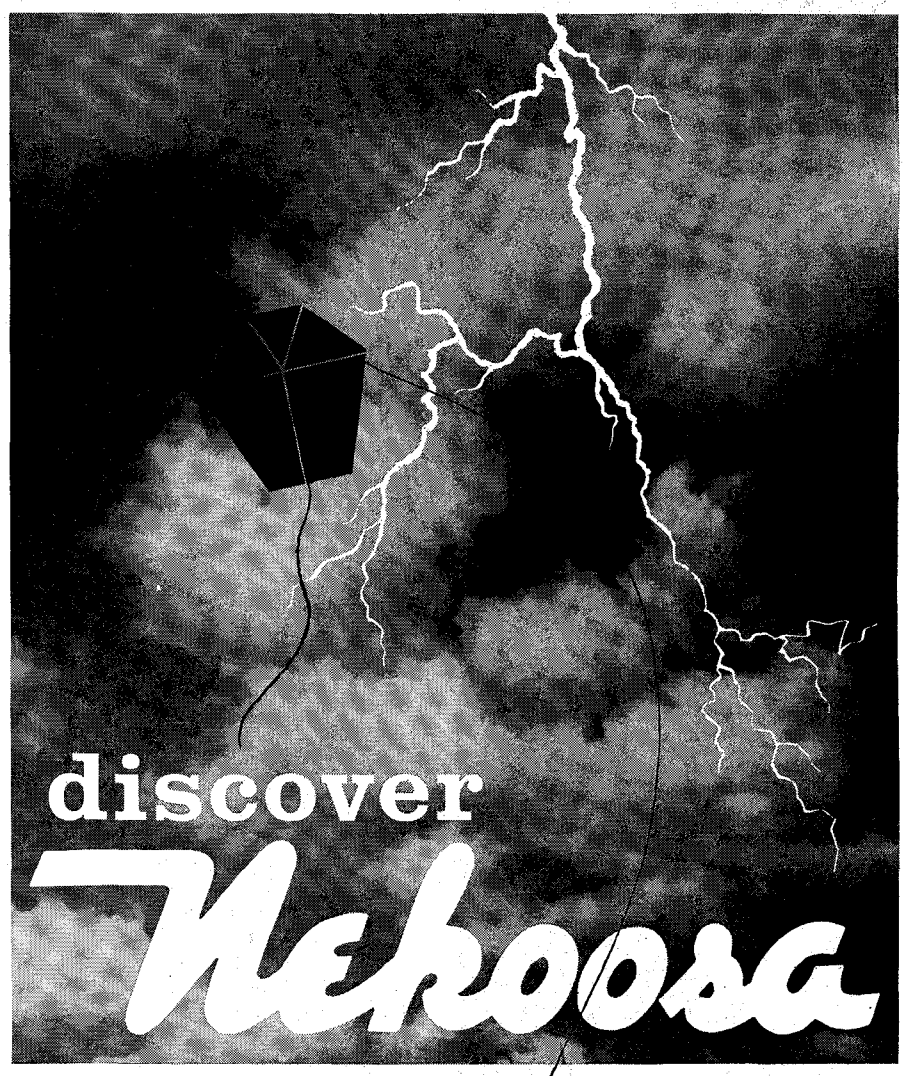
"Can you be sure, admiral, that it isn't the other way around? Do you know how much of Herbert's weekly salary goes to make payments on mechanical or electronic contrivances, or to pay the men we call in almost every day to repair them?"

"I haven't the slightest notion."




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't like the way it handles."

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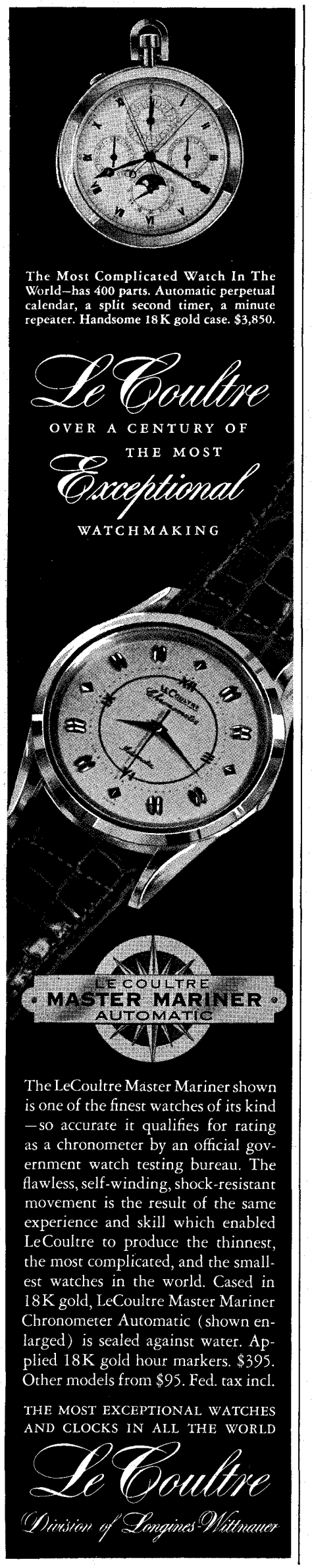
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"Well, I can tell you exactly, because I figured it out to the penny. The figure is precisely 62.8 per cent. Who, gentlemen, is working for whom?"

There was a long moment of silence. Each of the men seemed busy with his own thoughts. Finally O'Leary stirred his vast bulk.

"Do you know," he said, "speaking of cars, in recent weeks I've had the feeling that mine just barely tolerates me. It fairly groans whenever I get behind the wheel."

"You mentioned electronic brains," Doctor Akwa mused. "Just the other day, I asked the new one in my laboratory a perfectly intelligent question, and I'll swear it looked at me as though I were a child, almost too stupid to be tolerated."

"I had an odd experience of my own just yesterday afternoon," Pipkorn said. "I started up my self-propelled power mower to cut the lawn and turned my back on it for just an instant. It came scuttling over toward me as though it wanted to cut me down. I dodged just in time."

The admiral paled. "It has to be a coincidence," he said. "I'm a veteran of thirty years in uniform and I'm not going to start believing fairy tales now."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Rowbottom asked.

"Well, as I said, anything that happens to a commission member is top secret. But perhaps there's no harm in telling you why the fifth commissioner, Mrs. Bliffert, isn't with us today."

"Zell's power mower got her?" Pipkorn demanded.

"No," the admiral said. "In her case, it was a vacuum cleaner."

"Tank type, I'll bet," Mrs. Rowbottom suggested.

"It was, but how did you know?"

"They're sneakier. I never turn my back on mine."

"What happened, admiral?" Pipkorn demanded.

"It went berserk yesterday. It chased her up the stairs and then down again. Zell isn't as fast as she used to be before she put on all that weight. Still, she almost got away. But it snaked out its hose just as she'd almost reached the outside door and tripped her. Her husband beat it off with a Number Two iron, but her leg was broken."

Senator O'Leary looked thoughtful. "I hadn't intended mentioning it, gentlemen, but I had a narrow escape myself. I wouldn't want any of my constituents to know this, of course, but a few weeks ago I invested in a vibrator chair. It's supposed to take off weight painlessly and tone up the muscles. You just lie back in it and it rocks you as gently as a mother's arms. Except that this morning, when I turned it on, it behaved more like a mother bronco. It picked me up, whirled me around a couple of times, then tossed me halfway across my office. I understand the shock when I landed registered on seismographs as far away as Pawtucket."

The admiral jumped to his feet. "The machine gun!" he shouted. "Could that sailor be innocent, after all?"

"What happened?" Mrs. Rowbottom inquired. She was the calmest person in the room now.

"I was making a routine shipboard inspection. Everybody was lined up in dress blues on the deck. All of a sudden, the gun near the fantail swings around and starts shooting at me. I dived down a hatchway just in time. We threw the sailor standing nearest the gun in the brig, of course—can't allow shooting at admirals in the Navy, or heaven knows where it'd end—but he kept swearing he hadn't touched the trigger. Do you think it's possible he told the truth, Mrs. Rowbottom?"

"Of course, he did. You men, not being housewives, may not be as familiar with how gadgets behave as I am. But let me tell you that for the last few months they've been acting strangely. Every time I walk into the kitchen, the toaster and the automatic mixer have their heads together. The electric dishwasher has been breaking up the glasses and concealing the pieces in the refrigerator among the leftovers. Every day they get bolder and more arrogant."

"All of this is impossible, of course," Doctor Akwa said. "Still, I'm just unscientific enough to be glad we're concealed here in our underground shelter, where we're safe."

"But, gentlemen," Mrs. Rowbottom said, "that's the thing you don't understand. They're everywhere. That recording machine over there in the corner, for instance; it's been listening to everything we've said."

"Nonsense. It isn't even turned on."

"Do you think that matters? It's plugged into the wall socket, isn't it? And the wall socket is connected by wires with hundreds of thousands of other machines all over the nation, in a network that goes into every house, every building. They know what we're talking about, all right."

The admiral squared his shoulders and glared around. "Nothing can get at us here, madame. If there really is a menace—and mind you, I don't believe it for a moment—we are quite safe. We can sit here quietly and lay plans to regain control of the inanimate world."

"It's that electronic brain in my laboratory!" Doctor Akwa cried. "I knew when we built it we were going too far! But I wouldn't let myself give in to what seemed like a fantastic notion. All I have to do is go back to my lab and pull the plug and ——"

"You shouldn't have said that, doctor," Bobo Rowbottom whispered. "Listen. That hissing sound ——"

The admiral hurried over to a vent in the wall. He held his hand near it, then drew it back quickly.

"Subzero air. It's pouring in subzero air. Well, we'll soon put a stop to that."

He strode to the telephone and picked up the receiver. After a moment, he put it back down again.

"No dial tone. It's completely dead."

"Can't you simply shut off the air conditioning?" Pipkorn asked.

The admiral shook his head. The controls, he explained, were upstairs.

"My advice as a military man is to beat a quick and strategic retreat. . . . Senator, you are closest to the button that releases the door lock. Would you be good enough to press it?"

O'Leary moved a ham-sized hand and pushed the button. The admiral tugged at the door.

"It's stuck. Are you sure the button's in all the way?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Even a senator can push a button, admiral."

"Then we're doomed." The admiral walked over to his chair and sank down in it. "Four of the ten most powerful men in the world, and none of us can open that steel door. We're trapped. There is nothing left but to accept our fate bravely."

"Won't someone come down the stairs after a while and rescue us?" Mrs. Rowbottom asked.

"No one will dare. The rules are strict. Oh, I daresay that in the morning, when we're missed, there'll be an investigation. But by then it will be too late." He turned up the collar around his neck and shivered. "My mother told me when I enlisted that sailors came to a bad end. How right she was."

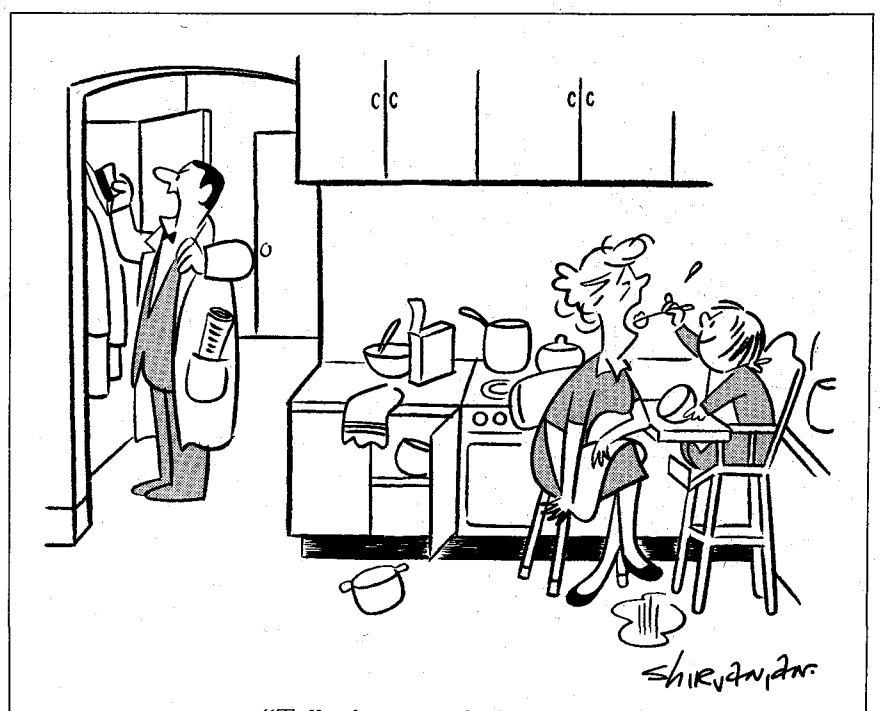
Mrs. Rowbottom sank lower in her chair. It was, she told them, all her fault. If she hadn't come here, none of this would have happened.

O'Leary climbed painfully to his feet. He took off his jacket and wrapped it around Bobo Rowbottom's shoulders, which it enveloped like a tent. She protested, but he was firm.

"Never let it be said of Happy Sam O'Leary that he sat idly by and allowed a voter to freeze to death while he watched. Besides, we are all of us patriotic citizens. It is obvious, from what is happening, that one of us must live long enough to carry the word to the outside. And you, as the youngest and prettiest, are the one to survive."

"I agree," Pipkorn said. He whipped off his jacket and wrapped it around Mrs. Rowbottom's knees. "Meanwhile, I will write a brief note to my wife. I'll tell her to stop payments on that power mower and to keep it locked securely in the garage until the finance company comes."

"A note!" the admiral shouted. "Of course! I agree we should try our best to save Mrs. Rowbottom to carry the warning, but just (*Continued on Page 61*)




"Talk about tough days. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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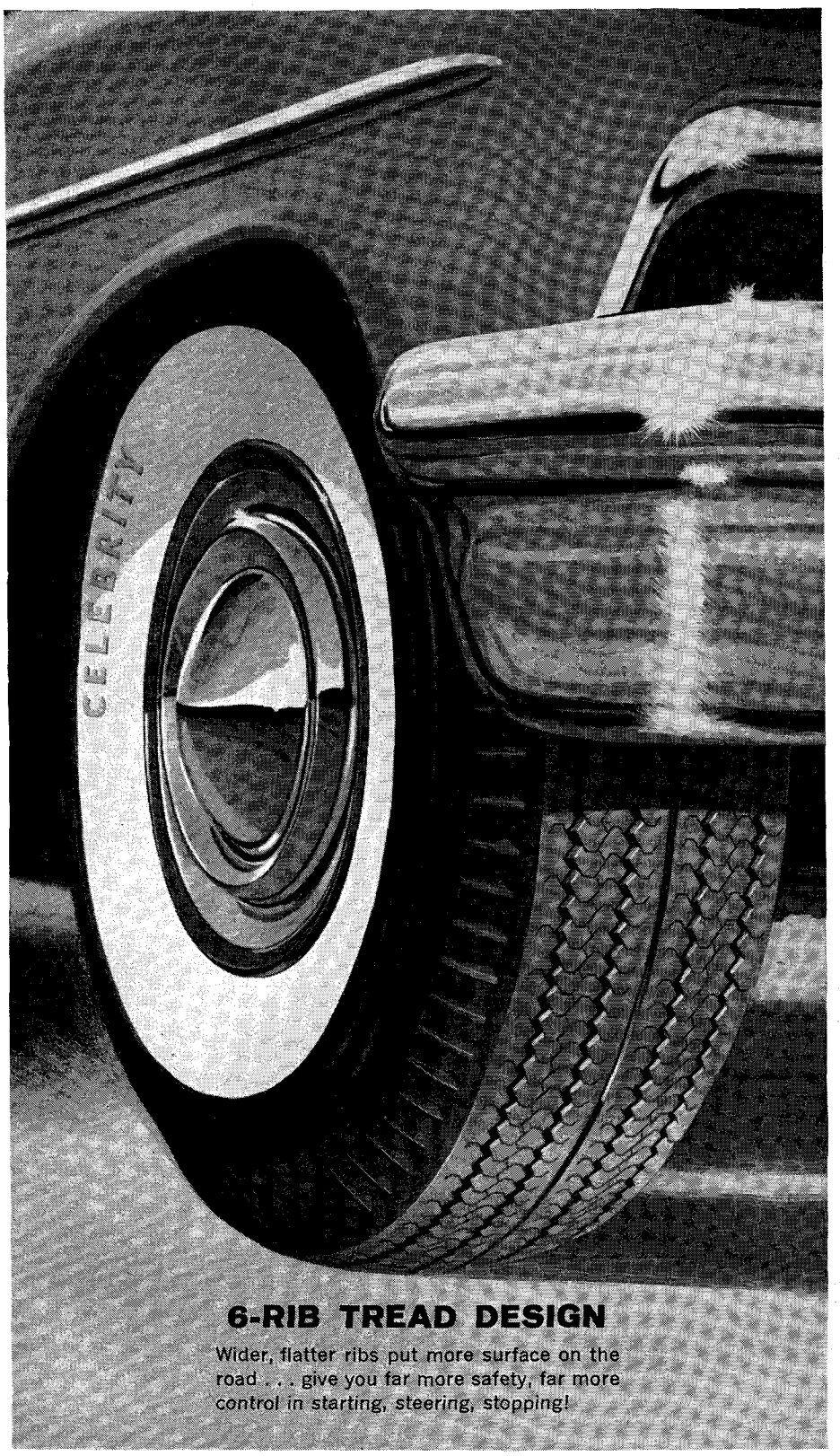


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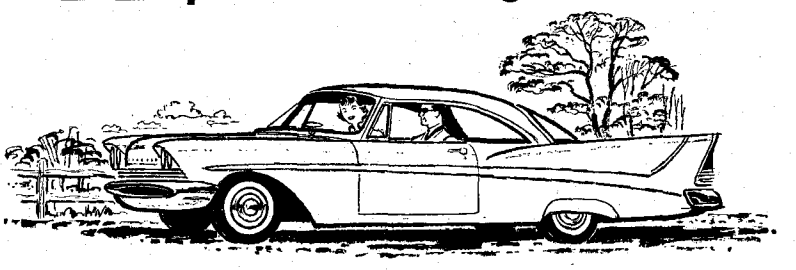

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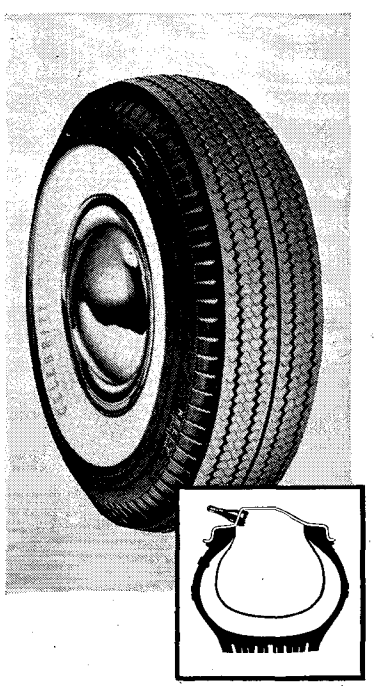
## CELEBRITY tubeless...nylon

The tire that's famous for superlative quality! The toughest materials, plus traditional Kelly engineering and construction skill, make the Celebrity tops in service, comfort and driving control. Far ahead of ordinary tires, it gives you much more in value than the little more it costs! Choice of nylon or rayon body. Whitewall, blackwall, all sizes.



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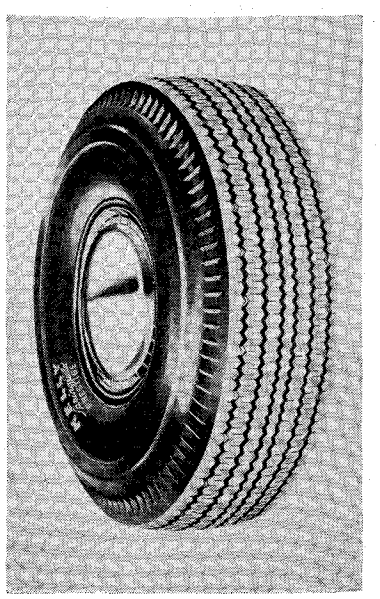
## CELEBRITY AIR-CORE SAFETY TIRE

**. . . the famous Kelly Celebrity with an amazing emergency tire built inside!**

An amazing new tire that actually puts two tires on every wheel! If the outer tire is damaged—even blown out!—you can keep riding safely for hundreds of miles if you have to! It's because the inner emergency tire automatically takes over support of your car. You drive relaxed and worry-free until you're ready to stop!

**TWO TIRES IN ONE . . . each with its own air chamber! NYLON Cord construction in both!**



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## Take Five Minutes Every 5000 miles for expert filter service.

**START THE "TAKE FIVE" HABIT NOW.** Make sure you're protected. See your FRAM Authorized Service Dealer every 5000 miles for expert filter service that will help keep your car trouble-free . . . delivering peak performance. FRAM helps you get *more* mileage...longer engine life.

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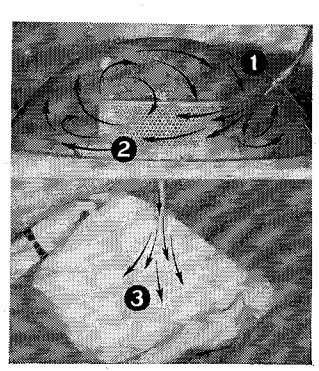
"PLATE GLASS" TEST! Dirty oil from engine with clogged filter is poured over glass, shows "Deadly Diamonds" of abrasives which by-pass to attack engine. FULL-FILTRATION traps and removes these power-stealing particles!

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**FILTERS**

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(*Continued from Page 58*) in case —— Hand me that pen and paper."

Doctor Akwa leaned back and laced his fingers behind his head. "Let us analyze what the reaction will be," he said. "In a day or two, someone will come and batter down the door. They will find our frozen bodies, with the possible exception of Mrs. Rowbottom. They will also find the admiral's note. And what do you suppose they will do then?"

"Why," the senator shouted, "they'll unplug that miserable machine of yours, that's what they'll do!"

"Ah, but will they? Will they not, rather, assume that the air conditioning went a trifle haywire and that in the ensuing panic we all went off our collective rockers, Mrs. Rowbottom included. They will shake their heads sadly over our unfortunate fate. If our lady delegate to the outside world is still alive, they will haul her regretfully but firmly off to the booby hatch. But they will certainly not be so foolish as to believe that our fantastic premise is the correct one."

"Congress will act," the senator said. "My colleagues will pass a law."

"Nonsense, old man. The one thing that a politician fears most is laughter. Anyone proposing that the machines on which we have based our civilization have combined to overthrow us would be hooted out of Washington."

"I have faith in the armed forces," the admiral said. "Well, maybe not in all of them, but at least the Navy won't let us down. If I issue an order, it will be obeyed."

"After you've frozen to death? It will be countermanded at once."

Pipkorn jumped to his feet. He began swinging his arms around, partly in his excitement and partly to drive off the cold.

"I represent the three most powerful groups in the nation. Industry, labor and the consumer will combine to demand that something be done." He sank back in his chair. "No, I'm talking like a fool. They'd never be able to get together on one solution in time to do any good."

"We have to try," the admiral said. He rubbed his hands together to restore the circulation, then began to write again. "We have a duty to perform. We are, after all, four of the ten most powerful ——"

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" Mrs. Rowbottom interrupted. "You all sound exactly like Herbert does when the sink gets plugged up. Just get out of my way and let me at that door."

The admiral shook his head. "It's made of six inches of solid steel. Not even a sixteen-inch shell could smash it."

Happy Sam O'Leary sadly patted her shoulder. "There, there, honey. Don't get hysterical."

"Hysterical? I'm as calm as a cucumber, and a darned sight colder. The trouble with you men is, you give in too easily. If I let a few little gadgets walk all over me the way you do, I wouldn't dare show my face in my own kitchen. Just give me room."

She handed the senator and Pipkorn their coats. She reached up toward her hair. The admiral's shrewd old eyes lit up with hope.

"Mrs. Rowbottom, you remind me just now of my wife. And I see you are using the same secret weapon."

She nodded briskly. She strode to the door. The hissing sound from the air conditioner was louder now. The temperature was dropping faster. She knelt. A poke here. A quick, decisive thrust there. In a moment, with a sound that was like a sigh, the door swung back and the admiral threw his weight against it to hold it.

The four men followed her quickly up the first flight of stairs. The door at the top was locked too. Mrs. Rowbottom went to work again. It swung back. In another moment, they were in the ground-floor corridor.

"And now," the admiral said, resuming his old air of command, "I suggest that Doctor Akwa lose no time in getting to his laboratory and pulling that plug. . . . You may take my car, doctor."

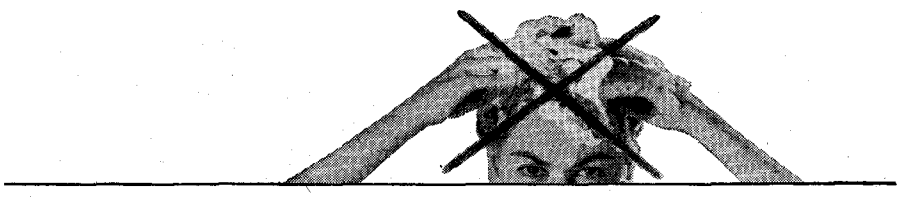
"No. I think, everything considered, it would be wiser to walk. It's only a few blocks. And one other suggestion ——" The scientist turned to Mrs. Rowbottom. "I'm perfectly capable of handling that machine, of course. But somehow I'd feel better if you'd come along. Just in case."

Mrs. Rowbottom nodded decisively. Happy Sam O'Leary took her arm as they started out the door.

"The woman's touch!" he shouted. "How often have I paid tribute to it in my speeches! Why, madame, you are a heroine!"

Bobo Rowbottom smiled at the four most powerful men. *Herbert*, she thought. *Yes, they really are a lot like Herbert.* She stopped walking. She replaced the bobby pin in her hair.

"Heroine?" she said. "Nonsense. This sort of thing happens all the time around my house. After a while, a girl simply learns to cope." THE END



"Are you sure this guide is familiar with these parts?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# for 1 to 3 months!

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Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

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# We Found a New Northwest Passage

(Continued from Page 25)

islands and inlets in the world. They found geological evidence which indicated that Bellot Strait, a narrow seventeen-mile-long channel separating Boothia Peninsula from Somerset Island, might be the missing deep-water link in a chain of navigable waters leading from Lancaster Sound in the east to Amundsen Gulf in the West.

Many experts scoffed; all the available reports said that Bellot, like many northern channels, was continually choked with ice or plagued with treacherous shoals. But Captain Robertson believed otherwise. He had navigated unknown waters by the Canadian Government's new photo-produced geomorphic charts and had shown in 1954–55 that, contrary to general belief, there was open water in much of the Arctic the whole year round. Admiral Will was convinced, and that was it. Little did I know that it would take me two years to wrest the secret of Bellot Strait from the icy grasp of the Arctic.

I took command of the Labrador in February, 1956, and I was immediately struck by the odd lines of the ship. Head on, I thought irreverently, she was fat and ugly, like a great white bathtub. But what a work horse. Two hundred and sixty-nine feet long and sixty-seven feet wide, she displaces 6500 tons and draws thirty feet of water, almost as much as the Queen Mary. Canada built the patrol vessel Labrador for the Royal Canadian Navy to exercise her right to the Arctic, and in the shipyards at Sorel, Quebec, $20,000,000 was spent on the ship's five-year construction. She went to sea equipped with the latest gyros, radar and fathometers, and with the finest oceanographic-research facilities outside Russia. On her maiden voyage in 1954—she had never experienced a sea trial—she weathered gale, fog and Arctic pack ice, and returned with only a dimple in her plating. Now as I stood on the jetty in Halifax harbor and contemplated her six diesels, her powerful electric motors driving twin seventeen-ton screws, and her hull-protecting coat of 1⅝-inch high-tensile steel, I felt she could tackle anything the Arctic had to offer.

In subsequent weeks I practiced handling the ship, getting used to her enormous momentum; and by July we were ready for our great adventure. We carried a crew of 240, including five frogmen and nine civilian scientists. On our decks were three helicopters, two landing craft, two motor cutters and a thirty-six-foot surveying boat, known affectionately as Pogo. In our holds were enough canned and frozen foods to last a year. It seemed to me that to confront the north with this formidable concentration of men and machinery was cheating history, until I found out that the Arctic can be as tricky and dangerous to a rugged modern icebreaker as to a delicate-skinned sailing lady of the past.

We were hove to in the Gulf of Boothia, having arrived there after weeks of carrying out important naval operations in the ice-filled waters of Northern Canada. The men had long since got their Arctic sea legs, beards had sprouted convincingly on young faces, and warm "Labrador" jackets and dark glasses against snow blindness were by now familiar sights. In the labs below on this particular day our scientists were busily processing oceanographic data, and I was in my cabin contemplating forthcoming operations when a distress call crackled into the radio shack. The icebreaker U.S.S. Edisto, an American breaker involved in D.E.W. Line operations, had lost her starboard screw in thick ice. Could we come at once?

The crippled ship was eighteen miles away, and between us lay the heaviest ice I had yet seen, a field of blue-green polar floes, twenty to thirty feet thick, stretching to the horizon. Normally, I'd have passed it up, for even an icebreaker has her limits, but not with a ship in need of help. I ordered my engineer officer, Commander Dan Fairney, to put "six engines on the line," the diesel-electric equivalent of full steam.

The ice cracked, thundered and fought back furiously as the ship pounded through. An icebreaker doesn't cut ice; she rides atop a floe with her potato-shaped hull and breaks it with her weight. Broken floes heaved and tumbled, and jagged chunks boiled up under the keel. As we smashed ahead, fo'c'sle cynics and wide-eyed first-trippers crowded the rails to watch. The ship felt like a truck banging down a flight of stairs on its rims.

Our speed dropped to one knot, and the farther I plowed into the pack, the more difficult it would be to get out. The fear of wrecking a propeller haunted me. At noon, after hours of slugging, the bow hit a massive floe and the ship crunched to a halt, hanging like a stranded whale atop the unyielding ice. Large floes pressed each side, and another reared astern. Twelve thousand horses—every ounce of power the ship had—strained, but the ice wouldn't budge. We were beset—locked tight, as if in a vise. Visions of my great-uncle, who a century earlier endured two harrowing winters in the Arctic, flashed through my mind. I shuddered.

But the Labrador is a tough ship, and a tight one, and difficult to sink or stop. Now was the time to try every one of her built-in weapons. We "sallied" ship, automatically swishing 210 tons of water from side to side, to make her rock and roll. But the ship refused to be pried loose, and each time the stern swung, emergency bells in the engine room clanged and warning lights flashed, compelling the engineers to trip the main motors lest we, too, lose a propeller to the ice. We were getting nowhere.

I decided to leave the bridge and try directing the ship from a spot on the flight deck, where I could see what was happening to the propellers. I took the starboard side, and my navigator, Cmdr. Harris Maclean, took the port. By signaling back to the officers operating the engine controllers in the bridge wings, we could get precious additional seconds of full power. For what seemed like an age we pummeled the ice while a cold wind cut us like a knife, but finally, to my relief, the battered floe split and was torn asunder. The ship leaped ahead as though overjoyed in her rewon freedom.

We reached Edisto, cut in a few feet ahead of her bow, and cracked open a lead for the trapped ship. Helicopters scouted new leads ahead, and with Edisto limping astern, we ultimately reached open water. In eleven exhausting hours we had made thirty-eight miles. The blades of both my propellers were bent, but the ship was afloat, the crew's morale was high, and our world was bright.

Despite our grueling experience, I wished to retrace my steps and press north to Bellot, as planned. But a signal from Rear Admiral Redfield Mason, U.S.N., the officer in charge of the Eastern Arctic sector of D.E.W. Line operations, threw me into a quandary. Edgy over the damage to Edisto, the admiral suggested that in view of the heavy ice it might be unwise for me to go on alone. I delayed replying until we had fought our way through the pack and once again reached open water. Then I felt it was safe to tell my admiral in far-off New York that he no longer need worry. We could go on.

The following morning his answer came: "Psalm 119, Verse 103. Radm. Mason." I looked up the passage in the Bible and found: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" It was as pleasing a piece of encouragement as I had yet received.

As we stood north into higher latitudes, ice became only one of a hundred problems to torment an "open-water" sailor like myself. In the peculiar atmospheric conditions of the north, ice and land seemed to dance weirdly in the distance, creating bothersome mirages. We sailed often through reef-infested waters, with no soundings or tidal data, where occasionally even the fathometer was a shaky guide, where islands were uncharted and where a ship might be bowling along one minute in deep water and the next find herself speared by a rock.

Air operations added to our dangers. In a region where fog and a crystal haze known as "white-out" can blanket an area in minutes, helicopter flying can be tricky, especially since the tiny machines have a limited endurance in the air. As a safety measure, I saw to it that no man left the ship without a sleeping bag and three days' provisions.

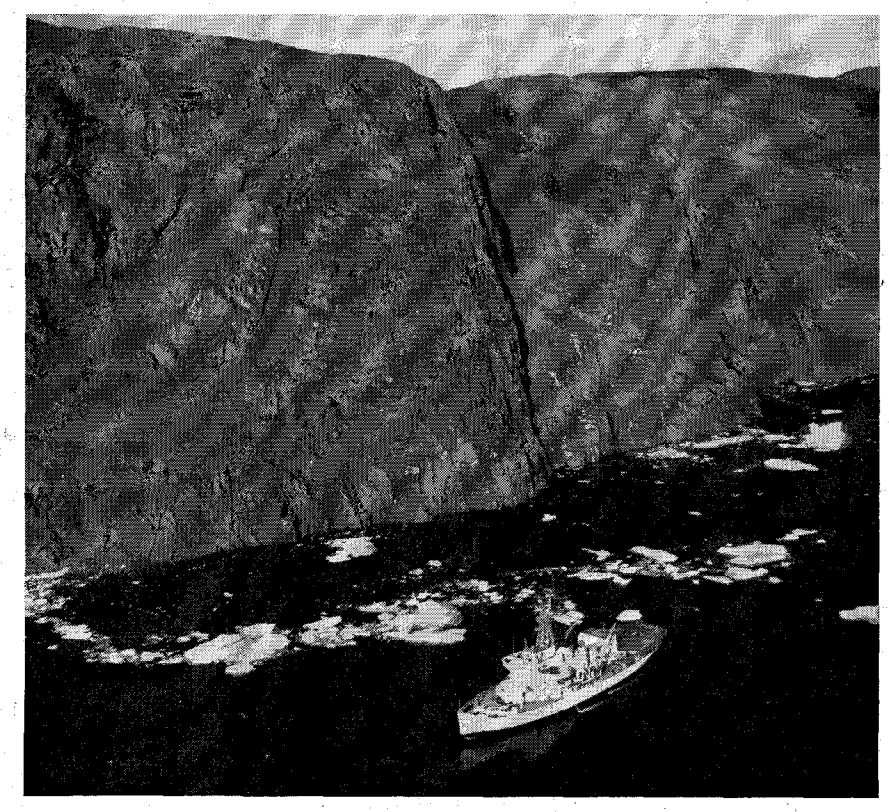
Despite such precautions, new hazards constantly cropped up. On one occasion we were working quite steadily, the time punctuated only by mess periods at midnight, six A.M., noon, and six P.M. Suddenly the chaplain appeared at my side.

"Let's make tomorrow Sunday," he said.

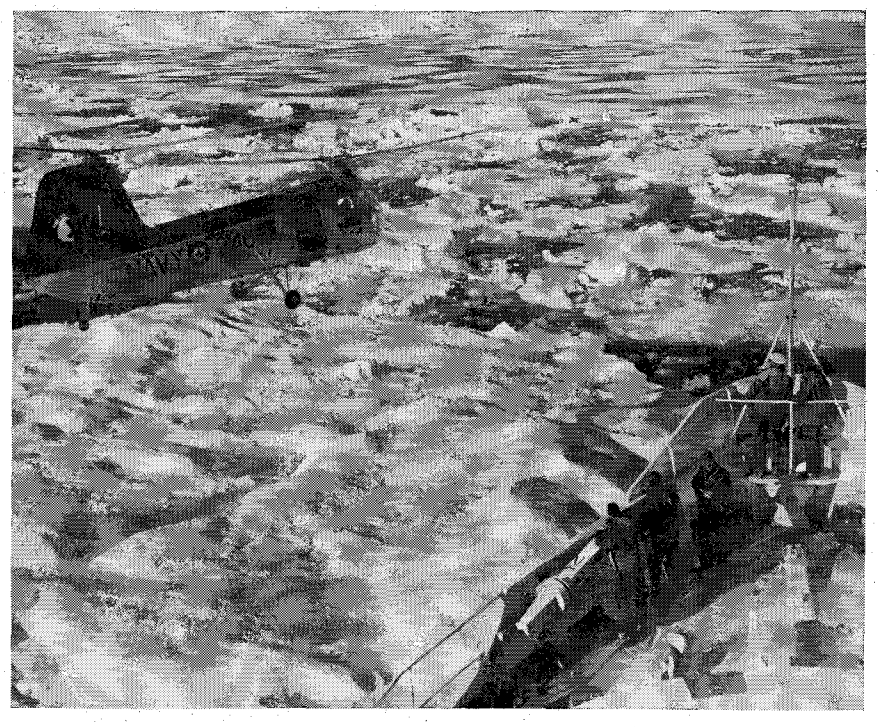
"But it's only Friday," I protested.

"The men have been working thirty-six hours. They're exhausted."

Thereafter Sunday was declared whenever rest was needed. Once during an operation (*Continued on Page 64*)



Inside Bellot Strait, key link between Atlantic and Pacific, the Canadian discovery ship steams west.



Ice reconnaissance: A helicopter guides the author's ship through floes covering part of the strait.

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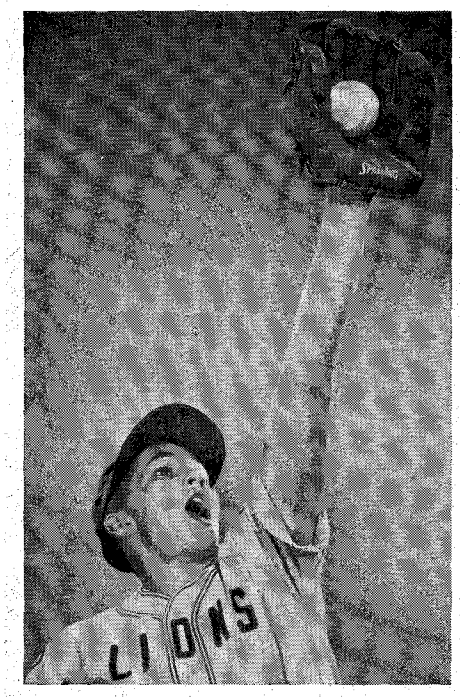

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A boy's early skill may well affect his attitude toward sports for the rest of his life. *That's why Spalding takes such extra* special care in making ball gloves for boys.

Spalding gloves are designed with the advice of professional players—built with skill that comes from years of making gloves for major league play. And Spalding products are guaranteed—*unconditionally.*

**#1071—Rocky Colavito Professional Model.** Big "Form Pocket" comes broken in. Features: laced heel, wrist lock, thumb-pads laced down. $18.50.

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SPALDING
*sets the pace in sports*

(*Continued from Page 62*) involving much flying we had three Sundays in a row because the regular Sunday was followed by two days of fog. The chaplain almost ran out of sermons.

The sight of animal life enlivened our Arctic loneliness. Polar bears ambled over the ice, sat on their haunches or fed on seals, assisted by ravens which snatched titbits from between bruin's legs. One bear swatted down a wooden cairn which my sailors had laboriously erected to mark the ship's visit. Startled by our helicopters, a herd of hairy musk ox showed us how they form a protective circle, facing outwards, with the young and the females in the middle, like a Western caravan besieged by Indians. In Northern Foxe Basin we spotted the first beluga, or white whale, to be seen in that region in fifty years, and on Fury Beach, while rooting through the wreckage of an old ship, I found a mouselike lemming. Lt. Robert Murray, one of my helicopter pilots, captured the four-inch-long little beast and brought him to the ship as a pet.

At midday on September twenty-second, after some 10,000 miles of voyaging we approached Bellot Strait at the northernmost point of the North American continent. Snow-topped granite hills rose steeply from both shores and low clouds filled the chasm, leaving a small opening, like the entrance to a dark tunnel. So this was the strait of mystery. Here Capt. John Ross, searching for the Northwest Passage, had missed his moment in history because he couldn't tell the land from the water and had sailed right by. Here Capt. Leopold M'Clintock had once warned: "Bellot is . . . a desperate place for a mariner to be caught." And here, in 1941, Sergeant Larsen had almost been swept by ice to destruction on the rocks. Even Lt. René Bellot, one of the discoverers of the strait in 1851, is linked with Arctic mystery. He disappeared in 1854 while carrying a message across the ice.

The current was running fast down the strait as I closed the eastern approaches from Brentford Bay. Pogo, our survey boat, was sent to sound ahead. I was glad she did. For back came the warning: shoal water. I brought the ship up all standing and tried an approach a little to starboard: still shallow. The tidal stream was now behind me, and it became difficult to control the ship. I decided to stand out to sea, and as I did a blizzard started blowing and the ship began to wallow and leap in the water. Crockery broke; men were tossed about in their bunks; and the stores of seasickness pills went down.

As the wind howled and the temperature dropped, we hove to under the lee of Baffin Island until the sea dropped to a calm again.

Then, on the following day, we had another crack at Bellot, only to be turned back again by shoal water. Finally, after the fourth try, one of my helicopter pilots flew me over the strait. Below I saw a sight to congeal a mariner's blood. In the middle of the strait the water churned and fumed, exposing the top of an ugly boulder perhaps fifty feet wide. On our last try we had been within a few feet of this rock. With the fast-ebbing tidal stream carrying us onto it, our ship could have become a permanent part of the Arctic scenery. We named the rock Magpie, a target-shooting term for a near miss, and as the weather was worsening we set out, a bit disconsolately, on the long voyage out of the Arctic and back to Halifax.

Our failure to get through Bellot in 1956 haunted me for a year. I studied existing charts, air photos of the rock and the coastline, and the soundings we had made. I remained convinced there was a way to get through. Evidently Admiral Will thought so, too, for that year he and his staff planned an ambitious venture. Our route would take us north to Greenland, across Baffin Bay and into areas missed the year before. Part of our job, as before, would be to survey harbor and beach approaches and to clear away rocks that might prevent the landing of supplies by D.E.W. Line ships. Finally, at Bellot, we would meet three United States Coast Guard vessels sailing from Seattle, and escort them through the strait, after which they would continue through Prince Regent Inlet, Lancaster Sound and Baffin Bay to the east coast of the United States. All this depended, of course, on our ability to solve the secret of Bellot.

On July 1, 1957, as we were bound for Newfoundland with many new faces in the crew, and just six days at sea, we encountered close-packed ice. As I bashed my way through, the inevitable fog descended. Suddenly through the tomb of froth I saw the lookout in the eyes of the ship, pointing frantically to starboard. From out of the murk, as I watched with fascination, appeared a towering mass of white—an iceberg that had gone undetected by our radar. We were heading right toward it.

I brought the ship to a shuddering stop. Our stem brushed the berg and ice fell on the foc'sle. I think 236 men caught their breaths. A berg can be so unstable that a nudge or even a noise can stir it into thunderous motion, with disastrous consequences. The bottom can heave up, flinging the ship high in the air, or the top can crumble and sink the ship in an avalanche of ice. Ships have disappeared in similar circumstances. Gingerly I pulled the engine controllers to "astern." The propellers reversed, and I maneuvered the ship clear, leaving millions of tons of ice to its own devices.

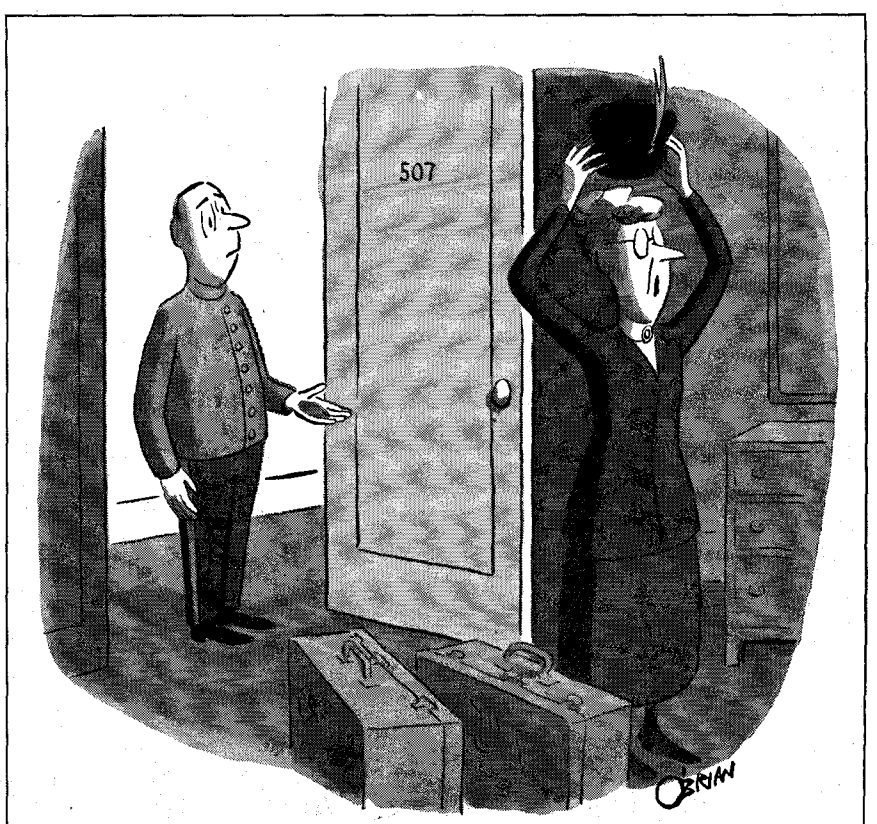
The radar, I discovered later, had failed to distinguish the berg from the rest of the pack ice.

Fog and ice continued to dog us, but on July fourteenth, as we ran up the coast of Labrador, the weather cleared. As we lay to, the frogmen, or "madmen," as some crew members called them, surveyed the beach approaches, plunging under the ice to set charges which would sweep away obstructing rocks. These charges, incidentally, are planted so cunningly that the resulting explosion doesn't splinter the rock, but lifts and arcs it out of the way.

On July twenty-third, while we were making scientific studies off Baffin Island, a distress signal came in. One of our helicopters was down. The accident occurred atop Peter Point Mountain, a 2400-foot peak of pre-Cambrian rock on Baffin Island, where our hydrographers were hoping to set up a tellurometer, a new type of distance-measuring device. Encountering air turbulence in landing, the tiny machine had rolled down a rocky slope. The pilot and passenger managed to escape, but the machine was a twisted wreck. The second helicopter, which went to investigate, fared only a little better. It, too, spun in the violent wind eddies and smashed against the rocks. Four men were stranded.

On board ship I held an urgent conference with my officers. I didn't want any of my sailors to climb the mountain; it was too risky. So, instead, we decided to wait out the storm prevailing aloft and to use the remaining helicopter, the larger HUP, to undertake the rescue. Meanwhile, we agreed to drop food and water. But how do you deliver a container of water from 500 feet without smashing it? Parachute was impossible; the wind would carry it away. Arthur Collin, our civilian oceanographer, made a brilliant suggestion "Why not use ice cubes?" The HUP pilot dropped sacks of cubes, followed with tins of food, and reported them right on target.

All that day and night, while the ship lay in calm, the wind above racked the rocks and the men huddled on their barren perch. But finally, on the following morning, just as I had agreed reluctantly to let a volunteer party scale the crumbly cliff, the storm abated. Lt. David Oliphant, flying the HUP, snatched the men off the peak and returned them to the ship. Losing valuable equipment was bad enough, but without the versatile smaller helicopters, which can "spot land" on rocky terrain, we now faced an even gloomier (*Continued on Page 68*)




"I'd do something for that cough if I were you, young man. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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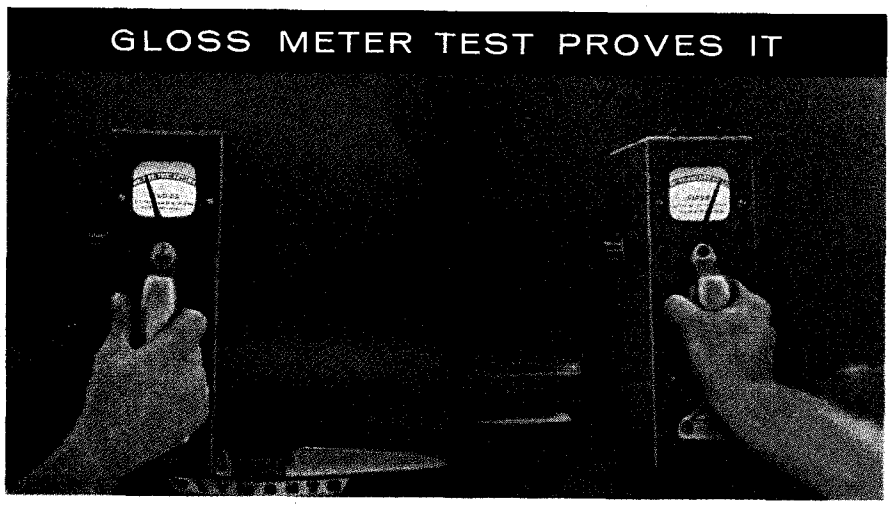
# New color brilliance now so easy

## with color enriching DU PONT №'7' POLISH




**Weathered finish at left** gives a gloss reading of only 25. After use of Du Pont No. "7" Polish, it reads 91 – equal to new-car color brilliance!

**Faster, easier,** because color-enriching Du Pont No. "7" Polish *pulls grime away from paint.* As you spread it on, special ingredients loosen every speck of dirt, grime, traffic film, make cleaning easier. Then the drying polish *lifts up* the grime so you can whisk it off easier! Exclusive in Du Pont No. "7" Polish. At service stations and auto supply stores. Only $1.50.

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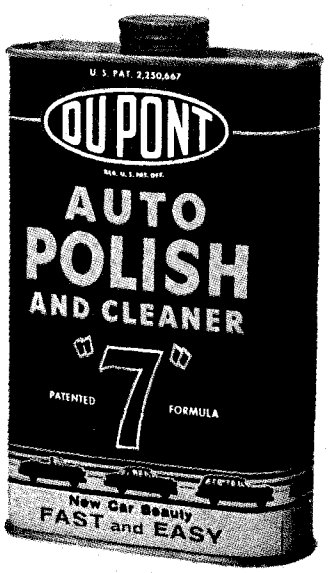


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# For sparkling pictures <u>big as life</u>

## Your living room is your theater...

The big fun is big pictures—the kind you get with Kodak 35mm color slides.

It's easier than ever to advance to 35mm photography. With these great new Kodak cameras, you'll get brilliant, lifelike color pictures right from the start.

You can enjoy color slides three ways:

1. **Project them** big as life on a home screen.
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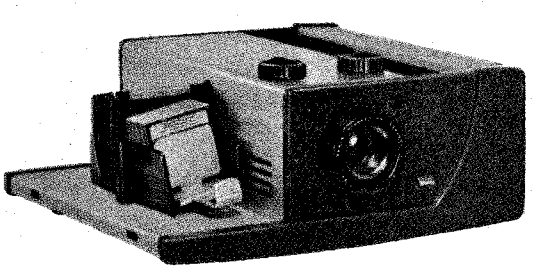
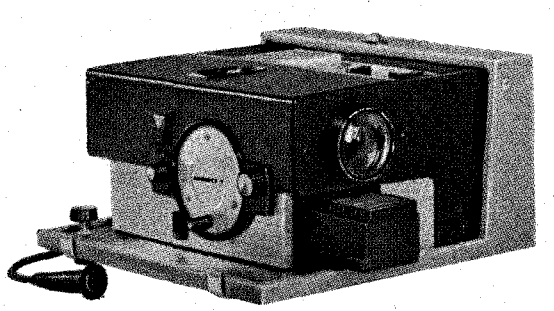
Wouldn't this weekend be the time for *you* to advance to Kodak 35mm color slides?



**NEW! Kodak 300 Projector.** Shows slides *big and bright!* Has exclusive new Kodak Readymatic Changer. **$64.50** (with magazine changer, $74.50). New 500-watt model with Readymatic, $74.50 (with magazine changer, $84.50). Or 10% down.



**NEW! Kodak Cavalcade Projector.** You turn it on . . . it does the rest! Superbly automatic projector changes slides *all by itself.* Keeps in constant focus no matter how many slides you show. With remote control cord, **$149.50, or $14.95 down.**

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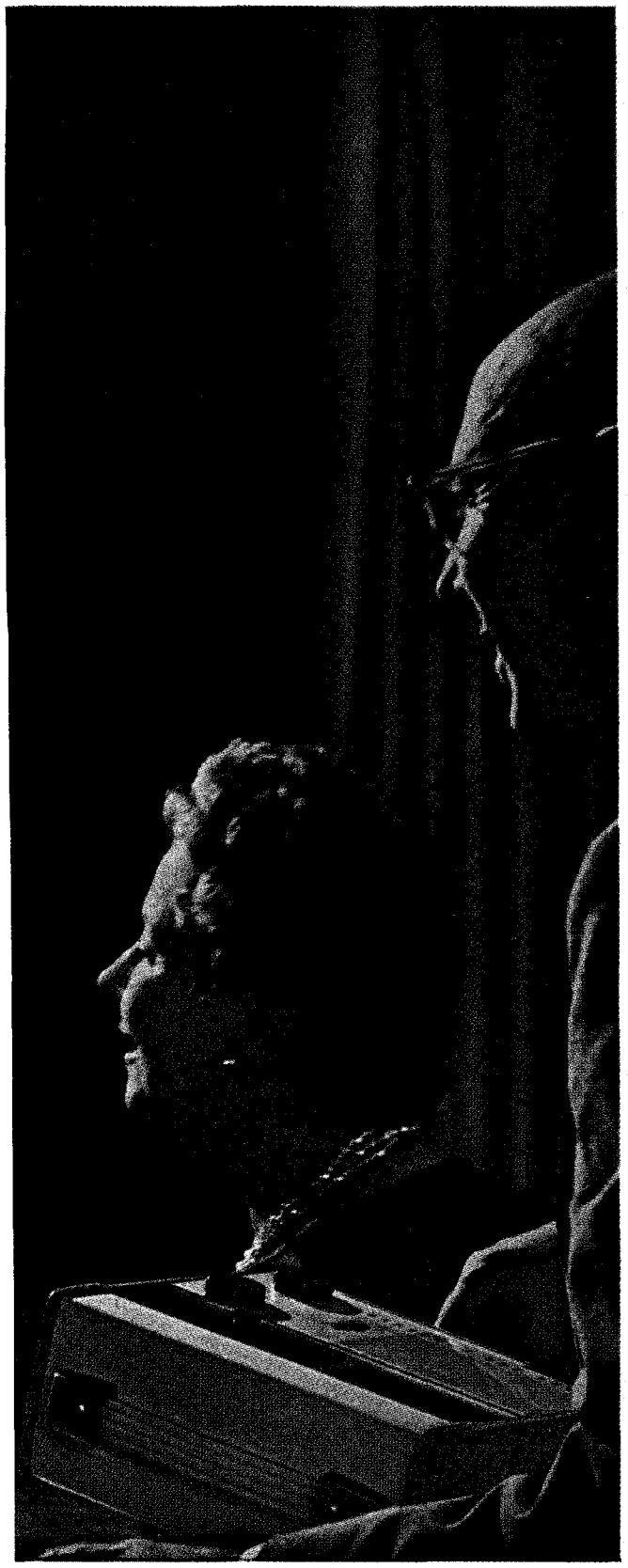
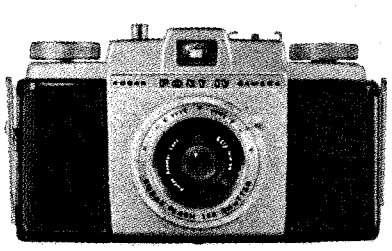
# ...Kodak 35mm color slides!



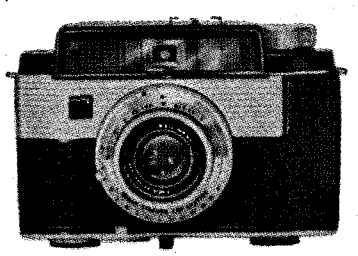
## Gem of precision... with looks to match! New Pony II is Kodak's easiest-to-use 35mm camera... only $26.75

Here's a handsome, compact, remarkably simplified new camera that gives you color slides with real ease and economy.

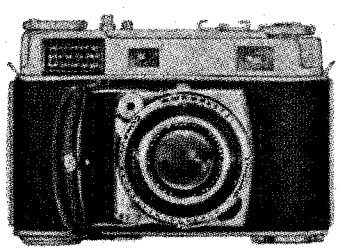
Just set for close-ups, groups, or scenes... you're in focus! Make one simple setting... and shoot. No distances or shutter speeds to guess at. Fast, easy loading. At only $26.75, or as little as $3 down, the new Kodak Pony II Camera is an extraordinary value. And because it's made by Kodak, you know it's good. Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration—and get started this weekend! *(Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.)*



NEW! Kodak Pony IV Camera. Has all the simplified features of the Pony II—plus a fine, fast *f*/3.5 Kodak Anastar Lens, and shutter speeds to 1/250 second. **$39.95, or $4 down.**



NEW! Kodak Signet 50 Camera. Read correct exposures on built-in photoelectric meter. Ultra-fast *f*/2.8 lens. Modern styling. With flasholder, 2 reflectors. **$82.50, or $8.50 down.**



NEW! Kodak Retina IIIC Camera. Brand-new model. Heart of one of the world's great photographic *systems.* Built-in meter, rangefinder; superb *f*/2 lens. **$175, or $17.50 down.**

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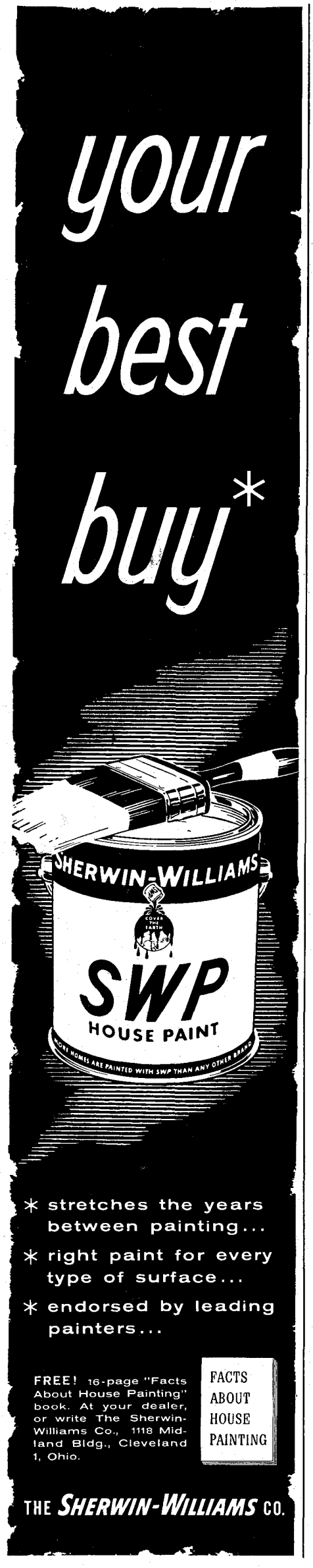
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(*Continued from Page 64*) prospect. We might not have the kind of air support needed to prove Bellot to be the key link in the Northwest Passage.

Nevertheless, we pressed on. By the middle of August, we were shaping course through Frobisher Bay, where we did considerable surveying and scientific work. Two days later, we crossed the Arctic Circle. In keeping with tradition, the crew held a ceremony in which Arctic veterans washed the dust of temperate climes from the heads of the newcomers, or "upstarts."

On the evening of August twenty-first, we arrived once again at the outer approaches to Bellot Strait. An air of expectancy filled the ship.

Our plan was to set up a base at Fort Ross, an abandoned Hudson's Bay Company trading post on Somerset Island, which we'd scouted the year before. From this base, which consisted of two remarkably well-preserved wooden buildings, crew members would be sent out to record the rise and fall of the tides and to erect thirty-foot navigation beacons that could be used as leading marks by the ship. After that, Pogo and a motor cutter would sight on these beacons and run lines of soundings through the strait. If all went well, I would then take the Labrador through.

The following morning, operations began in high spirits. While the HUP was being run up for the first ice recce (reconnaissance), Lt. Cmdr. David Manning, our supply officer, was appointed "Governor" of Fort Ross, and the crew presented him with his robe of office—a lace-fringed blue jacket, weighted with gold stripes up to the armpits. Manning, who accepted it with dignity, created quite a stir when he put it on. Originally the jacket had been cut for lanky Captain Robertson, who is six feet seven. On Manning's five-foot-nine frame it hung down to his knees.

Shortly afterward, on my way back to the bridge, a group of men caught my eye. They were standing near a landing craft which was about to cast off and were looking miserable.

"Why so glum?" I asked.

"Our grog, sir," a seaman spoke up. "It's been mislaid."

Omission of a Canadian sailor's traditional ration of watered rum can be a matter of some importance to him. Fortunately for morale, the missing grog was quickly collected, and the craft was sent on its way.

At 1000 the HUP, which had been scouting for three hours, returned to report that the strait was clear of ice, so we dispatched Pogo, under command of Lt. Neil Norton, to make a preliminary sounding. At the time, I feared three possible hazards: Magpie Rock, with its treacherous shoal of unknown extent; a possible shoal halfway through the strait, reported in 1941 by Sergeant Larsen; and shoals and rocks at the western end, near Pemmican Rock, which would have meant no big ship could get through at all. Much, therefore, depended on Pogo's first look-see. At 1800, after what seemed an interminable wait, Pogo reappeared and was hoisted in. The channel, Lieutenant Norton reported, varied between 50 and 100 fathoms, deep enough for any ship. The only obstacle appeared to be Magpie Rock.

That evening, as we were moving out to sea, a small boat flying a homemade Canadian ensign suddenly appeared in view. Puzzled, I stopped the ship. The boat pulled alongside and seven Eskimos clad in mukluks and parkas clambered aboard. The leader explained in halting English that his settlement was caught between hunting seasons and was in a bad way for staples. I sent one of my men to fetch flour, sugar and tea. A half hour later I was pacing my bridge, impatient to get under way. But where were the Eskimos? They were finally located in the cafeteria, watching the last twenty minutes of an old movie. Reluctantly they left, but the next day their boat was back. Not food this time, they explained as they came aboard. They wanted to see the beginning of the movie.

No further interruptions occurred, and by evening of August twenty-third the work of sounding and of erecting beacons was almost completed. I had bet my navigator, Lt. Cmdr. Alan Cavenagh, a bottle of rye that he couldn't set the beacons so they wouldn't have to be moved. At 1900 we were ready to send Pogo to check. But as I closed Magpie Rock to lower the boat the entire seascape changed dramatically. Ice, which had appeared in the narrows of Bellot, began to advance toward us. All the ice was soon in motion, gaining speed with the press of the tide and wind. Great chunks whirled and collided. Then pieces as large as houses rose high in the air and were flung like empty cartons over the top of the rock. The Labrador spun like a ponderous top in the eddies. We couldn't send Pogo now. She would be crushed.

I moved the ship to calmer waters. And even as I did, a remarkable thing happened. The great movement of ice ceased as quickly as it had begun.

I sent for Cmdr. Tony Law, my executive officer. "Quick, get Pogo away," I told him. "This ice may come back at the turn of the tide."

"Aye, aye, sir," Law said, springing into action. I went into the operations room and waited.

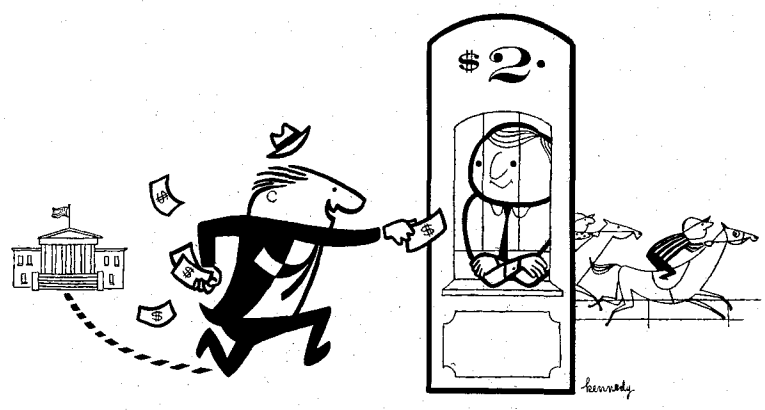
The radio sputtered into life. "Completed one line of soundings," came the chant from Pogo. "Water is deep. I'm running another line a little to one side."

For two and a half hours the messages poured in, and finally the position of the leading marks was checked. They had to be reset slightly, which cost the navigator his bottle of rye. But we were both pleased with the day's work. The first major phase of our job was done.

That night I gathered my key people together in the wardroom. "Tomorrow," I announced, "we go through." In my night order book I wrote down the necessary instructions for all departments in the ship.

The following morning, August twenty-fourth, at 0900 the navigator knocked on my door. "Special sea-duty men closed up, sir," he reported. "Cable party closed up." Four engines were on the line, the two other engines at short notice, and both anchors ready to let go at a word in case of emergency. Every available tank in the ship had been flooded. I wanted the ship to "swim deep," so that if we hit Magpie we could pump water like mad and raise the ship enough to float free before a dropping tide left us high and dry.

Everything was now ready. I put on my cap, grasped my binoculars and proceeded to the bridge. The officer of the watch saluted. The navigator took his place by the (*Continued on Page 70*)




## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Because Tim's work for the party entitled him to a political plum, he was made a clerk in one of the county offices. He reported to the office just once a week—to collect his pay. The rest of his time was spent at various race tracks. The state attorney general, learning of Tim's effortless wage earning, zealously haled him into court.

"Tim obtained money under false pretenses," the attorney general charged. "He falsely represented himself as doing work, and actually collected county wages for the work, when he didn't work at all."

"I represented no such thing," Tim replied in hot political indignation. "I was just an employee who didn't work, like thousands of others. The penalty for not working is firing—not jailing. You can't jail me!"

If you were the judge, would you convict Tim?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tim was convicted. The court said, "One who engages to work for wages, and who fraudulently fails to perform the agreed-upon services but accepts wages therefor, has . . . obtained money under false representations." Ignoring political practice, it added that every employment contract anticipates that the worker will earn his pay by toil.

*Based upon a 1956 New Jersey decision.*

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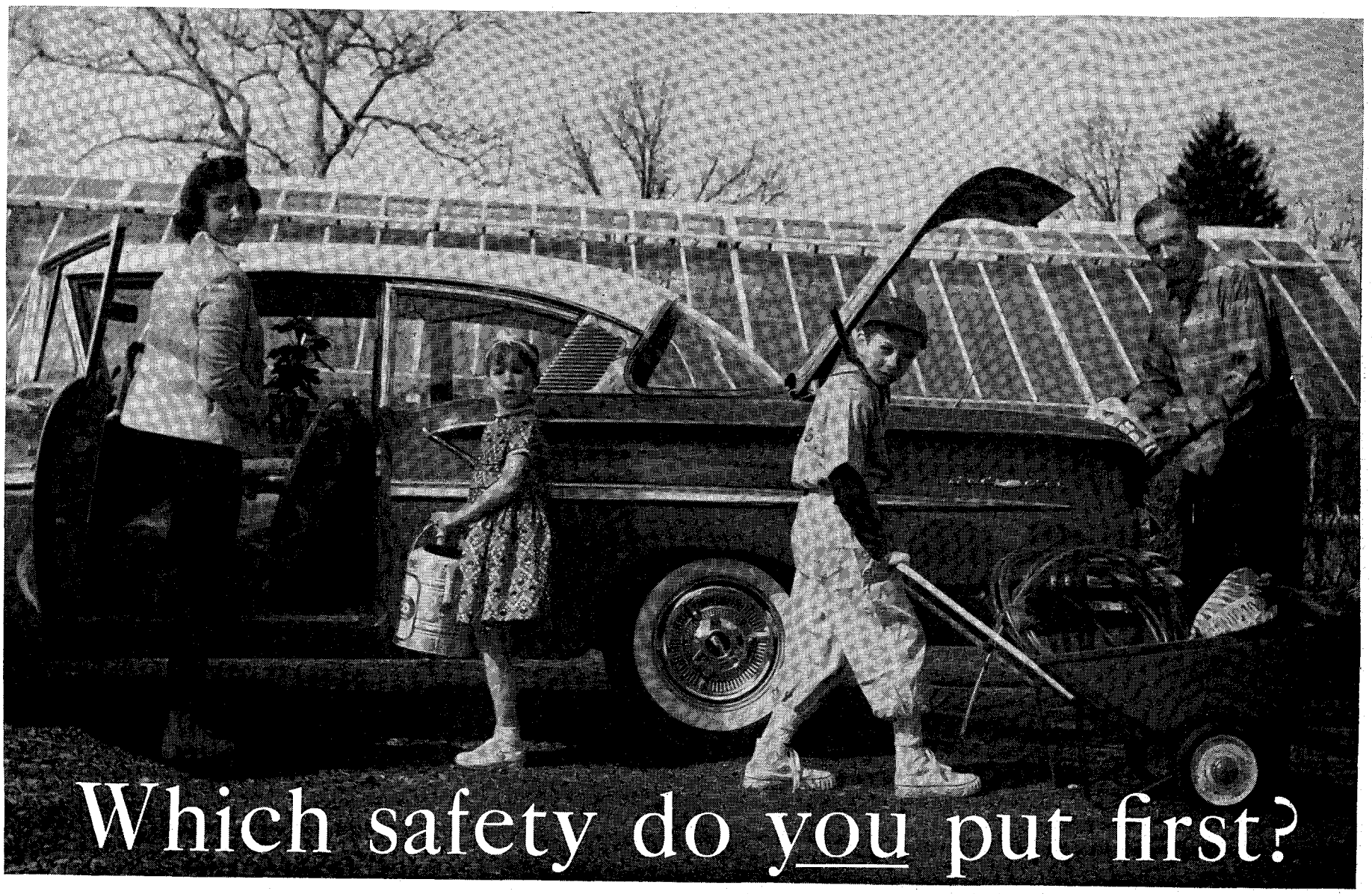
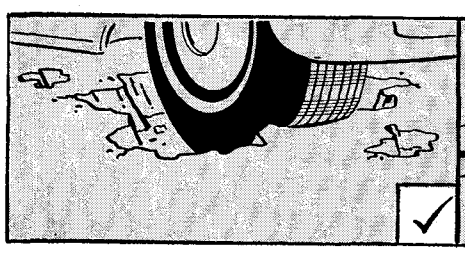
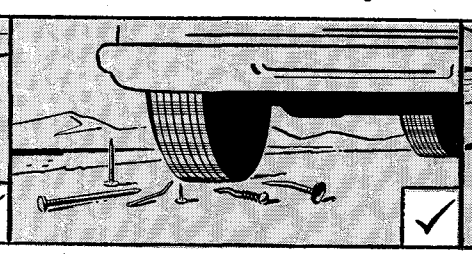



## Blowout Safety?



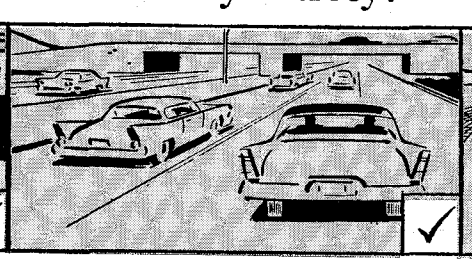
If you travel where you're likely to hit a pothole, you need the blowout safety of new U. S. Royal Safety First Tires . . . so strong they were used in landing a 21-ton airliner!

## Puncture Safety?



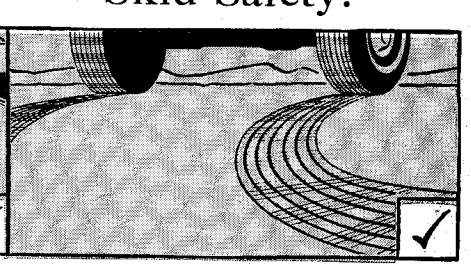
Driving where you're apt to pick up nails you need the puncture safety only new U. S. Royals give. With nails through their treads, they went 5,000 miles—with no flat!

## Thruway Safety?



Hour after hour of turnpike driving calls for the thruway safety of new U. S. Royal Safety First Tires. They have up to 8 times the cruising endurance!

## Skid Safety?



In bad weather, on slippery roads, you need this new U. S. Royal skid safety. Thousands of traction edges stop your car up to 57.3 feet quicker!

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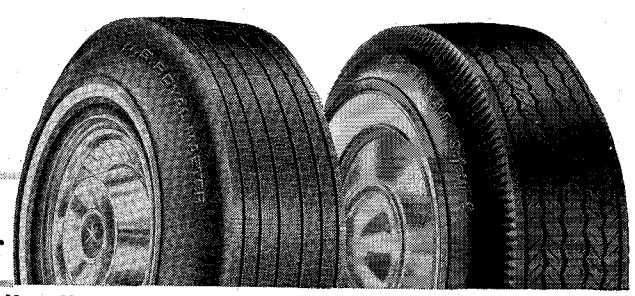

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(*Continued from Page 68*) chart table. Lieutenant Norton, pilot of Pogo, received last-minute instructions. He would lead us and report depths at intervals. We were taking as few chances as possible.

"All ready, pilot?" I turned to the navigator.

"Yes, sir."

"Then let's go."

The officer of the watch pushed the throttles to ninety r.p.m.—a speed of twelve knots. The coxswain was at the wheel. As the ship started to stem the tidal stream, I paced restlessly about the bridge. An undercurrent of excitement ran through the entire ship. Even the men off watch, who would normally be relaxing below, forsook their cards and whatever, to come on deck and watch. I knew better than anyone else the lurking dangers. I hoped the leading marks set up the night before were still in position. Maybe a high wind had blown them over. There wasn't much room for error. I had only a narrow gap to get the ship through. With the tide forcing the ship toward the rock and the difficulty in steering our tubby hull, any mistake could say finish to the entire venture.

In the engine room the diesels thundered and the ship moved slowly in Pogo's wake. A dog-leg in the channel prevented sighting ahead. As the channel narrowed, the current grew stronger, and suddenly Pogo, our stout little guide, faltered. She couldn't make headway. We had to recall her. As I watched tensely, Pogo's crew tried to hook on to the Labrador, but the powerful current promptly swept us into shoaling water. For a while it was nip and tuck, with the little boat bobbing like a cork, trying to grab the elusive hook, and the Labrador in danger of running aground. I firmly expected to have to leave Pogo. But in one last desperate effort she managed to hook on, and the hoisting apparatus lifted her clear of the water. I sighed with relief and we pushed on.

With the sun behind us, the navigator and I concentrated on the leading marks. People kept moving on and off the crowded bridge. A large plane roared overhead. Our own helicopter hovered noisily, making difficult the passing of orders. Tension continued to mount as, yard by yard, we stemmed the current and moved forward. Then suddenly water sluiced and fumed, off to port. We were abreast Magpie. A few more feet—a few more feet—and we were past the rock. I shook my fist at it.

Suddenly, as we reached the middle of the strait, ice appeared—a solid field, or ten-tenths coverage, of pack ice pressing against both shores. We punched our way through, and two hours later we emerged triumphantly into the blue ice-free waters of Peel Sound. We had found the key to the deepwater Northwest Passage.

On September third, the three United States Coast Guard cutters, Storis, Spar and Bramble, lined up. I met them in James Ross Strait and I led them back without incident through Bellot, which was now ice-free. They reached New England two weeks later, to become the first United States ships to make the Northwest Passage.

On the way back to Halifax, the radio purred congratulatory messages. In four months we had sounded 11,000 miles of unknown, often dangerous, Arctic waters. Our volume of scientific data, together with that collected on our ship's earlier voyages, already had provided, according to some experts, more information on the tides, currents and undersea life of many northern areas than all previous expeditions combined. We had provided data that can be used by submarines and carriers in high latitudes, and we had discovered a new route to the important air base at the head of Frobisher Bay—a route safer and easier to navigate than that used before.

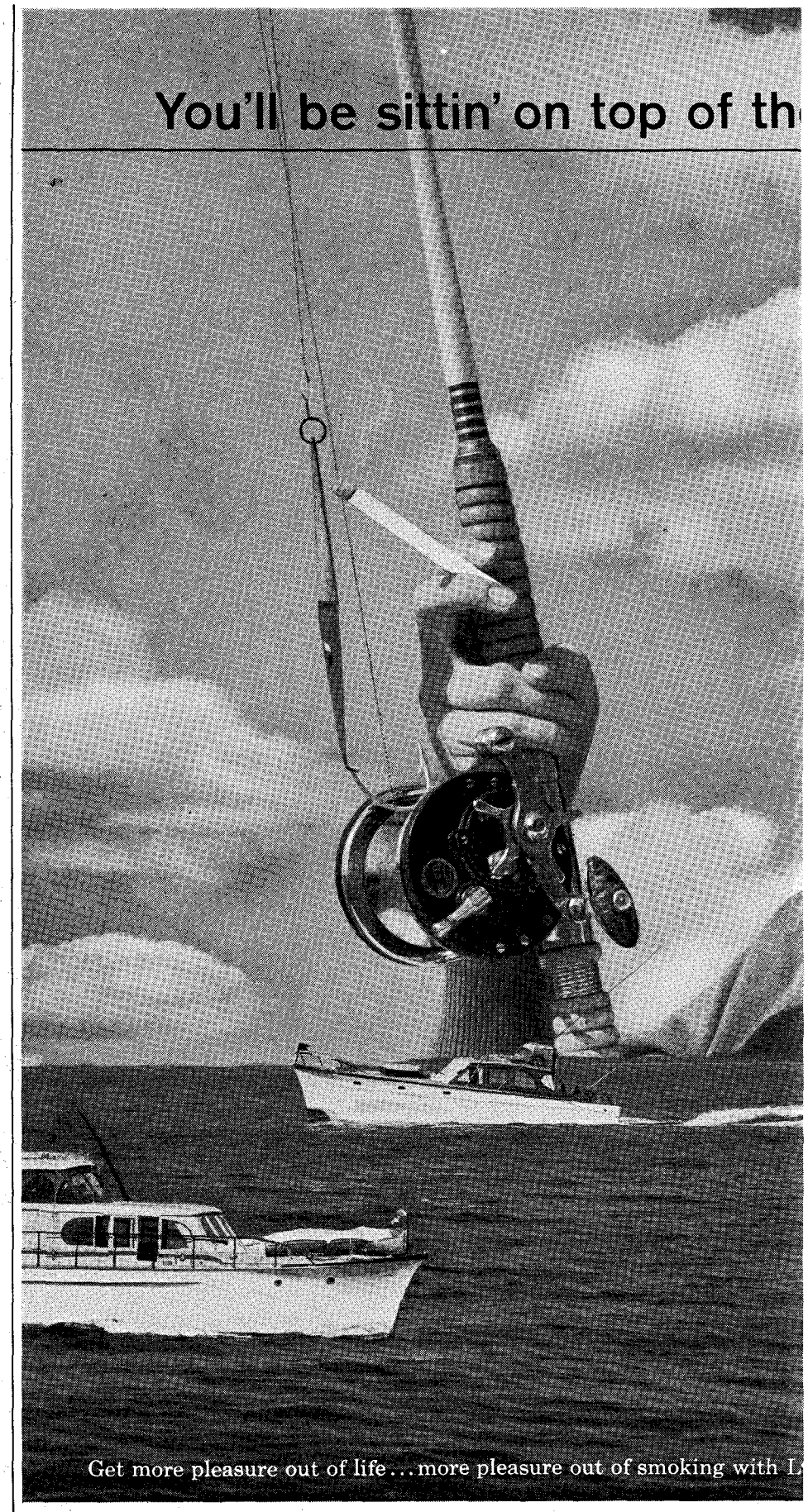
Above all, the Labrador, with the Storis, Spar and Bramble, had opened up a navigable ocean-to-ocean passage which is not only likely to be of military value, but may lead the way to eventual commercial sea traffic across the top of the continent.

As we steamed proudly into harbor, I saw the lights of a car on the jetty blink twice. It was a prearranged signal. Betty was there with our two youngsters. As we drew closer, I reflected sadly that once the Labrador was berthed alongside, she would lose her identity as a ship, and become merely an appendage to a pier. Nevertheless I was glad to be home.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My daddy always puts an olive in his tea."

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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

# Killers of Timbala

(Continued from Page 39)

balustrade that marked the limit of this terrace and guarded the brink of a precipice. Far out and down, and dotted from east to south to west, were lights—the sizable pattern of Timbala City, the flickering clusters that were villages, the bright lights of the tea gardens. But lights were few against the black panorama of the forest. And there were sounds—drums beating, cracked voices in falsetto, a pumping engine somewhere. There was a whiff of forest fires, a tang of dust. It was still very hot at seven-fifteen, but the hardest edge was off the heat.

Marcus Finigan, Irishman, considered the small company again: one Hindu prince; two Brahmins; two Glaswegians, he would guess; one Yorkshireman; Dawson, whose voice was unmarked English; and Mrs. Dawson, probably American—a not-unusual hotchpotch.

For three reasons, these people were under strain: First, the hot weather was at its peak. Second, the man-eating tiger of Timbala had killed its hundred-and-forty-third victim five days ago. Of the first two reasons, one could be endured; the other could be guarded against by the privileged, such as were here tonight.

The third reason was that Sharma's immediate predecessor, and one Congress member of the Delhi legislature, and one English tea planter and his wife, and the night watchman at their bungalow, and one Anglo-Indian inspector of police—that the throats of these six people had been cut in recent months within a ten-mile radius of Timbala. The Maharaja's guests tonight would represent, say, half the upper echelon of the district.

Finigan's glass was full again. He drank slowly this time, watching. They were people long inured to stress—the stresses of climate, isolation, explosive labor troubles. Their faces were in strict control, except the face of the Yorkshireman, who had drunk too much, and he laughed wildly, strains released; and the other faces turned swiftly, guardedly to his, and turned away. Even Mrs. Dawson, so beautiful and so serene, even her eyes moved a shade too quickly.

Only the Maharaja's calm seemed altogether genuine. He drank champagne, but sparingly. He shifted people round, and sat with Mrs. Dawson now. He had put the weatherbeaten wife at ease, speaking her language with her. But he and Mrs. Dawson spoke quite another language—a language of nuance, of things half said—the cut and parry of a cosmopolitan, cultivated world.

Then Finigan remembered: The ambassador's daughter, that was it. She went to Darjeeling for the weekend, met a planter, ex-Army officer, married him on Monday, and her widowed father was without a hostess. Love complete and ruthless at first sight, but the cynical Indian world said: "Wait till spoiled Miss Diplomat has sweated a hot weather out." The world had been wrong, for Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were a contented couple after ten years or so, if Marcus Finigan knew anything, and he knew a lot.

"Would you play for us, your highness?" she was asking. The Maharaja hesitated. He was so calm, so sure, that any indecision seemed out of character. This might be well-mannered diffidence. There was a chorus of "Please do's."

They went inside, and through the ornate decrepitude of public rooms no longer used. Finigan watched the Maharaja limp ahead.

"You're at Kalapani, aren't you?" he said to Duncan Dawson.

"That's us. Why not stop for dinner on your way?"

"I'd like to," Finigan said. The invitation was just what he had hoped for, and had not had to angle for.

"This is my private corner," said Timbala, opening a door for them. There were few servants in evidence about the palace.

The air-conditioning felt like paradise. *Why not have his party here?* thought Finigan. Well, he had moved his party here.

"I do not much like it," said the Maharaja about air-conditioning. "But my pet things like it very much."

This room was in astonishing contrast to the musty, overdecorated, lofty jumble through which they had come. That was the decaying relic of an office; this, the man. Finigan had heard that Timbala played the piano well. He had heard that, even in his wild days, he was a patron of the arts as well as of the ladies. But Finigan had expected a conglomeration—the priceless perfection, the priceless enormity—at least one grotesque elephant's-foot table with an ivory palace on it, too much richness everywhere.

Instead, he saw the treasures of a catholic taste—Chinese, Indian and Persian; English, French. Timbala, in his days of splendor, could have hired a decorator to provide him with a period masterpiece. But this mixed economy of beauty could come only from himself. It was unique in Finigan's Indian experience.

He sat with Sharma on a sofa.

"First a Chopin *étude*," said the Maharaja. It was a light and limpid piece, Chopin inconsequential.

"Marcus, we should meet," murmured Unni Sharma. "Say when and where." Appointment made. The *étude* finished.

Now something else, and this was very different, a thing of pomp and circumstance. How well did he play? Finigan did not know enough to know. The chords of splendor ended. Now adagio, somber in the lower register. Sorrow and resignation, was it, in a brief second movement? And now another tune, a rising melody; and an urgent something grew and grew, and drowned the melody; and still it grew to fury, to a wild stampede of music.

The Maharaja rested. His mouth was working. Then he stood, and turned, and bowed to his audience. He had been asked to play, and he had played; the finality of that bow did not permit requests for encores. The Maharaja wiped his brow.

"Your own, your highness?" asked Mrs. Dawson.

"Yes," he said. "My own, and my first semipublic performance."

"I would love to learn it."

Timbala looked at her a moment. "You shall!" he said. "You shall! I'll let you have the score." He smiled.

"What are the pitchers?" asked Mr. Pickering. He looked at the paintings somewhat owlishly, with some distaste. Mr. Pickering had been given small drinks, but Mr. Pickering had done himself too well too early.

"That's a Gauguin," said Timbala as enthusiastically as if Mr. Pickering were a sober connoisseur of Post-Impressionism. "Van Gogh, Cézanne, Matisse." He spoke about each. "And the empty frame, that was my *chef-d'oeuvre*, early Picasso, before the great Picasso muddled my intellect, and even his own, who knows? I sold it last year to one of your countrymen, Mrs. Dawson. Dollars are so desirable, both to Pandit Nehru's government and to me indeed. But I said to him—he was a delightful fellow—I said, 'I sell you the painting, but not the frame. I shall keep it there, where it has hung since 1938. But the frame will not be empty. I shall see my peasant woman dressed in blue, with the blue sea and the sky behind, my blue woman with her brown-clad boy.'"

The Maharaja laughed. "Such sentimentality," he said. "Such a mad idea; but it works, you know. I really do still have her. We bachelors are odd fellows, eh, Mr. Finigan, cherishing our memories of canvas ladies?"

"It's a lone, sad life, your highness," said Marcus Finigan as lightly.

Timbala was speaking now again. "Marcus Finigan and I have business. I'm going to help him about the man-eater in any small way that remains within my power. So perhaps you will forgive us? Thank you so much for brightening my evening. I live such a pedestrian life nowadays, you know." He shook hands with them all and opened the door, where servants waited.

The Maharaja sighed. "Well, that's that," he said. "Party over. Always a relief, don't you think, old boy, however charming the guests may be? I trust poor Mr. Pickering can homeward plod his boozy way in safety down my hill."

Finigan laughed at this surprising man, nearer the man that he remembered. Timbala had been a small state, but a very rich one. It had had to be, to support Timbala. It had been swallowed, after independence, into West Bengal. Timbala had been left with his palace, with some jungle tracts, with a pittance and with his personal possessions. The rumor was that he had been very bitter. But he did not seem bitter now.

"I congratulate you on this room," said Finigan. He wanted help from Timbala, so it could have been blarney, but was not. Finigan admired beauty in any form. He saw that emerald again, square-cut, deep green, on the long finger on the cane. He wondered if (*Continued on Page 76*)

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Love Will Distract Me No More

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Though love is done, I'm
glad to say
I do not mope, my dear.
I go about my tasks each
day
And rarely shed a tear.

I hang the kittens on their
pegs,
And comb the morning
mail,
And sew the buttons on the
eggs,
And dust the ginger ale.

I rake and water down the
rug,
And then I take a walk,
And if I meet a fireplug,
I stand a while and talk.

Oh, I am busy all day
through,
For which I'm very glad.
For otherwise I'd think of
you,
My darling, and go mad!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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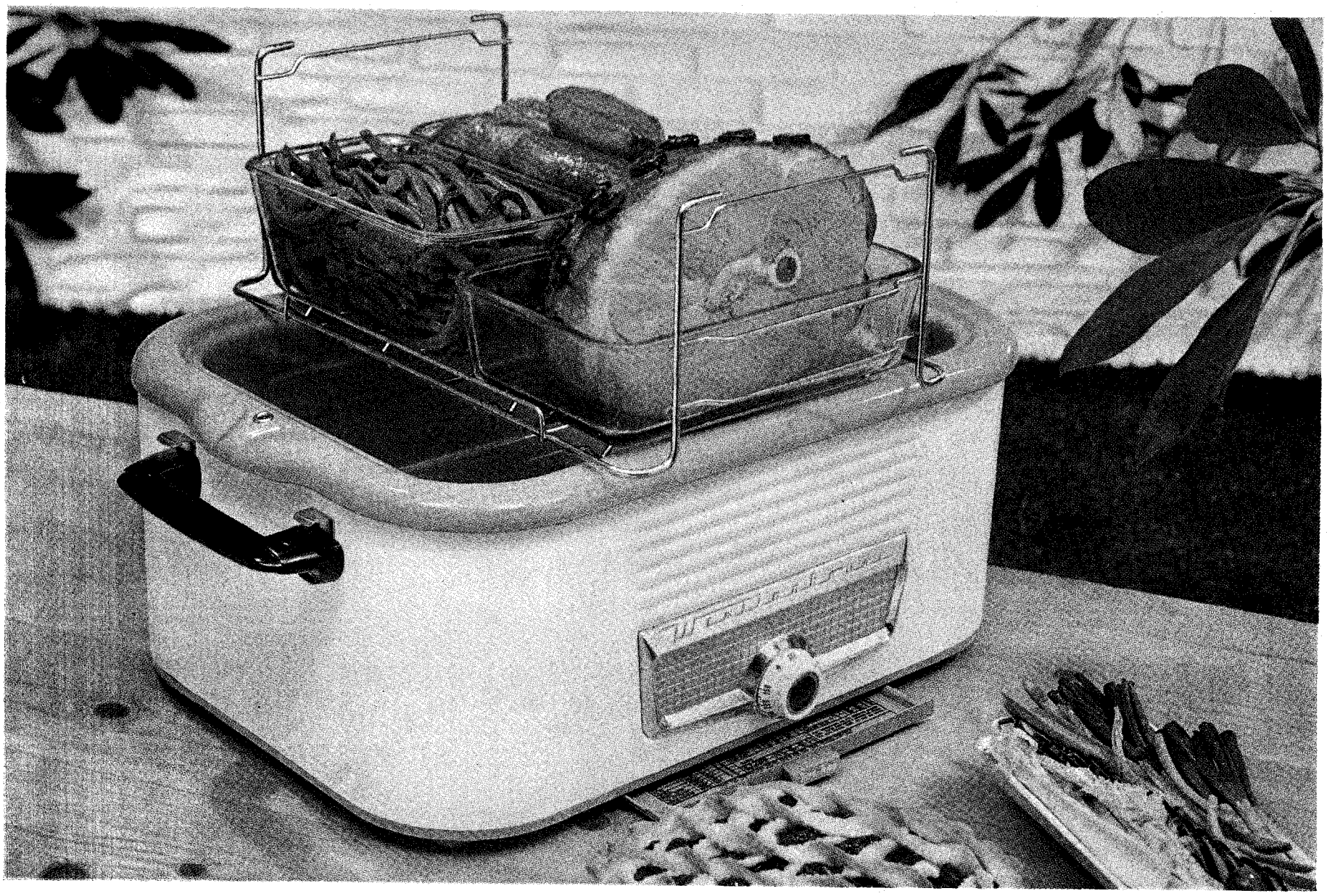
# Cool cooking...Westinghouse Portable Oven



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- Meals for entire family, one-dish party recipes for 5-15 or 50.
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- Perfect for things that spatter: removable inset pan washes in sink!
- Choice of Pink, Aqua, Yellow or White . . . a colorful buffet server.

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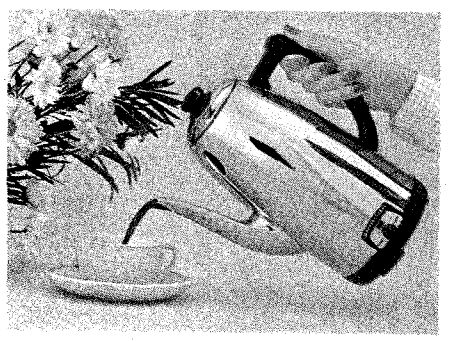
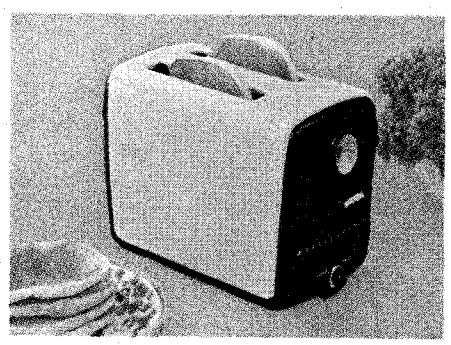
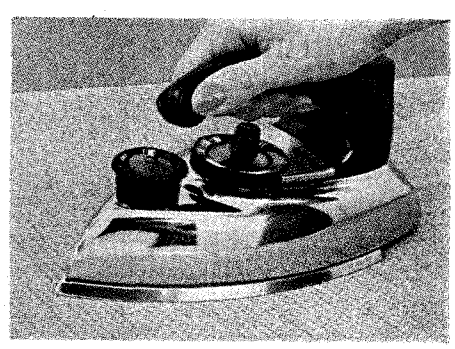


*Coffee Maker brews full flavored coffee fastest way yet!* New "Full Flavor Fountain" sprays water right on the coffee to extract *all* the flavor from *all* the coffee. 2 to 10 cups. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: *Deluxe* (shown) **$29.95;** *Standard* **$21.95**



*Toaster, color-clad in porcelain!* The first toaster in color . . . and the easiest to clean. Smudges wipe off in a wink. Extra lift-up. Hinged crumb tray. Westinghouse Guaranteed Values: *Confection Colors* (shown) **$21.95;** *Chrome* **$19.95**



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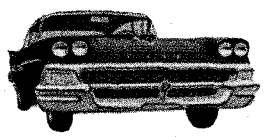
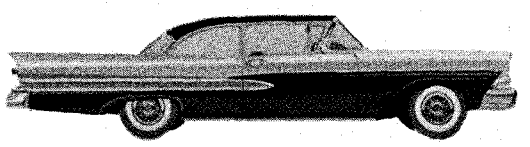


CUSTOM 300 TUDOR SEDAN



CUSTOM 300 FORDOR SEDAN

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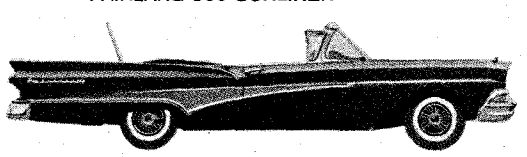
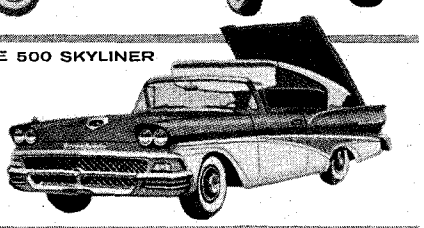
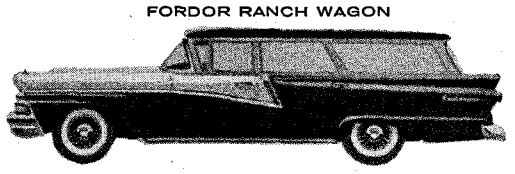


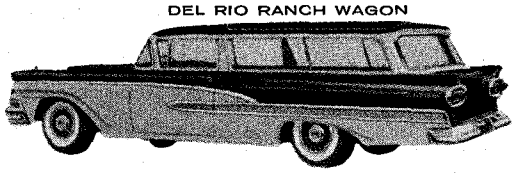
FAIRLANE 500 SKYLINER



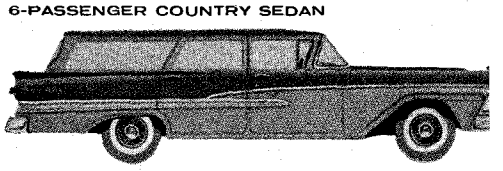
FORDOR RANCH WAGON



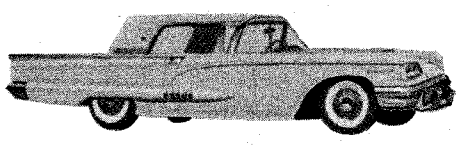
DEL RIO RANCH WAGON



6-PASSENGER COUNTRY SEDAN



4-PASSENGER THUNDERBIRD



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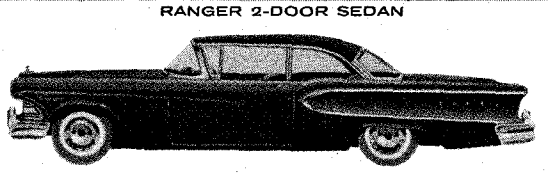
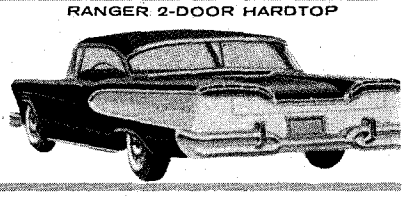
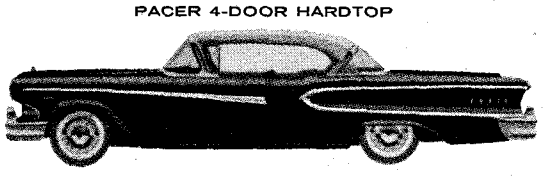


RANGER 2-DOOR HARDTOP



PACER 4-DOOR HARDTOP



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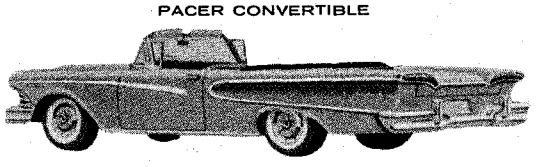
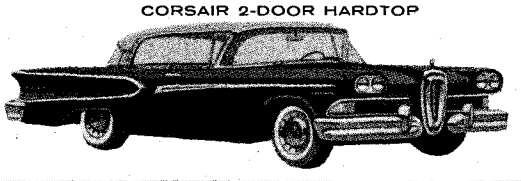


CORSAIR 2-DOOR HARDTOP



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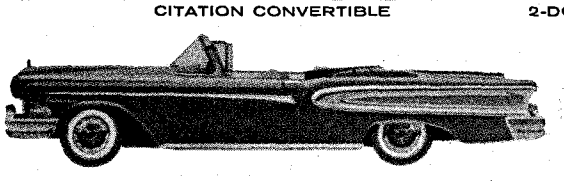
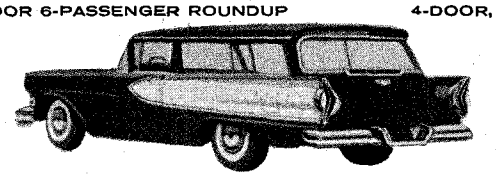
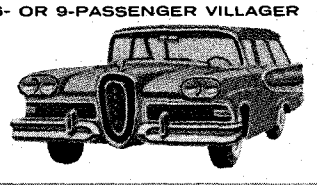


2-DOOR 6-PASSENGER ROUNDUP

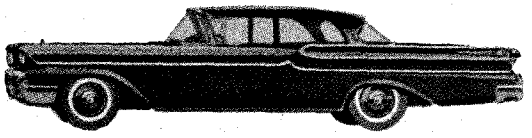


4-DOOR, 6- OR 9-PASSENGER VILLAGER

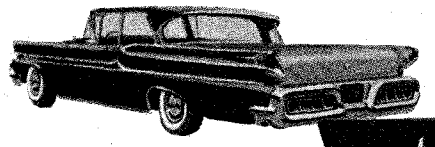


4-DOOR 6-PASSENGER BERMUDA

MERCURY 4-DOOR SEDAN



MONTEREY 2-DOOR SEDAN



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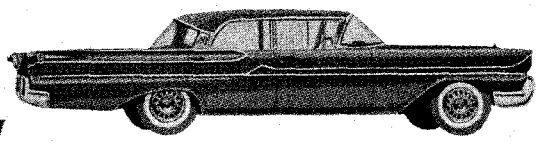
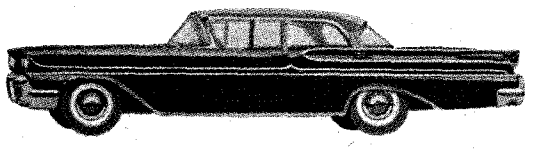
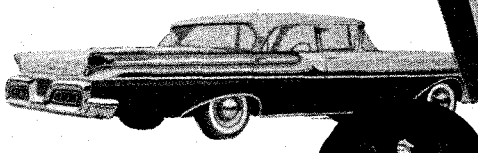


MONTCLAIR 4-DOOR SEDAN



MONTCLAIR PHAETON SEDAN



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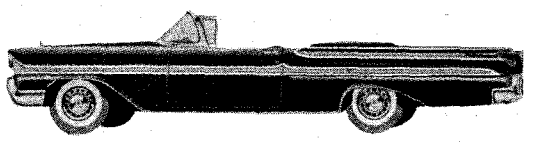

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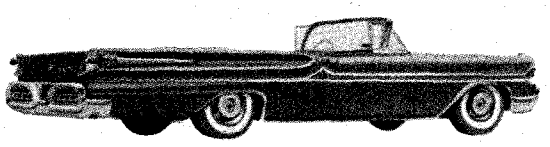
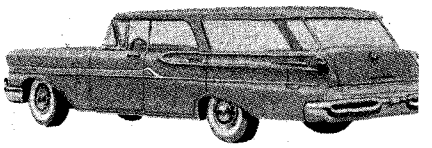


COMMUTER 2-DOOR 6-PASSENGER

COMMUTER 4-DOOR, 6- OR 9-PASSENGER



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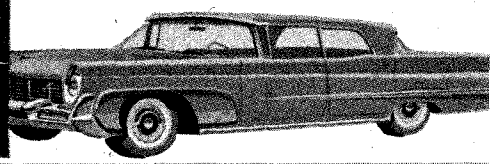
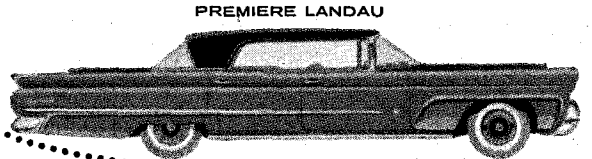
CAPRI COUPE

CAPRI 4-DOOR SEDAN



PREMIERE LANDAU



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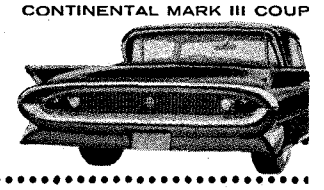

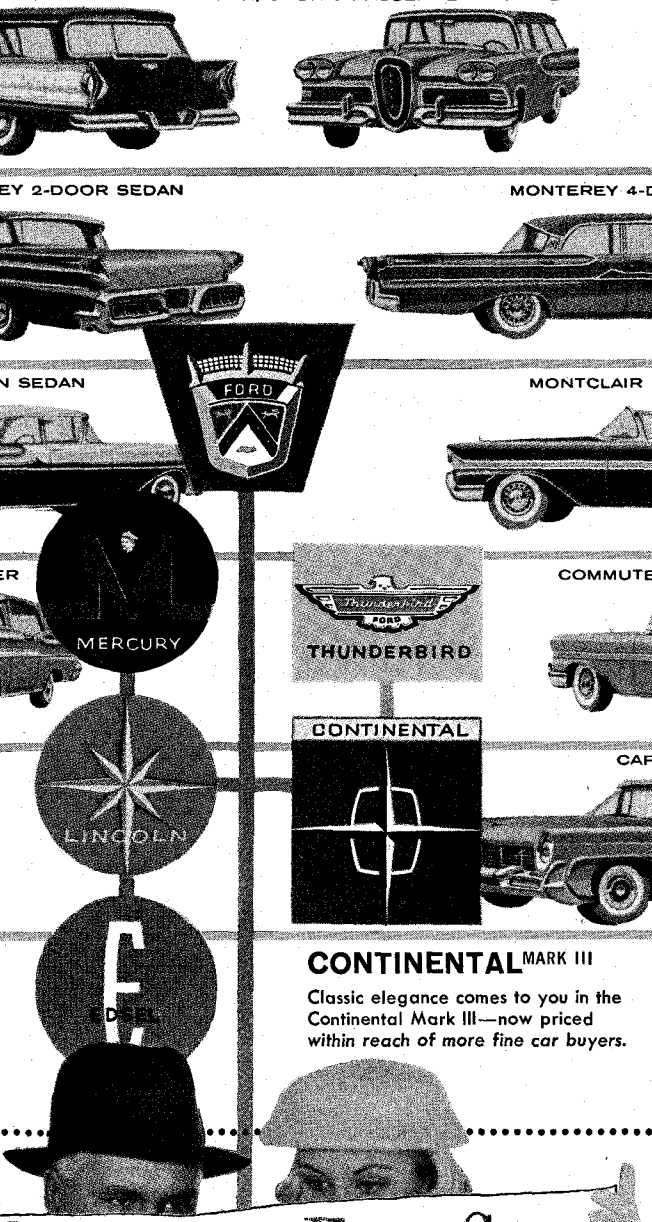


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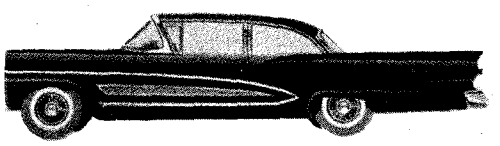
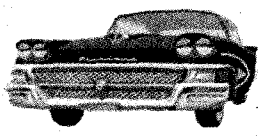


FAIRLANE TOWN SEDAN

FAIRLANE CLUB VICTORIA



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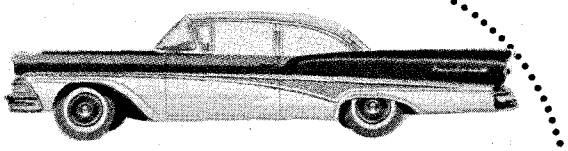

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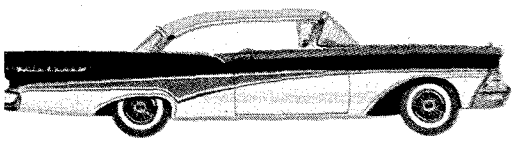

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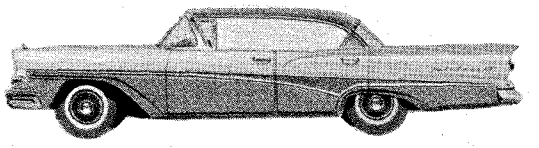

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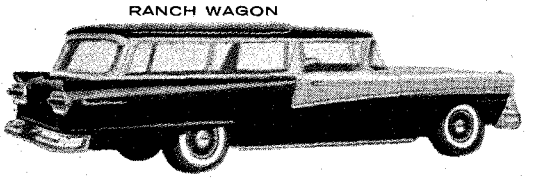

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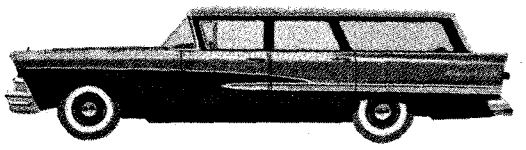

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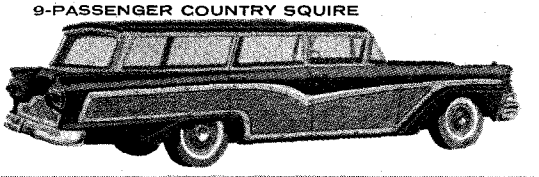

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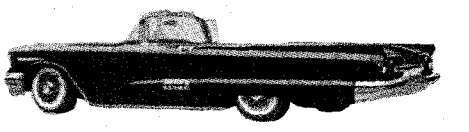

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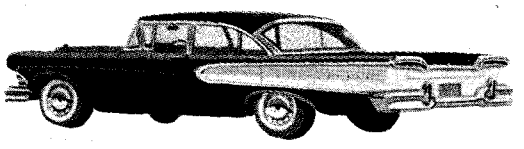
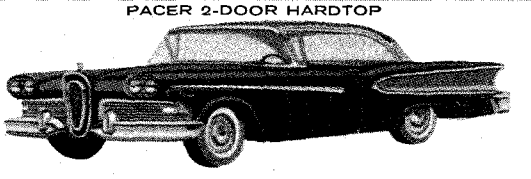


RANGER 4-DOOR HARDTOP

PACER 2-DOOR HARDTOP



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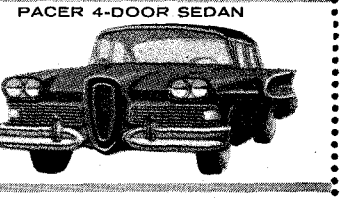

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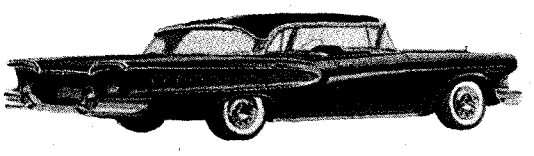

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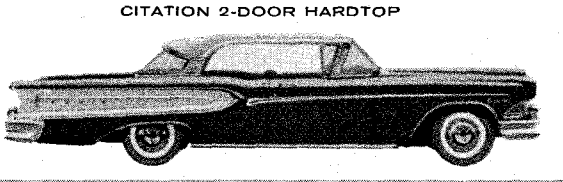

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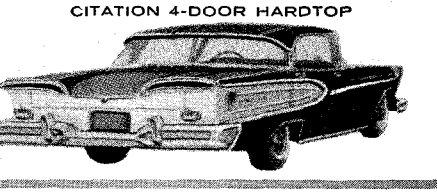
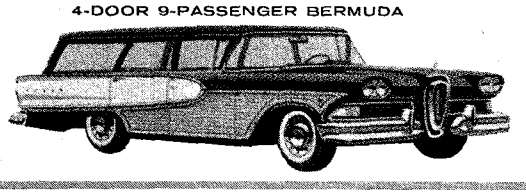


4-DOOR 9-PASSENGER BERMUDA



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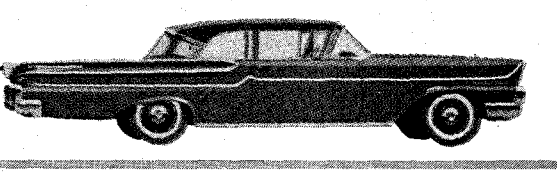
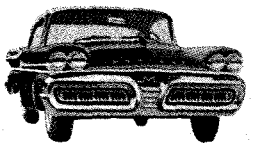
MERCURY 2-DOOR SEDAN



MONTEREY PHAETON COUPE

MONTEREY PHAETON SEDAN



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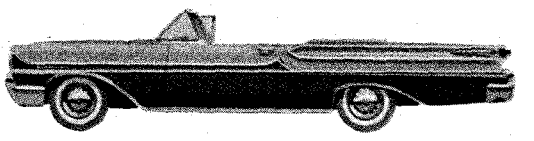
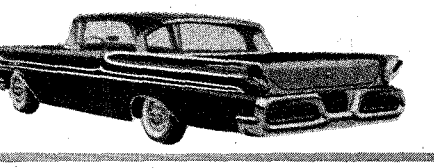
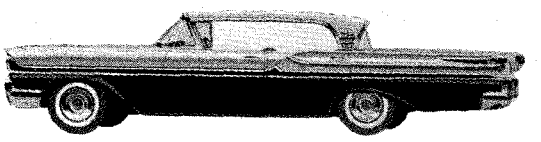


MONTCLAIR PHAETON COUPE



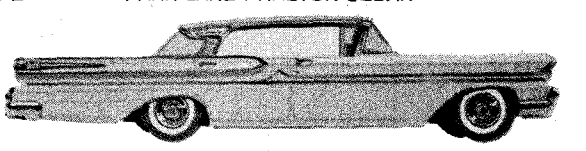
MONTCLAIR 2-DOOR TURNPIKE CRUISER

MONTCLAIR 4-DOOR TURNPIKE CRUISER

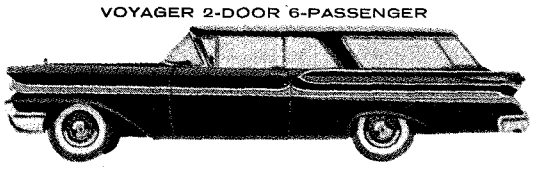


PARK LANE PHAETON COUPE

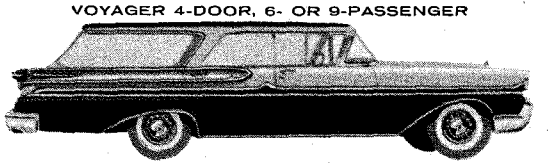
PARK LANE PHAETON SEDAN



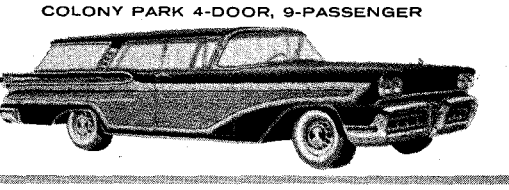
VOYAGER 2-DOOR 6-PASSENGER



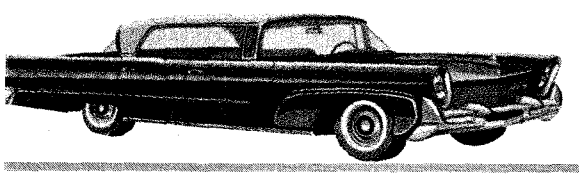
VOYAGER 4-DOOR, 6- OR 9-PASSENGER



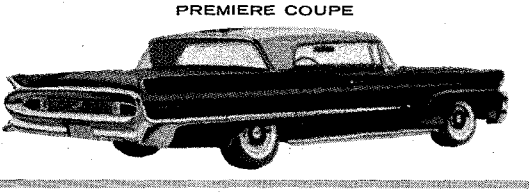
COLONY PARK 4-DOOR, 9-PASSENGER



CAPRI LANDAU

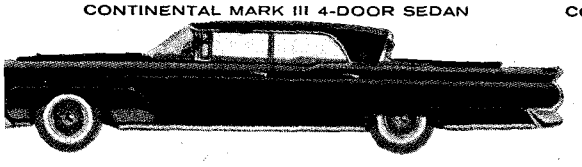


PREMIERE COUPE



PREMIERE 4-DOOR SEDAN

CONTINENTAL MARK III 4-DOOR SEDAN



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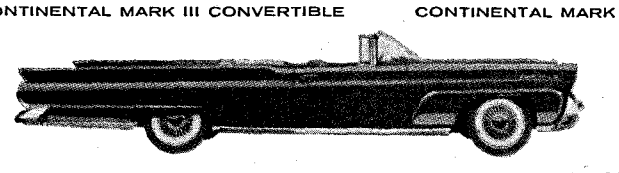
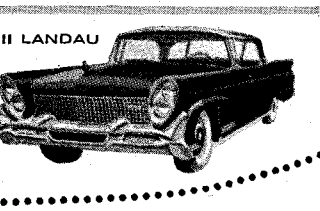


CONTINENTAL MARK III LANDAU



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BAYER

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(*Continued from Page 72*) it really could be flawless, as the story had it.

"My pet things," Timbala said. "And one by one they go. I and my dwindling possessions—such effete anachronisms in this bustling age."

"What use is an age without anachronisms?"

The Maharaja did not comment on Finigan's profound remark. "A drink?" he said. "Are you sure? Come to the gunroom, then. Tell me," he said en route, "do you think the tiger is still in this area?"

The man-eater of Timbala was so named because its first kill—and many others, and the most recent—had been in this district. Timbala was the center of operations; but the tiger worked an area a hundred miles long and some twenty wide, below and into the beginnings of the Himalaya.

"It seems likely," Finigan said. "Forest fires to east and west. Yes, I would put my money on it. But that still leaves a sizable area, perhaps just small enough for me to get the news and get there in a hurry." He meant for him to sit over a fresh victim's body, which was the only hope worth speaking of.

The Maharaja shivered. "It's a nauseating business, isn't it?" he said. "I sat up for that devil several times, you know, until my wretched sciatica reduced mobility and made discretion seem the better part. I wonder if you're right, though, about its still being here. Those forest fires are intermittent. The heat may be greater at Timbala." He smiled at his little quip and opened the gunroom door.

The cabinets were glass-fronted. Finigan stared. He had never seen such an armory—two sets of three matched Purdeys, 12's; 16's, 20's, automatics, every kind of shotgun; rifles, singles, doubles, of a dozen calibers from .22 up to a mammoth .600 double; pistols and revolvers in a smaller cabinet; one wall stacked with kukris, knives, curved swords, straight swords—every kind of bladed weapon.

"Golly!" said Finigan. He said it with respect, because Timbala was no fancy ironmongery collector. He had been the best duck shot in India by repute, and as for tigers ——

Finigan had no pretensions with a gun. But with a certain double-barreled rifle, now resting in the jeep, he would match himself against any man alive. Finigan had no false modesty. He had confidence in himself—an abundance of it, as was necessary.

"A nice collection, isn't it? The absurd thing is that I have lost my taste for killing birds and animals. It bores me nowadays. A dreadful confession," said the Maharaja gleefully, "but I would much rather play my piano sonata than shoot a tiger."

"Me too," said Finigan; not that he could do more than strum on the piano, and not that he agreed entirely, because he was still a wild Irishman, and always would be. But he shot tigers for business only now, and with pleasure only in the pitting of his brains and in the crisis moment.

"Dani, my one remaining elephant, is stanch to tiger. Budloo, my old friend and head hunting guide, and now pensioner, knows every nook and cranny in these jungles. Both are entirely at your disposal."

Which was all that Finigan wanted, and the offer made spontaneously, even better. "Thank you, your highness."

"Budloo!" the Maharaja called to the other door.

It opened at once. The man dipped swiftly to touch his brow to the toe of the Maharaja's patent-leather shoe. Timbala looked down at him. His face was kindly.

"Rise, old one," he said.

Budloo stood again. He saluted Finigan with both hands. "*Figgan Sahib Bahadur*," he said. "Brave Finigan master."

"Budloo does not bestow *Bahadurs* on all and sundry," said Timbala, which pleased Finigan, who dearly loved his due.

The Maharaja talked, and Budloo talked, and Finigan talked. He took a liking to Budloo, who showed sharpness and vigor beyond his years. The old man sided firmly with Timbala and against Finigan, as to the likely whereabouts of the tiger. Time would tell who was right. "Tomorrow in the morning early," Finigan said. Budloo, the jungle dweller, went away.

"It's half past eight. Can I prevail upon you to stay for dinner?"

"That's exceedingly kind of you," said Finigan, "but the Dawsons asked me to Kalapani."

"The Dawsons are a delightful couple. In fact, old boy, the one bright gleam among my not exactly world-shattering set of neighbors. Pray don't quote me. You hadn't met them before?"

"No, your highness," Finigan said. "Dawson seems a nice chap. And I must say she is one of the easiest items on the eye I ever saw in any league."

"Yes," said Timbala. "Duncan is a splendid fellow. But Celia—her beauty and repose. She reminds me of something I never did quite know, and couldn't express it, if I did. A deathless quality, all the life of woman, and yet ——" He stopped. Abruptly, it seemed.

"I see what you mean," said Finigan. *A bit high-flown*, he thought. Well, they were all like that. He walked on, and up two steps into the air-conditioned room.

"You and I," Timbala said, and he chuckled. "Birds of a feather, eh?"

Finigan turned. He did not answer because, in turning, he had done a criminally clumsy thing. His elbow had brushed a tall vase on the table beside the door. He saw it start to topple, and he jumped to save it. Finigan was a fast mover, not so fast as the Maharaja, whose hand was there a split second before his, and Timbala held the vase; and only the ebony-and-silver cane fell clattering to the floor. The Maharaja stared at him, nostrils arched wide and pale, upper lip trembling. Then he looked at the vase, predominantly blue, holding it in both hands, and he said quietly, "Ming three color. Is it not exquisite?"

"Your highness," Finigan said, "I do apologize. What a clumsy idiot I am." He shook his head. A close call, indeed, although he himself might have been quick enough to save the vase, had Timbala not been quicker.

He watched Timbala put back his treasure. Finigan picked up the cane and gave it to him. Timbala limped ahead and opened the door and said, "Never mind, old boy. All's well." He patted Finigan's shoulder once. He was a civilized, indulgent man. They went together. "Perfectly hideous, isn't it?" he said about the public apartments of his palace. "What I should do is close up the whole shebang and find myself a bijou residence in Darjeeling or Kalimpong. I thought of that, but now, of course, with this blasted leg of mine, the hills are impossible. Tell me, Mr. Finigan." He paused, while his heels and the cane went clip and clop and tap on the marble floor. "Are you burdened with houses and such possessions here or in Ireland?"

"No," said Finigan. "Not here or in Ireland or anywhere. A foot-loose bum is what I am, your highness."

Timbala laughed. "It must have many compensations." He was serious again. "To be tied to a place can be burden-

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some in numerous ways. Here, for example, we all have a shadow over us at present. Or two shadows, to be precise—the lesser one of the tiger; the larger one, for people like us, of these diabolical murders. You must have heard of them?"

"I read about them," Finigan said. He was much interested.

"'Who next?' is in everybody's mind. And can you wonder? I've even taken to locking my own door at night. But the planters are the people that I feel for. Isolated, every one of them—tied to their gardens. Oh, true, they can send their wives to the hills or home. But this sort of menace makes the best women all the more determined to stick it out. I was noticing the strain in them this evening."

"So was I," said Finigan.

"Even that Rock of Gibraltar, Duncan Dawson. Yes, even he. Well, I don't wonder. Take my advice, old boy, and bolt every door and window at the rest-house while you sleep."

"I will," said Finigan. "I'm a cautious fellow. But they do seem odd, these murders. Have the police no clues at all?"

"None that I know of," said the Maharaja. "No clues, and little clue, if you ask me. There seems to be no motive, but that is a pointer in itself. It points to fanaticism. And where does fanaticism flourish? Across the borders of East Pakistan a few miles away. That's where the murderer comes from, in my opinion, for what it's worth. Ah, well; no good letting things get us down. All we can do is be calm and vigilant."

They had reached the main entrance. There were fountains, but the fountains did not play.

"I shouldn't have let you walk so far," said Finigan.

"A trifling discomfort, and worth while. I meet so few people from the old and carefree days." Timbala sighed. "Good night then, and good luck, old boy."

Finigan drove down. He was pleased with himself. He thought he had established cordial relations. He had obtained the help he needed—a man who knew the jungles inside out; an elephant to ride in some safety through man-killing country. He had also obtained some information, despite nearly blotting his copybook with that vase.

The half moon was up, dull in haze, but it gave fair light. The main road ran east and west below the hills. He could drive three miles east, crossing the river by the bridge; turn right, which was south, and take the private road to Kalapani Tea Estate. In the monsoon that would be the only road, for the rains were great, and half this country flooded.

But Dawson had told him a shorter way, cutting southeast across the angle. It was a jungle road, but smooth enough. Finigan drove at fifty through the forest in the night. No animals moved. Finigan sweated, sticking to the seat. *They say sciatica is a damnably painful and crippling thing*, he thought. And then he thought that after this dusty drive he would hardly be looking his most beautiful for that attractive Mrs. Dawson.

The land began to drop. He saw the riverbed, pale in the moon. He shifted to four-wheel drive, dipped his lights and ran the ford. Finigan stopped beyond. He left the engine running and lights on. He took the rifle and flashlight with him. Had that been? It seemed a tiny chance. But the banks were of rock, upstream and down, cliffs thirty feet high. This was the natural crossing place.

Finigan's eye had told him right. In the soft sand at the water's edge there was a fresh set of tracks, the four pug marks of an old male tiger. One of them, the off hind pug, was shallower than the rest. The lame tiger of Timbala spared that foot.

Finigan got back into the jeep. No scent at all. And now, by a sudden fluke, a breast-high scent. But with reservations—he did not know this tiger yet. It was a guess about the pug marks. Ask Budloo in the morning.

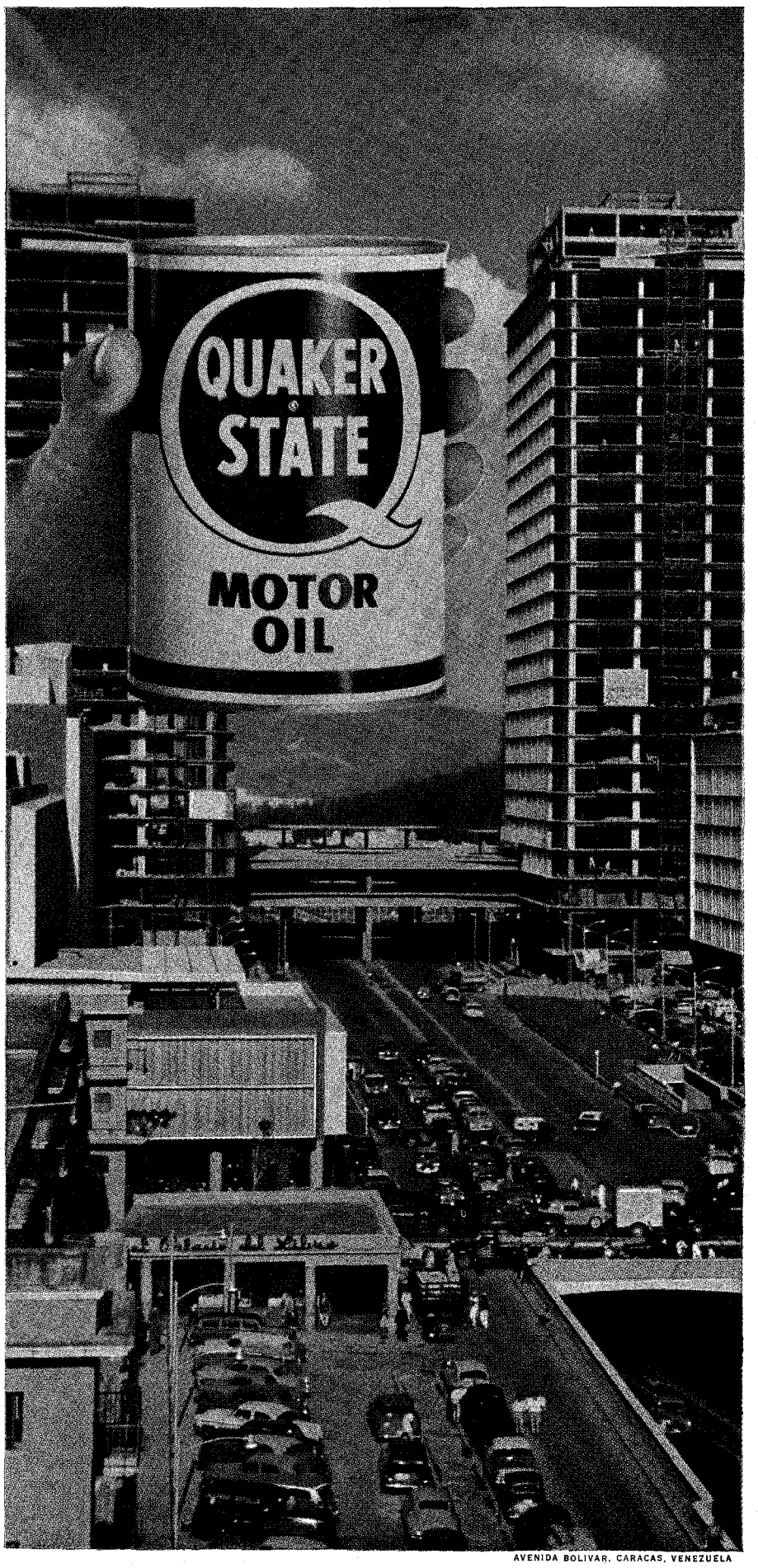
Finigan drove on to Kalapani. "A million apologies," he said, "Timbala kept me."

"It's a cold supper, anyway," Mrs. Dawson said. "We knew we would be late." It was an excellent cold supper. Finigan ate largely and paid large compliments.

(*Continued on Page 81*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Stanley!"

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FIRST PRIZE

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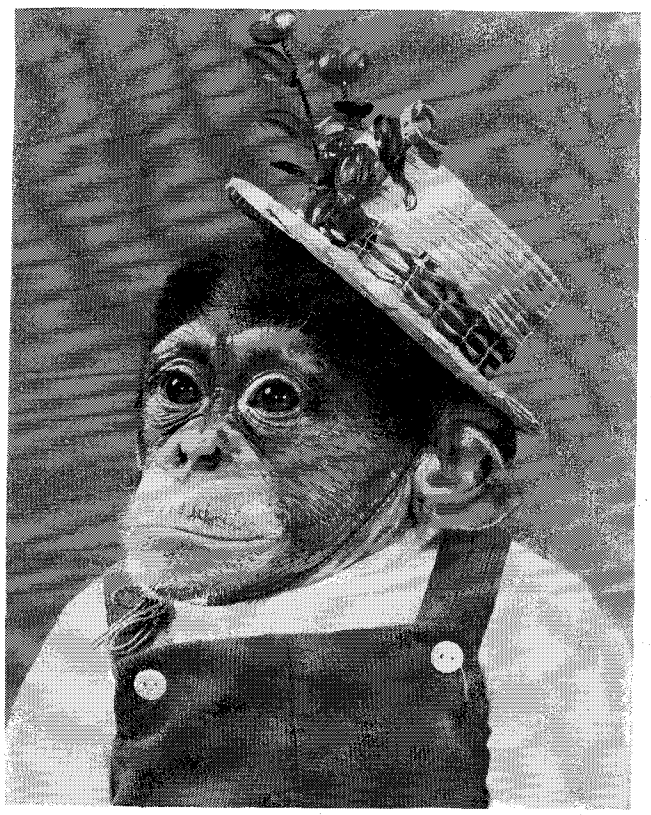

*Please give me a name!*

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## *Give baby chimp most original name*

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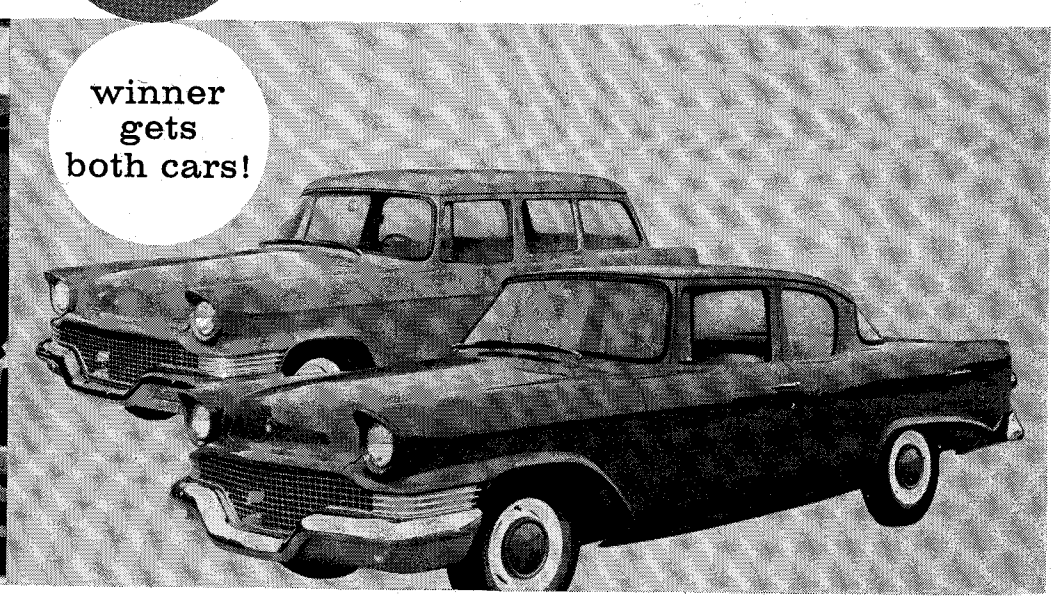


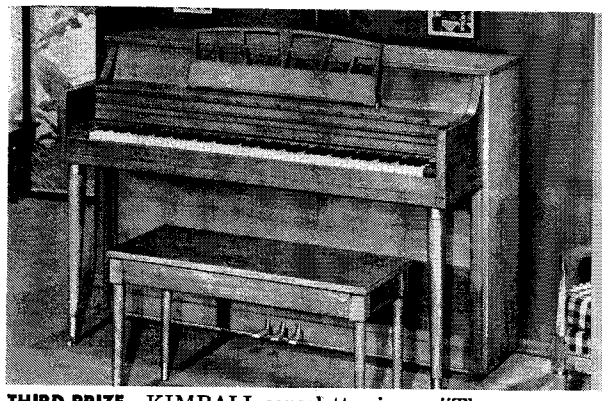

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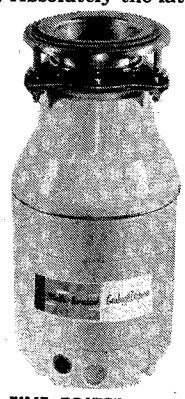

**NEXT FIVE PRIZES**—IN-SINK-ERATOR garbage disposers in beautiful decorator colors. Patented automatic reversing action pulverizes bones, fruit pits, quietly.

**NEXT TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES**—World-famous HELBROS watches for men and women. Unmatched in beauty and accuracy.

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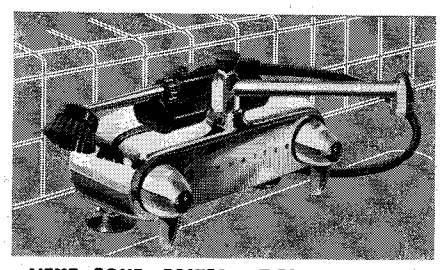

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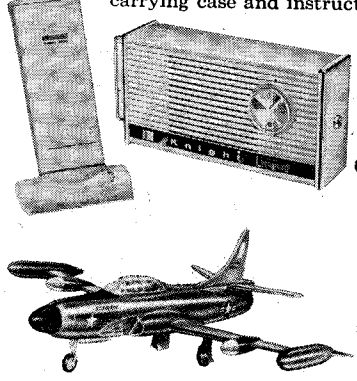
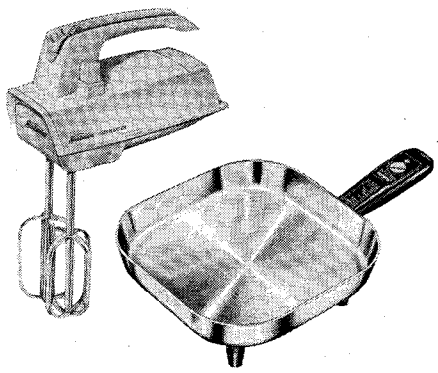


**NEXT TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES**—ALLIED KNIGHT transistor "E-Z" do-it-yourself radio. Complete with battery, carrying case and instructions.



**NEXT TWENTY PRIZES**—"Mark of Quality" SUNBEAM electric appliances. Famous SUNBEAM "Mixmaster" hand mixer and original, genuine SUNBEAM even heat automatic "Frypan."

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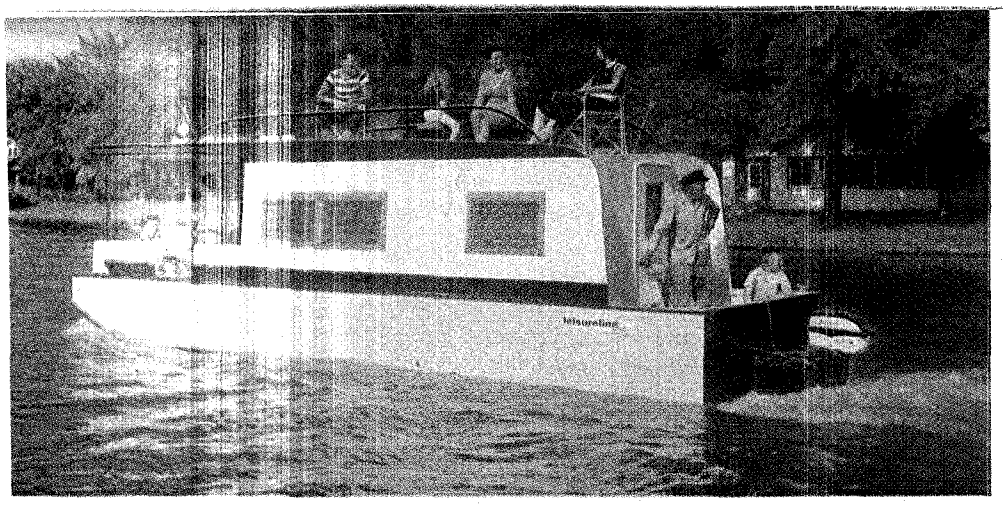
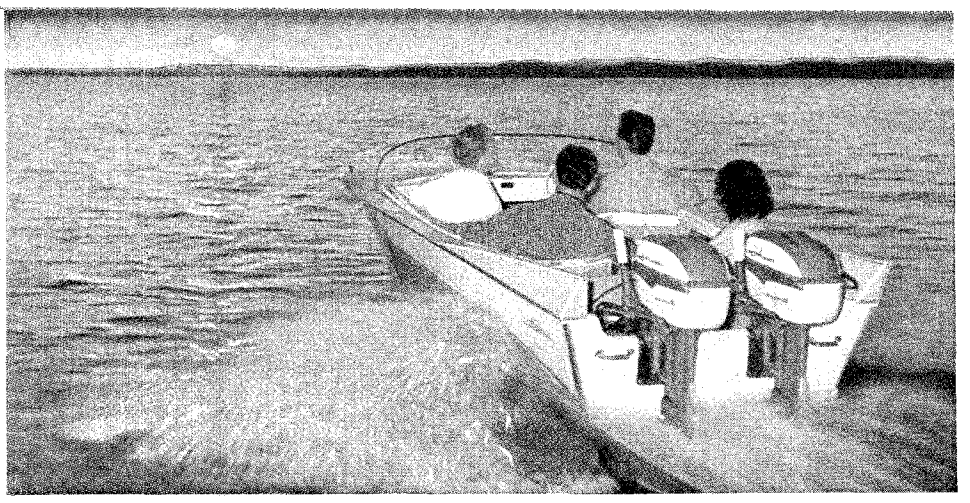


**The heaviest load goes quietly!** You can't beat Sea-Horse thrust. Fact is, in any horsepower class no motor made delivers more wallop than a Johnson. And full range silencing teamed with underwater exhaust makes this mighty new Sea-Horse 18 as quiet as a grade school in August.



**Want twice the kick?** Team Sea-Horse 18s. Give the sun a run for its money. Like all Johnsons, these have full gear shift—with forward, neutral and reverse. Plus slip-clutch propellers that end drive pin worries for good. A six-gallon Mile-Master fuel system is included in the price of the motor.

*New 18 hp Sea-Horse 18. 12-volt electric starting. $475.*

# New Sea-Horse 18—it's a jack-of-all-fun!

Here's the most obliging motor you can own! It will hustle a houseboat, give the kids ski practice or fish clear down to a dead slow troll. For versatility, for value, this new 18's it!

Actually, look over all eleven new Johnsons—from sturdy 3 to Super Sea-Horse V-50. There's newness everywhere! The finest premium auto paint now sees that every Sea-Horse will hold its showroom shine. A new car-type key switch starts all electric starting Johnsons. There's a new lighter lower unit and a new low price on the 10. New V-50 silencing on the Super Sea-Horse 35. And everything about the V-50 is new!

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*First in dependability...*

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(*Continued from Page 77*) "You should taste the Maharaja's food," said Celia Dawson.

"The poverty of riches," Finigan said. "That's a study on its own. Now, here am I, poor as a heathen mouse, no emeralds on me fingers, not a care in the world except when are the Dawsons going to ask me to another scrumptious meal. As a matter of fact," he said thoughtfully, to guide conversation, "I'm sorry for that chap."

"Yes," said Dawson. "Unemployed and unacceptable in this India. Selling his treasures bit by bit, even if they're still worth a fortune. By our standards, he lives in the utmost luxury. By his, he slums it. I blame ourselves a lot. We sheltered the princes in feudal splendor; then we ditched them, or circumstances ditched them."

"I don't think he wants sympathy," said Celia Dawson. "I think he's quite resigned and even happy the way things are. 'My dear Celia,' he said this evening, 'I live by silver spoon from jeweled hand to mouth.' Talking of jewels," she said, "what wouldn't I give for that emerald!"

"Talking of jewels," said Finigan, "my little Irish mother, do you know what she said one time to me? 'Marcus, me darlin',' she said one time, 'never accept a woman's precious gift. That's a cheap thing for a boy to be after doing. Besides, he always pays for it before Christmas.' Talking of the cost of life, Mrs. Dawson," Finigan continued, full of food and drink and extravagance, "I was thinking if my ship came home, I might be taking a trip to America. Now would it be expensive there?"

"Well," she said, "the best things are never cheap, as your Irish mother told you."

Finigan laughed. She had wits, this woman. "I could lecture," he said, "to make ends meet. I could lecture on tigers from coast to coast until I attained my heavenly object."

"What would your heavenly object be?"

"A wife," he said simply. "Some buxom healthy American girl with a nice round figure of, say, ten million to take to my bosom to keep me in comfort and peace and quiet, with a baker's dozen of baby Finigans. How does that sound? Too much to ask?"

"Quite a lot to ask, and not so quiet."

They went upstairs and sat on a veranda. They drank coffee and liqueurs. The fan whirled overhead. There was a steady din at the workers' lines—cymbals, rattles, voices, drums.

"Is that organized?" asked Finigan.

"The men take turns. We've armed them too."

"How many has it killed at Kalapani?"

"Twelve in this past year—five men, four women and three children."

A man moved to the center of the lawn below. "There's the father of one of them," said Celia. He was a tall man, a black-bearded Sikh, carrying a rifle across his body. He slipped through moonlight to stand in shadow. *Impressive*, Finigan thought.

"A child of his killed?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "His daughter, the same age as our Caroline. They were friends."

"Sohan Singh was my orderly in the regiment," said Duncan Dawson. "Now a night watchman."

"I saw fresh tracks tonight," Finigan said. "Not positive, but I think so." He told Dawson where.

"That points in our direction." Dawson made no move. He knew, as Finigan knew, that nothing could be done. He also knew the argument about the greatest good of the greatest number. He shrank from it, which Finigan did not. "It's lame," he said, "but not sore-lame. That's half the trouble. The damned animal can move ten miles a night."

"I must be going," Finigan said.

"Have one for the road," said Duncan.

"Well, a last drop," he said. "perhaps I will." Duncan went for it. "Your child?" Finigan said. "Is she at home?"

"Yes," Mrs. Dawson said. "With Duncan's parents. Which is a relief at present. Also a good thing because Caroline was quite shattered about—about ——" Celia shook her head.

"Don't you think this ride is a bit terrifying for a small boy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The last drink came. "You must be thankful for Sohan Singh," said Finigan. "I mean, with the murders to add to your complications. He looks as if he could squeeze a nifty trigger. Are you sure of him, Duncan?"

"As sure as I am of my erring wife." Duncan put his hand over hers and they looked at each other. He took his hand away.

Finigan saw that exchange of comfort. He envied it. "Timbala seems to think that the murderer crosses from East Pakistan. There's no motive, he says, which points to fanaticism."

"Apart from fanaticism," Duncan said—"and I doubt that, rather—the only motive I can see would be a sort of general grudge against authority—someone who thinks he has suffered injustice. But the police have their fingers completely on that kind of pulse. And their mode of questioning is apt to produce results. No, I suppose Timbala might be right."

"It worries him a lot," said Celia. "They put him on the shelf, but he still feels responsible in a way for anything that happens in Timbala. That's why he keeps needling the police. And that's why he's been so wonderfully kind. The Thomsons, for instance—they were the planters who were murdered—had a son of fourteen at home. Tim has paid all his schooling for four years. He did much the same thing for the police inspector's wife."

"Yes," said Dawson. "He's a generous chap."

Finigan stood to go. "Good night, you two, and many thanks."

"Come again," she said, "any time. You bring gusts of fresh air to a belea—— to a benighted couple in the hot weather. Good night, Marcus."

Beleaguered, she had been going to say, thought Finigan. And it was true. Whose turn next?

"I have to go away for a couple of days," said Dawson rapidly on the way downstairs, "before the monsoon makes the roads impassable—to inspect two of our other company gardens. I can't take Celia in this heat, and she flatly refuses to go to Darjeeling. If you're still here at the end of the week, will you keep an eye on her for me?"

"I can think of worse penances," said Finigan, and Dawson laughed.

"Sahib," said Budloo in the morning at the river, "these are the tracks of the *Budmash*, of the bad one. But the *Budmash* passed early in the night. It is now far from here."

"Why, Budloo? Is there not deep jungle between us and Kalapani?"

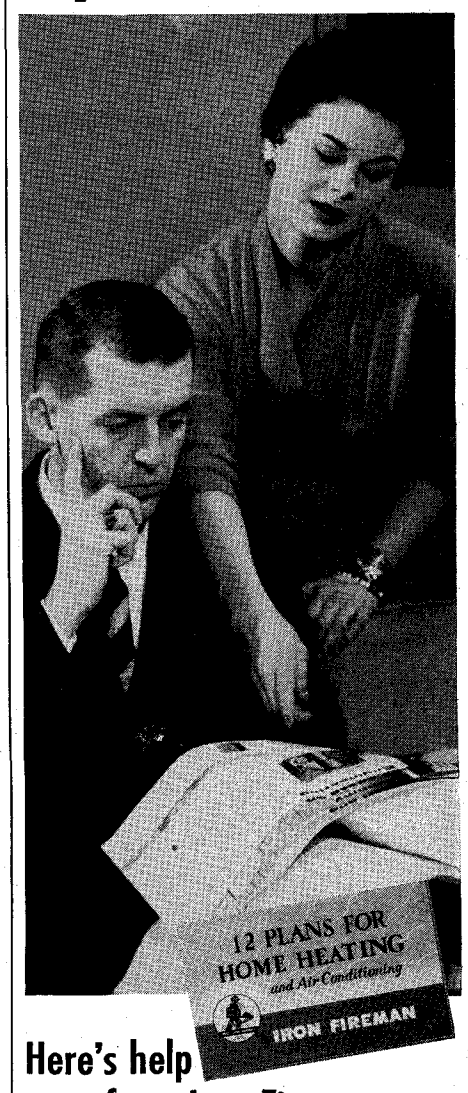
"An old tiger shuns this place and has that favorite haunt. Here is not pleasing to the *Budmash*." Budloo waved his hand at the riverbank on the Kalapani side. It was a hilly jungle of tall grass, withered now; of the broad-leaved teak, of rock and scrub and gully.

The expert had spoken. He was probably right, but Finigan wondered. He took local advice, but with a grain of salt.

"Come, then, wise one," Finigan said, and Budloo chuckled, and they walked over to the shade where Dani and her mahout waited. They moved east that morning—from the Kalapani River, and through the jungle that did not please this tiger; through the neatness of Kalapani tea garden; and were four miles beyond when the news of the hundred and forty-fourth kill arrived. The tiger had killed a woman at dawn at a village still farther to the east.

Finigan drove there in the jeep. He sat in a shelter of thorns from four-thirty P.M. until six-thirty the following morning. The tiger did not come. It would not come again. (*Continued on Page 84*)


# What type of heating is best for our ranch style home?




## Here's help from Iron Fireman

**If you are planning to build or modernize your ranch style home you should have the Iron Fireman booklet, "12 Plans for Home Heating and Air Conditioning."**

**Heating experts know that a ranch style home has unusual heating requirements, due to its long, one-level arrangement. Maximum heating comfort and economy can be yours only by installing a heating system that can efficiently serve such an extended floor plan, with remote, hard-to-heat rooms.**

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## *Revolutionary new Parker 61 Classic Capillary Pen only $15*

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# GIFT pens of our time

## *dels — new lower prices!*

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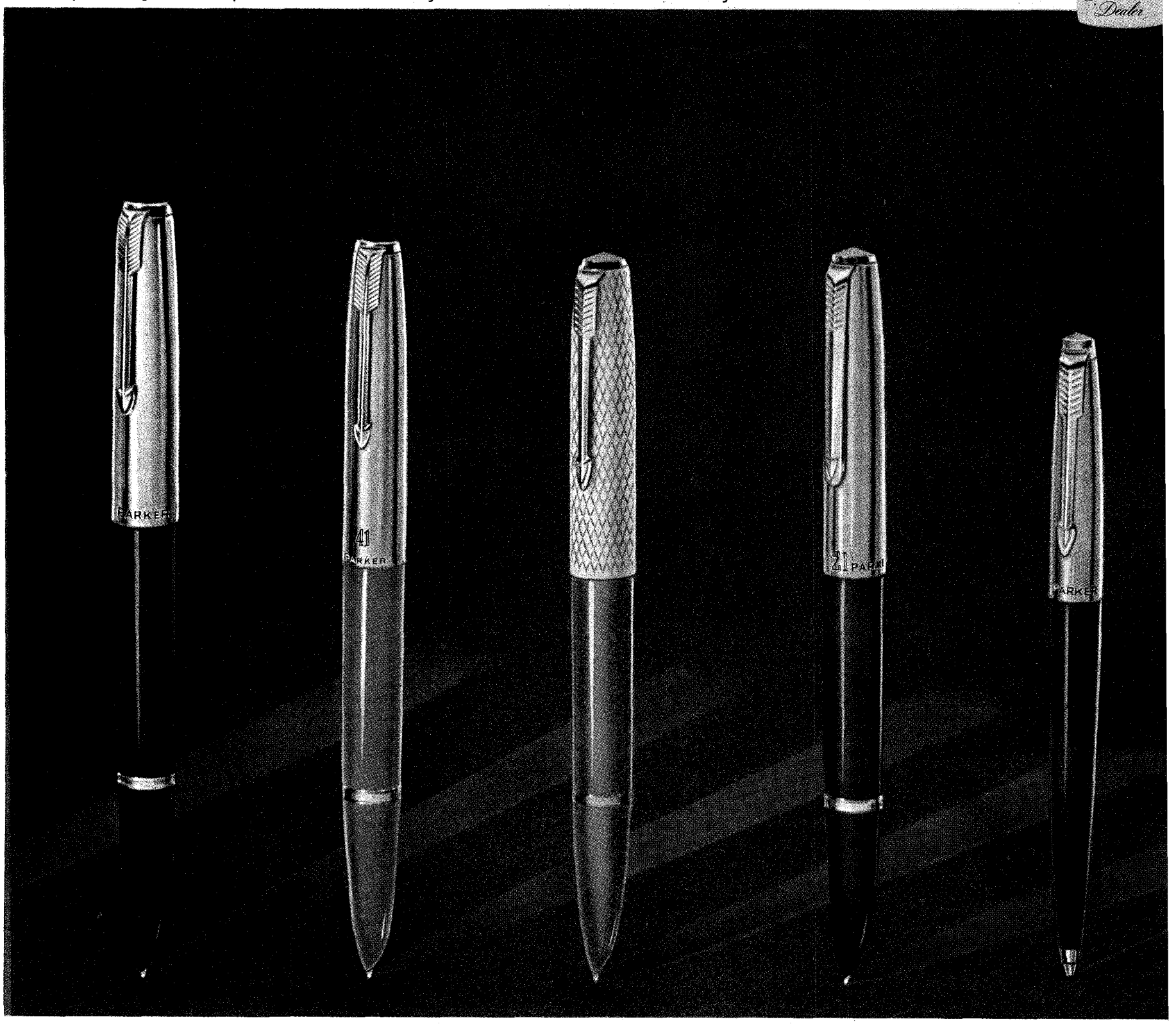


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PLUS A FINE SELECTION OF MODERATELY PRICED PENS FEATURING PARKER'S FAMOUS MASTERY OF ENGINEERING AND DESIGN

**Parker "51" Pen**—the pen with a world-wide background of unexcelled performance. Famous for flawless writing without pressure. Also: Deluxe model—$12.50. Others to $27.50.

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(*Continued from Page 81*) Finigan let them have the remains of the body for cremation, which was overdue.

He slept a few hours. He and Sharma met alone at a jungle crossing.

"Where's your bodyguard?" he demanded.

"Surely you are not man-killer," Sharma said. "Am I not safe with the great Finigan Nimrod? I am not a woman, after all, God knows." Then he talked in earnest. "Someone must know something. In India someone always knows. You understand them. You are not tarred with government brush. Listen then, Marcus!"

Marcus Finigan sought the man-eating tiger of Timbala. He also had an interest in the search for the other killer of Timbala. The tiger had vanished. The other killer did not strike again.

"Sahib," said Budloo on the sixth morning, as they rested, "the tiger is brightly colored. Yet of the animals, the bright, brave tiger is the hardest one to see."

"This is so," said Finigan. It might be so.

"All my life I have lived with the *jan-war*—with the wild things in the jungle," Budloo said. "I have seen strange tigers and strange things." Budloo philosophized no more about camouflage or whatever strange things he meant, if any. The cryptic little man seemed troubled.

It was nine o'clock. Heat shimmered from rocks and sand. Budloo sniffed. "There will be small rains," he said. There were no clouds yet, but in such knowledge Budloo was infallible.

"We have hunted overmuch," said Finigan. "We are not wild dogs, able to run a quarry to exhaustion. It is time for rest. Therefore let us rest today, and tomorrow we will meet with Dani in the morning early." Finigan named a place to the east, in Budloo's favorite direction, eight miles from the Kalapani River. He yawned. "Sleep well, wise Budloo, and alone."

Budloo cackled, much flattered by this admonition. Finigan made a show of starting for the resthouse, waited behind cover, and watched the elephant out of sight. Then he drove to Kalapani, where Celia Dawson gave him late breakfast. Dawson had left that morning.

"What time does Sohan Singh come on?"

"At five," she said.

---

A crying need is one which a woman develops when a new dress can't be had any other way.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

---

"I'll be back this evening," Finigan said. "And listen, Celia! If anyone asks, I'm having a good long sleep. O.K.?"

"O.K.," she said.

She watched him go. There was an earthy force about Marcus Finigan, a comfort in danger, and dangerous.

Finigan hid the jeep. He had grown to like old Budloo, but there was an odd blank spot in Budloo's mind. He searched that jungle in the heat of noon. It was sweaty weather and a nasty job, and Finigan sweated. Yes, the tiger had been here, and it had crossed the river to the west.

Finigan slept two hours. He stripped, rolled in the tepid Kalapani, put on fresh drill, combed his black locks to glistening order, ate sandwiches, drank tea and drove back the way he had come. It was after five. In the south, the clouds were black and thunder trembled. Budloo's small rains were coming.

Another car was outside the Dawsons' house, a green Rolls-Royce tourer, a vast and splendid old motor carriage, with silver spotlights a foot in diameter at each end of the windshield. The Maharaja had come to call.

Finigan parked the jeep behind it. They would be through in the garden, he supposed. He had seen Timbala again once or twice, always suave and often witty. Finigan went up the steps.

"*Salaam, sahib,*" said Sohan Singh, appearing silently, rifle under arm like someone after pheasants. "*Ap-ke mijaz kaise hain?*" (How is your health?)

"*Salaam, sirdar-ji,*" Finigan said. "My health is good."

"Sahib, we pray that you may kill this tiger."

"I will do that," said Finigan. He looked at Sohan Singh. "I wish that I had come soon enough to prevent your sorrow."

"A son is a father's pride," said Sohan Singh, "but a daughter is a man's dearest comfort."

"This I can understand," said Finigan. He went through the house and out to the garden, where the Maharaja and Celia had been having tea. But Timbala was leaving.

"Ah, look who's here!" he said. "How do things progress?"

"Badly, your highness," Finigan said. "It's one of the most damnably elusive brutes I ever was up against."

"'That demned elusive Pimpernel,'" quoted Timbala absently. "Well," he said, "if anyone in India can get it, you're the man. Is old Budloo being a help?"

"A great help," Finigan said. "But I called a halt this morning to catch up on much-needed sleep. We're meeting again tomorrow early." He waved his hand eastward. "If the rain comes, then we may find tracks to bear out my hunch that the tiger is somewhere over there." Finigan yawned. Too little sleep, too much catnapping, tiger-napping. "I came to scrounge a drink off Celia. Then home to bed again."

Celia stood up. "Thank you so much, Tim," she said, holding a folder of music. "I'll start learning it this evening."

"I brought Celia the score of my sonata. I'm rather pleased with it—a poor thing, but mine own."

"A fine thing, I would think," she said. "That last movement is terrific."

He bowed, not ironically. There was a rhythm of dignity to anything Timbala did. They walked round the house. He patted the Rolls-Royce. "Boanerges," he said. "My true old friend. We have traveled far together. Well, cheerio," he said blithely, and perhaps incongruously. It was only in colloquialisms that Timbala's English sometimes seemed a little askew or overdone. He raised his left hand from the wheel, and the Emerald of Timbala caught the sun. The Rolls sailed off with a faint fuss of tires, slowly to the gate, then faster. Finigan watched the dust cloud billow fast along the Timbala road.

"He's so kind," Celia said. "And so entertaining, even if he does rather tend to fix me with those soulful eyes. . . . A small peg, Marcus?"

"Well," he said, "shall we say a peg?"

Finigan hung back. "Oh, brother," he muttered to Sohan Singh, "how will you guard the house tonight?"

"From the garden. This is best when the moon is full."

"And with rain noisy on the metal roof, and thunder?"

"Then I will be upstairs, outside the door. Sahib, the memsahib's life is my life."

"That I know," breathed Finigan. "But the danger is great. Now keep this secret: I go to the jungle between us and the ford of the Kalapani River. If I do not return

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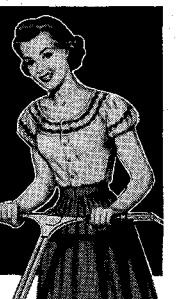

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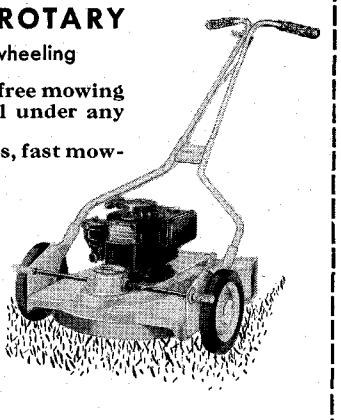

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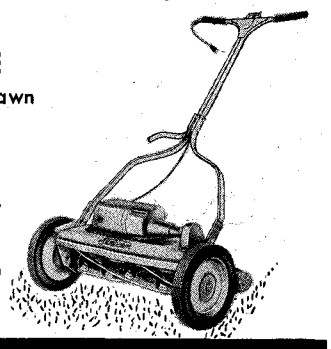

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by daylight, send men in search of me. Is this understood?"

"It is understood. God be with you."

Finigan had his drink. "I must be going," he said to Celia. Always going, and going alone. The risks and the rewards were greater. Finigan, gambler, had followed hunches all his life, and often been wrong. "A few instructions," he said now. "Go upstairs as soon as it's dark. Have your dinner brought up on a tray. Are there shutters in your room?"

"The windows are snibbed," she said. "We have a small air conditioner." Celia frowned. Thunder was rumbling and the sun had almost set. "Why so much alarmist fuss?" Her eyes flickered to him and away again. "Besides," she said, "the piano's downstairs; I want to practice Tim's sonata."

"Not tonight," he said.

"Who are you, to boss me around?" she said irritably.

"Bosses boss," he said. "You do what I tell you or else." Finigan smacked his outsize hands loudly together.

"You're such an awful bear of a man," she said, "I wouldn't put it past you."

"Bachelor bears," he said, "get mighty lonesome. Need she-bears to cuddle, even to smack. That's nature. Good night."

"Good night," she said, and smiled about him and went upstairs in accordance with orders.

Finigan waited near the ford. Sand flies bothered him. He sat below a rock. His back was protected, and he would be in shadow if the moon came out. But there were no shadows now, for the storm was on its way. The cliffs were black and the sand was white and the river was sliding past—flash, vivid and macabre; blind darkness; flash again. Thunder engulfed any noises there might have been.

But he heard the wind, and the wind arrived, and the rain came with it, gouts and oceans of blessed rain. Finigan crouched below his rock. It was a small storm, a precursor of the great storms of the monsoon. It poured two or three inches of rain in twenty minutes, and rolled on to the hills. Lightning and thunder dwindled.

The moon came out. The sand flies had been drowned or blown away. A mosquito arrived. Anopheles? There were no puddles in the sand; the parched earth had gulped that water in.

There were puddles in Finigan's jungle boots, which might be noisy, so he raised his feet to let the puddles out. Apart from this essential movement, Finigan remained still before, during and after the storm. Nothing happened. The river came sliding past. It had risen a little. Marcus Finigan nursed his small-caliber, ultra-high-velocity, double-barreled rifle. He watched the ford, which happened to be the only convenient crossing place on this four-mile stretch of the Kalapani. Some sort of geological fault, he supposed, that broke the cliffs and shallowed the river. Whatever the cause, snakes, tigers, men, any earthbound things, must cross this way. True, they might clamber down and swim, and clamber up and struggle through broken jungle; they might do that at other places. But not if they had urgent business to complete.

Nothing came. The shadows of the moon lay upriver, away from him, and that meant midnight. The air was washed clean of dust and smoke. The hills were sharp.

But no tiger came. Finigan saw movement in the shadows at the gap. It was a man who came down to wade the Kalapani River. He wore a loincloth. The water surged about his knees. He stopped at this side to put on boots or shoes. He glanced up and down river once. He moved again, at a limber, purposeful walk, up sloping sand to the eastern gap in the black cliffs of the Kalapani—Blackwater River.

Finigan followed. *Fool*, he thought. *I should have worn shorts.* His lower half was wet and noisy. He dealt with that problem. He followed in shirt and underpants. He reached the gap. He watched from shadow. He saw the man move in shadow on the jungle road. Stillness in shadow, invisible. But movement was visible. Finigan was sure that he himself had not been seen. He had the advantage; he could follow movement, and check when that movement ceased. But he must keep up. Where now?

The man had left the jungle track. Marcus Finigan knew where, for he himself had left it at that nullah earlier today—or not today, but yesterday. The tiger's tracks had come down that nullah, and Finigan had gone up that nullah. Since then, a storm had washed all tracks away.

Finigan reached the place—a sunken sandy lane, climbing off to the right from the jungle road. The print of rubber soles on rain-firmed sand went up the nullah. He followed. He caught one glimpse of the man in moonlight at a bend. After that, he did not see him, but the tracks went on, half a mile or so already—and

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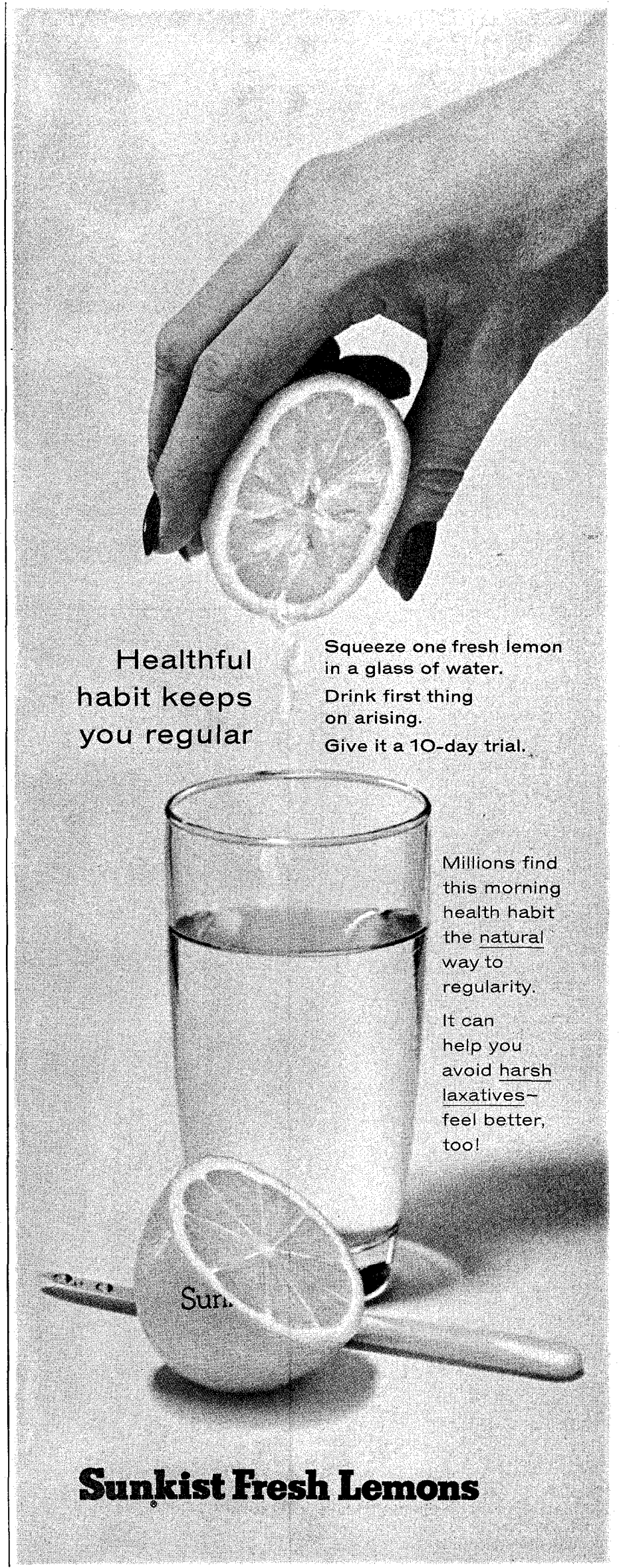
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still those tracks climbed on. He could see them fifty feet ahead. So long as the tracks continued ——

"Drop it!" said the voice.

Finigan dropped it. A blunt, hard jab in the small of the back had prompted him.

"Clasp your hands above your head. Take a pace forward."

Finigan did so. *Is now when I get it?* Finigan wondered. But the rifle was being collected.

"That's much better," said the Maharaja of Timbala. "Walk on, old boy." Finigan walked on.

"Marcus Finigan with his trousers down. Quite funny, don't you agree?"

*Not so funny*, Finnigan thought. *Could I* —— But the muzzle nudged his spine. "I asked you a question."

"Very funny indeed," said Finigan. Funny peculiar. "Look!"

"Don't worry," Timbala said. "I'm looking. I've been looking at you for hours and hours—since you emptied your boots, in fact. So elementary not to move."

"But why watch me? What is all this about?"

"You will know quite soon," Timbala said. His voice was cordial and composed. "Take the left fork here."

Finigan took the left fork of the nullah. Now he knew where they were going. "If I'm supposed to be so dangerous," he said, "why didn't I shoot you at the river?"

"Because you had no particle of evidence against me. But I knew that you had suspicions, and I knew that a money-grubbing rogue of your sordid ilk would not impart suspicions to anyone without some evidence. So I decided to entice you on this walk."

It was unfortunately true that Finigan had not told a living soul, not even Sharma. "I'm glad your sciatica is better."

"My *malade imaginaire*. Knocking the Ming vase over—that was your first mistake. A clever little trick. Fools never seem to learn how fatal cleverness can be. Agreed?"

"Not entirely, Tim."

"Your highness, please," the Maharaja said. Nudge again.

"Not entirely, your highness." So his ego could be pricked.

"Why not entirely, Mr. Finigan?"

"Because it was your cleverness in pretending to be a cripple that first put me on to you, and you're not a fool, or are you?"

The muzzle left his back, and something cracked Finigan's right hand on his cranium most painfully, the trigger finger. Finigan lurched, recovered.

"You won't need that finger any more," Timbala said. "Be polite, and walk faster, would you mind?"

Finigan walked faster. Blood trickled down his neck. Rudeness seemed to be a mistake, among many larger mistakes, the largest of which had been to underestimate this madman.

"You'd better watch out," he said. "The tiger may be back."

"You err again. The tiger lies up here between kills. It moves away to kill. It stays away two days at least. It left yesterday in the morning. Correct?"

"Correct that it left," said Finigan.

"That was another mistake of yours. I sent the faithful Budloo back. He saw you bathing in the river."

"But don't you want that animal killed?"

"Certainly. Very soon in fact, when it no longer serves my purpose: to discourage nocturnal wanderers."

"Your own wanderings," said Finigan. "Doesn't the tiger discourage them?"

"No," said the Maharaja. "I am not that timorous nincompoop, *Finigan Sahib Bahadur*."

Finigan's dirty temper stirred, and his brains were stirring to a plan at last. "Your highness!" he said.

"Talk on, my dear fellow. Talk while you can."

"Old Budloo—is he with you in these mercy killings?"

Timbala laughed behind. "Mercy killings. Rather a good euphemism for revenge, old boy. Oh, heavens, no! Budloo doesn't have a clue. He merely carries out my orders—which are to prevent the hunting of the tiger here. You and I are the only people who have a clue."

But Finigan thought that old Budloo might have a clue, indeed have tried to impart a clue when he spoke enigmatically of the bright tiger being the hardest animal to see. Was not Sher Bahadur—Brave tiger—one of Timbala's honorifics? Old Budloo might still love his prince, yet think him better dead.

And Finigan now knew that the madman had talked to no one. He thought that the madman longed to talk.

"What's this messy old ruin?"

"Your questions tend to be impertinent."

"I'm sorry, your highness."

"Sit on that stone. I must ask you to keep your hands above your head."

Finigan sat. His hands and arms were tired. The trigger finger had stopped bleeding. It was broken. He did not see much hope. He looked at a tangle of creepers and vines, a growth perhaps of centuries, the cave entrance almost covered, a platform of bricks before it, the well to one side. Finigan had been here yesterday. The tiger used the cave.

"One of my ancestors," Timbala said, "became a holy man in middle age—slightly Maharaja style, I will admit. They had to go down two hundred feet to get him water. But here he lived and here he died. Who knows, I might do the same myself. I said to the faithful Budloo: 'No one is to hunt the tiger near my *pujah* place. It is sacred.' Yes, perhaps I will renounce the world and die here."

*Sooner than you think*, hoped Finigan. "But those priceless treasures," he said. "How could you live without them?"

"I wouldn't," Timbala said. "Have you forgotten my Picasso?" He sat now between Finigan and the cave. He wore a white loincloth, a pair of jungle boots, a leather belt at his waist, with a big-handled knife in a curving scabbard, an empty pistol holster. On his left wrist was a watch. The Emerald of Timbala gleamed greenly on his left hand against the moon. The automatic in his right hand did not gleam. Finigan's precious rifle lay on the rock with the barrels pointed at their owner. The Maharaja of Timbala's torso would have done credit to a light heavyweight in prime condition. The contrast to his usual appearance might have seemed absurd if he had seemed less deadly. "The moon is wonderfully bright," he said. "I haven't had a moon like this for months."

*I, I, my, my.* The moon was above Timbala's left shoulder. Finigan looked at the mountains and the craters of the old moon's leering face. He looked back at Timbala's face, aquiline in shadow, black eyes in shadow. *If I* —— Finigan thought.

"I wouldn't, old boy," Timbala said.

"I was thinking," Finigan said. *Am I right?* he thought.

"Really?" Timbala smiled his charming smile, which so flatly and weirdly contradicted the man, the maniac.

"I've often thought the British have a lot to answer for." *How did Duncan Dawson say it? "We sheltered the princes in feudal splendor; then we ditched them."* Finigan watched the face. Time the only hope; talk the only hope for time.

The smile was gone. The mouth opened. The breath hissed in.

*Got him*, Finigan thought. *Now quick.* "Tell me, your highness," he said respectfully, "did you feel bitter after independence?"

"Bitter?" The face contorted. "Do you know who I am? I am the last prince of two millenniums. We were not conquered. We made treaty with the British Raj. And what did they do to me? Left me to the mercy of my so-called countrymen, soft, fat, upstart banias ——"

"Tell me," said Finigan carefully, "how did you come to decide on personal revenge? That's the unique and fascinating thing."

"Time is short," said Timbala quietly, his quiet self again. He flicked his left wrist in front of his eyes and down. He did not give a vestige of a chance, raving or quiet. "Just after two," he said. "A few minutes yet. I have a busy night ahead. . . . No, please don't! If you move a muscle, I shall shoot you dead. Which would be sooner rather than later, but life is precious, is it not? Now listen!"

Finigan listened to the story of bitterness against the imperial power and the Indian power. The man spoke lucidly, coherently of grievance, of grievance fading into resignation, and resignation into melancholy, and melancholy into a refuge that was beauty—his jade, his paintings and his porcelain—the recipient of beauty. And then his discovery—the beauty that he made himself—his music.

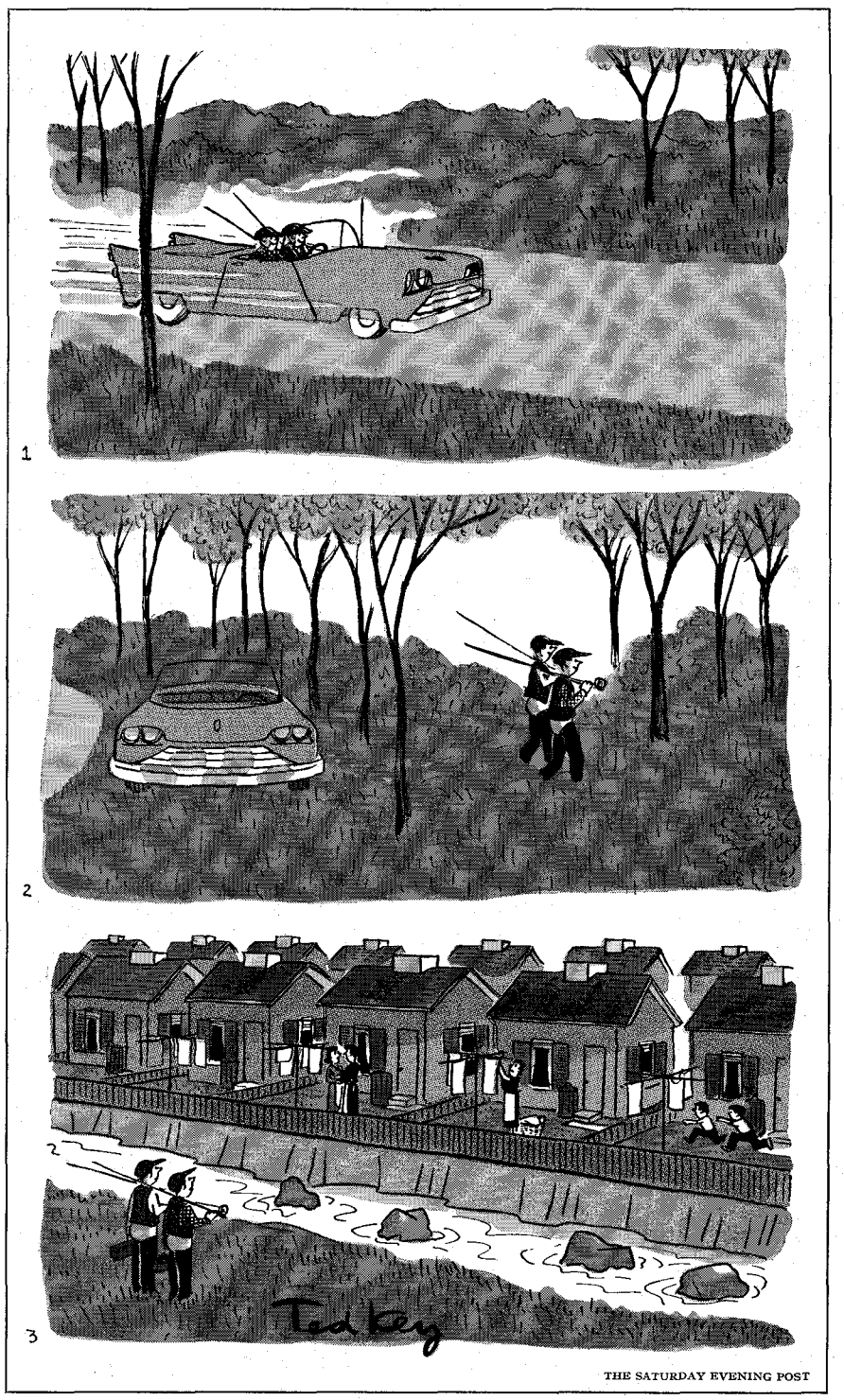
The voice was resonant in the rocky place below the cave. "I began my sonata. It was to be the story of our splendor and our eclipse. The first great movement wrote itself. Look at me, Mr. Finigan!"

"I'm looking and listening, your highness." Had he heard something then?

"The second movement came as easily—the adagio of the prince betrayed, all lost but beauty. But the third—what would it be? What would my finale be?"

Finigan's ears were sharp, and never more desperately sharp than now, and he had heard another sound behind, beyond the mad Maharaja of Timbala.

"Then my true genius grasped me. From the bottom of the pit my genius sprang to take me by the heart, to take me by the throat, as in a minute now —— Sit still, you mongrel Irishman! . . . My genius bore me to the storm, the tempest of my victory. And then I knew. Only then, at the climax of my music's triumph, did I know. The plans of my genius were full-born. I went that night and killed the wretched planter people. My vengeance (*Continued on Page 89*)



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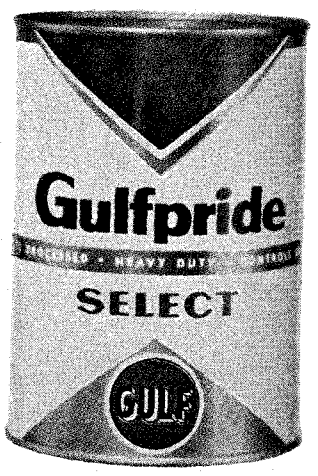


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(*Continued from Page 86*) had begun. First stroke, against the British relics, not very worthy specimens, I'm afraid. What was their name?"

"Thomson, wasn't it?" said Finigan.

The eyes appraised him. "You have made quite a study of these executions."

"Only casually," said Finigan. "People talk of nothing else."

"Of course," Timbala said, appeased. "Yes, of course."

But potential victims tended to avoid the subject. "I tell you one thing," said the inspector general in Calcutta. "Our police are getting nowhere. There is a tiger too. Rewards are high for both. Now this is important: Tell no one but Sharma that you hunt the murderer too."

"What about the watchman?" asked Finigan.

"Oh, he got in my way," Timbala said. "I rather think that Sikh may do the same tonight."

Finigan did not dare to turn his eyes to the right, below the moon. He looked at Timbala's eyes.

"My second execution was that Congress fellow here from Delhi. I slit his fat political throat with gusto. Thus, my two main accounts were settled." Timbala stirred. "Now time is up."

"I don't see how the commissioner came into it," said Finigan.

"The administration," said Timbala. "Anybody's faithful lackey. There was a personal feeling there, I do confess. He patronized me, and that I do not tolerate, either from glorified *babu* or mongrel Irish."

*I'll mongrel-Irish you,* thought Finigan. . . . Some kind of a stir again. In withered grass? Of a snake in grass? Keep talking. Keep him talking. "That still leaves the policeman," Finigan said.

"He was expediency again. I met him at my private exit from the palace. That cliff is honeycombed, you know. I thought he seemed suspicious. I followed him to less compromising ground. I was sorry, really. But afterwards I thought: Anglo-Indian, sad chi-chi mixture of my enemies. Poetic justice. He deserved it."

"What next?" Finigan's voice cracked high and loud, and that movement stopped in the corner of his eye; yes, definitely.

"Panic-stricken!" said Timbala. "I thought better of you than that. Well, I shall be merciful, old boy." The muzzle pointed, steady as a rock, at Marcus Finigan. The fingers of the left hand—three bare fingers and one jeweled finger—slipped graphically across the Maharaja's throat. "You will hardly feel it. A spout, a gurgle, and that is that. Then pop you go, down to the bottom of my well. Which is rather a nuisance, actually, because you will pollute my well. But never mind, a year or two of life in an apology for the ways to which I am accustomed, selling my precious things; then here to contemplate my precious things, my genius and my vengeance. By then the well should be clean again of Irish mongrel."

"When will your vengeance be complete?" Finigan asked.

"It is complete. I shall not kill the lovely Celia for vengeance."

"Why, then, your highness?"

"She loved my sonata. That was the first time I thought of this. She will have learned the score by now. She plays well, you know. The perfect woman shares my triumph. So alive; so ripe and beautiful for death."

"I don't quite get the point," said Finigan. And yet he could peer into the workings of this exploded brain. There was a dreadful logic to understand. Finigan had to risk his neck. He glanced at the jolly moon, and fleetingly down and back. "Moon's getting low," he said.

"Look at me! Here is the reason: Celia, the true American, wedded India and England. I, the true Aryan, wedded India and England. I was sacrificed." The maniac laughed merrily. "See the point, old boy?"

"If you call me 'old boy' just once again," said Finigan, "I shall scream. You sound like a parody of Colonel Blimp." He knew what was coming. Somehow, anyhow, he must gain time against that coming.

"Scream?" Timbala stared at him. The nostrils were dilated. The upper lip was twitching. The moment was very near. "Yes, for that I will make you scream. Colonel Blimp! You think, because I went to Oxford, because I talk—because of my music—because I —— I—I, the spirit of India, I, Sher Bahadur—Brave Tiger—Maharaja of Timbala!" The left hand drew the knife.

*Here we are*, thought Finigan from some other place than here. He stared the

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Midnight

By Neil M. Clark

A star
Drops out of heaven
Into my lap.

A cloud,
Torn by its fall,
Flutters after.

The pool of dreams
Breaks into a thousand
mirrors
Instead of one.

A bird,
Disturbed on the bough,
Flutters its wings
And twitters softly.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

monster out. He must not flinch. Movement would trip the trigger in that brain, and in another feline brain. *Make him move.*

"Better watch out, Brave Tiger," Finigan said. "The tiger of Timbala is behind you."

But the madman screamed, "I am the tiger of Timbala! I, I, I!" and did not turn, and the tiger of Timbala charged from the rocks beyond Timbala's shoulder; and then the man moved at last, and shirttailed Finigan could move.

The bright tiger took its victim at a limping gallop. Finigan had the rifle. He used his second finger twice. Victim a hundred and forty-five lay dead. The Tiger of Timbala thrashed about and lay dead in the clearing below the moon. Marcus Finigan seemed to be alive.

"We heard the shots. Did you kill the tiger?"

"Yes," he said. "I killed the tiger."

"You're in a terrible mess. Are you all right, Marcus?"

"O.K.," he said. "First I want a strong neat snort. Then I want someone to press my clothes while I have a bath. Then I want a champion breakfast." Finigan's index finger was hurting him; the backlogs of sleep were clamoring. Otherwise, he felt wonderful, and Mrs. Dawson in a negligee looked wonderful.

"You're a very explicit man in wants," she said, and smiled at him, and went to attend to the first of his wants, a well-earned snort at five A.M.

There was shocking news that must be told. "Thank you," Finigan said, taking the glass. He turned away. The moon had set. He looked at the stars of the Indian night and told her about the Maharaja of Timbala.

"I wondered," she said in a while. "I wondered why that music haunted me, and the look on his face when he played that night, and the way he stared when I asked him for it. And then, last evening, after he had gone, and you had gone, and you were such a dictator, and so mysterious with Sohan Singh—well, then the idea suddenly hit me, and I thought: 'It can't be true'; then I thought: 'Supposing it could be true?' So I worked it out in my head all night, until it made the most dreadful sense, except for one thing: What possessed him to play the sonata to us and lend it to me?"

"Conceit possessed him," Finigan said. "The maniac has to boast. That's why I'm still alive and kicking, fool that I was and am."

"Some fool!" she said. And then she said, "Once I saw it, I saw it all—even the mad logic that put me on the list. Is that true, Marcus?"

"True," he said, and left it at that. He looked down at the warm, live woman in his care. Finigan felt strongly warm and live himself. "Bath!" he said loudly, before the spirit weakened.

A broken finger was nothing much, but it was Finigan's most important finger. Celia applied a temporary splint. They breakfasted on the upstairs veranda. The sun was not yet high enough to spoil the freshness of the first morning after the year's first rain. The snows were showing in the north.

"Well," said Finigan, "time to say thank you and good-by."

"You're the most restless, nomadic creature. What's the hurry now?"

"I can't wait to collect my just rewards and book passage to America."

"So you weren't joking the other night?"

"Joking?" he said. "My heavenly object is a sacred subject. And how will I ever attain it when all the best wives are wives already?" Finigan sighed.

She laughed. "You produce more corn than all the state of Kansas."

"Kansas," he mused. "Would that be the rich place I was hearing of?"

"I think you mean Texas," Celia said.

"Big fortunes there?" asked Finigan blandly.

"Astronomical," she said.

"Jewels and tiaras?"

"Constellations of them." But Celia stared at him. "Oh, you devil! I wondered why you were even more pleased with yourself than usual. Do let me have a peek."

Finigan let her have a peek. "Are you a girl who can keep a secret, even from Duncan?"

"My first," she said. "But I can, I guess."

Finigan stood. The longer he remained, the less he would feel like leaving. He looked round. Nobody in sight. He grasped Celia Dawson powerfully and kissed her well. "Tell Duncan I kept a virtuous eye on you against my better judgment. Good-by, Beautiful."

"Good-by," she said, "dear Marcus, awful man."

The awful Finigan went on his way to collect lesser rewards and be out of reach before awkward questions might arise. The Emerald of Timbala—his rightful, if illegal, spoil of war—was in his pocket. He was sure that nobody could possibly pin it on him. The Lone Star State was the rightful home for such a heavenly object. THE END


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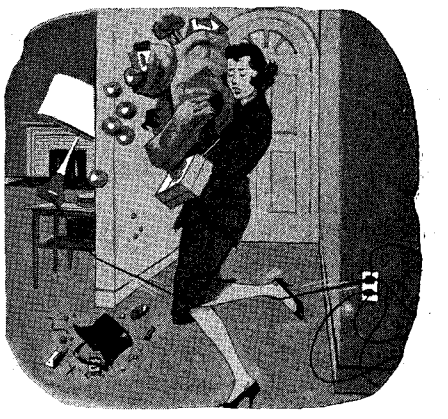

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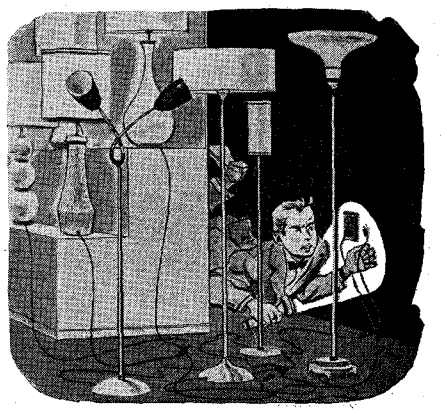

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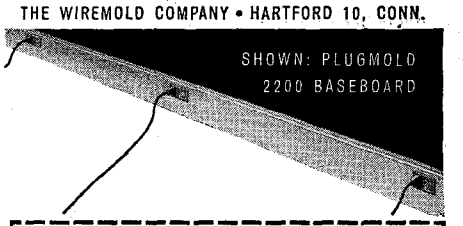


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# The Riddle of Life (Continued from Page 43)

schoolbooks. This is a pity because such views are seldom justified. Thought and effort may be necessary; one must raise his head if he wishes to look around. But the effort is worth while.

It is worth while if only for the joyous fun of it. One should savor great developments as they happen, for truly great contributions quickly enter the intellectual household of humanity. There they became commonplaces, yesterday's triumphs, and if we missed them yesterday, the exhilarating moment is passed. I share the view of most scientists: it is much more fun to discover knowledge than to possess it.

Science is, moreover, the outstanding feature of modern civilization. It is leading us, willingly or not, into strange new worlds where, if we are to live on in fulfillment and peace, we will have to understand what science is and what it is not, what it can and what it cannot do in helping us control the environment, what it tells us of man, his place in nature, and his destiny.

One of the remarkable and frustrating aspects of modern biology is the fact that the roaring tide of specialization has left no one who feels qualified to hold forth on the problem of life itself. Biology has its taxonomists, bacteriologists and biochemists, each an expert in his own domain, but no one wants to tackle the single overriding question common to all: what is life?

Of the several hypotheses that have been offered to explain life, none has been capable of decisive testing. Thus, we have not been able to do what one must always do with any hypothesis if it is to be meaningful: test it experimentally and then accept it, modify it or abandon it as the results dictate. For the only value of such notions lies in their potential usefulness in leading us to new hypotheses and new experiments. This is how knowledge is won and science progresses.

Actually, experimental data can at best contribute only indirectly to this problem. No one can enter a laboratory and undertake to study Life. We study examples of life, in specific areas of inquiry, by asking discrete questions of limited scope. The answers when taken together may provide a basis for generalization by whose reflected light we may hope to illuminate what has been called the biggest question of them all. It is a question which, in my opinion and in the light of what is now going on in science, is probably capable of an answer right now. It is not a very satisfying answer, for it suggests that this question may be one of the meaningless ones.

Since ancient times, a fatal fascination lay in the argument over whether the riddle of life could be explained by sophisticated combinations of physical and chemical laws, a view which is called mechanistic or materialistic, or, alternatively, by the workings of some extramaterial agency which alone gives matter the spark of life. From the Age of Greece to the Age of Biochemistry, the battle has shuffled back and forth across traditional disciplinary boundaries, into and out of biology, physics and chemistry, back through theology, up and down the long, drafty corridors of metaphysics. Here, as perhaps in no other field of inquiry, can be seen the crazy quilt of frank speculation, honest application of scientific method, the paternity of wish to thought, the ceaseless kneading of modest but partial evidence into exorbitant theory. What is the question which has led to so many answers?

It is obvious to all that living things are physical objects. They have weight and solidity and exist in a physical matrix. No one has reliably experienced disembodied life. The materials which make up the organism are known to every chemist. We know how some of these substances are put together. We know also that all living things die, and after death, retain, at least momentarily, their same structure, weight and physical continuity. These two general assertions are perhaps indisputable. The question is: what accounts for the difference between living and nonliving physical objects, between the animate body and its corpse?

The *something* that transforms matter into life has been many things to many men. To the ancients, it was the psyche, the life principle, or the soul. To Aristotle, it was three souls. To the early philosopher Democritus, it was something made of atoms, as were all things in his view. Descartes, early in the seventeenth century, made his famous distinction between mind and matter wherein he pictured a dualistic world whose material half was strictly mechanistic. The mind or "rational soul" did not occupy space and was characterizable only by its function: it did the thinking, feeling and reasoning. And, though the rational soul (according to Descartes) did impinge directly upon the material body somewhere in the valve manifold of the pineal gland, the remainder of life's functions were all based on autonomous material mechanisms. Descartes actually gave such great impetus to mechanistic biology, many began to urge that the soul was merely a superfluous hypothesis.

Biology, however, was not purged of its spirits. Frank spookism did give way to more scientific-sounding concepts embodying the idea of *vital forces*—hypothetical agencies by whose indispensable presence and powers matter was made into living matter. Although it explained nothing, substituting mere verbal symbols for the answers still being sought, vitalism nevertheless came to include a large catalogue of nonmaterialistic points of view. In the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the debate between mechanists and vitalists became strenuous and intemperate. Vitalists repeatedly pointed to the failure of strict Darwinian evolutionary theory to explain in detail the emergence of the human mind and consciousness. Moreover, vitalists began bringing from the laboratory long processions of dramatic observations. The German biologist, Hans Driesch, for example, demonstrated in newts the astonishing restitution of whole limbs after leg amputation. To Driesch, this had a clear meaning: that some invisible controlling agency must reside within the living organism. No conception, stated Driesch, which views life as a physical or chemical machine, can account for the origin of a whole organism from a single fertilized egg or for the mind of man.

No biologist, of course, ever denied that newt limbs regenerate splendidly following amputation. Like all good experiments, this is the kind one can repeat for himself. The disagreement arises over the conclusions which can justifiably be drawn from this fact. Need one postulate invisible vital forces to explain what has been observed? If there are vital forces, what could one do to verify their existence? Here was the real problem: no possible biological observation could be made which would threaten the validity of this hypothesis. No situation could be imagined which was incompatible with the existence of the postulated vital force. Whatever one observed fitted nicely: it is the vital force at work. Even death could be explained as a giving up or giving out of the vital force, so that even death of the organism did not end the life of the hypothesis.

In contrast, for the mechanistic biologist, every natural occurrence arouses surprise and interest. All living phenomena require explanation in physiochemical terms since none are automatically preexplained.

Because the progress which the mechanists achieved was undeniable, the extravagant and implausible vitalism of Driesch and his followers gradually passed from favor. It is usually stated, therefore, that vitalism is a dead issue in biology today. Yet, neither is a strict mechanistic viewpoint universally accepted. A number of biologists (*Continued on Page 92*)

"No."

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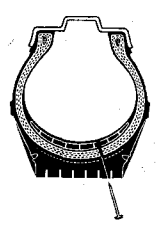

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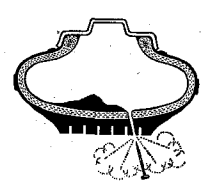

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(*Continued from Page 90*) have taken an intermediate position that the essence of the organism is its wholeness and marvelous integration. According to this view, called *organicism*, life depends upon the complexity of organization of its material parts. To this extent, the doctrine is palatable to the most hardheaded of mechanists who agree that there are no pieces of living matter, but only intact, complex, living organisms.

But many organicists have not stopped there. They have added a variety of other beliefs which carry them beyond the ken of scientific inquiry—doctrines, for example, involving the purpose of life and the nature of thought processes. Thus it is not wholly accurate to state that the mechanism-vitalism controversy is dead.

During this debate, biologists have succeeded in setting the stage for what may be one of the most important moments in the history of science. Within recent years, scientific analysis of the living organism has moved forward with such giant steps that one must be audacious indeed to predict what will or will not be accessible to future scientific inquiry. Few scientists today would concede the existence of a secret of life or a life principle.

On what evidence is this position based? Let us consider some of the developments of biological science.

Despite boisterous controversies, the nineteenth century witnessed the firm establishment of a number of fundamental biological theories. One theory held that the basic living unit is the cell, that multicellular plants and animals are composed of individual cells which are essentially similar, and that all cells are formed by binary fission. Another was that, after its spontaneous origin, life could thenceforth arise only from life.

Still another theory was contributed by Darwin when he asserted that the evolution of species resulted from a struggle for existence among species and within species. And there was the epochal work of the Moravian monk, Gregor Mendel, whose breeding experiments on pea plants showed that heredity was controlled by sets of physical particles within the germ cells of each plant. When the germ cells of two parents were combined, their genetic particles mixed, and the combination that was transmitted to the offspring determined its hereditary character.

A key feature of Mendel's work was the demonstration that when an offspring showed a trait of one parent, say the color of the male, it might nevertheless hand on to the offspring the corresponding trait of the female. This proved that the genetic particles of female parent's color were present in the offspring all the while, even though masked by the particles of male parent's color. Not only were they present though hidden in one generation, they were stable, so that when they could finally reassert themselves in the character traits of a later generation, they were unaltered by their long stay in limbo. Thus it was concluded that heredity depends upon a mosaic of *separate and discrete physical particles* with a continuing existence in time. In 1909 the great Danish botanist Wilhelm Johannsen named them *genes*.

Darwin was one of the many who failed to grasp Mendel's work. And it was not appreciated until well into the present century that, though the discoveries of the two men seemed to be opposed, they were not. Whereas Mendel showed that genetic particles are stable and that genic stability is what guarantees that the offspring will be the same species as its parents, Darwin showed that species are not stable, but arise anew in evolution. How could these two views be reconciled? The answer is *mutation*—the occasional chance alteration of the gene itself.

When a gene mutates it is abruptly and permanently altered in an all-or-none fashion. And as we know of genes only by the results of their actions, by the so-called test of progeny, so we know of mutant genes only from the appearance of altered traits in the progeny which are transmitted to all subsequent generations. Mutations are fairly rare events, but in 1927 Prof. Hermann J. Muller showed in experiments on fruit flies that the frequency of mutations can be artificially increased. He did this by exposing the germ cells to x-ray irradiation; the higher the dose, the greater the frequency of induced mutations. This discovery led to the realization that it is the rare spontaneous mutation—caused primarily by the stray radiation always present in the environment—which is the operative factor in evolution.

Random mutation produces the variations that Darwin was talking about and mutation is, as far as we know, the only source of genetic variability and hence of evolution. Thus was it possible to reconcile Darwin's concept of biological variation with Mendel's concept of genic permanence. The gene *is* permanent unless it mutates. The mutant gene, once formed, is also permanent except for the small probability that it will mutate back to its original state. For despite their rarity, mutations occur in cell populations with a regular and predictable frequency.

Thus it became clear how the genes were transmitted to the offspring and how they might be altered. What was not known, however, was *how* the gene influences a specific organism to develop this or that trait. If the gene is pictured as a blueprint, how does it communicate with the builder?

The ingenious work of the California investigators, George W. Beadle and Edward L. Tatum, with a red bread mold provided an important clue. So that we can clearly understand their experiment, let us begin with some preliminary facts. The living organism is a self-regulating metabolic machine whose primary activity is the chemical conversion of nutrient materials to other compounds needed for growth and maintenance.

We may illustrate the essential character of metabolism quite simply:

A⟶B⟶C⟶D⟶E⟶F

Let A in the schema represent an ingredient of the diet, and F a compound that the organism needs. The intermediate compounds are merely products and precursors in an orderly sequence of chemical conversions. Each step is made possible by a specific *enzyme* within the cell. The function of enzymes, which are special protein molecules, is to catalyze and control these reactions. For almost every one of the huge number of chemical reactions in the organism, there is one enzyme "in charge." There are indications that the high specificity of each enzyme results from an intricate spatial arrangement of the limited number of amino acids which make up all proteins.

We may, therefore, regard all biological traits as consequences of enzymatic reactions. For example, brown skin is brown because a brown pigment has been synthesized by a collection of enzymes in the cells of the skin. In other words, the presence or absence of specific enzymes determines the appearances which we call traits. The question then becomes: what is the relationship between genes and enzymes?

Beadle and Tatum took a sample of mold that could make substance F from A. The mold needed a supply of F for growth, but if cultivated on a medium containing A alone, it could flourish because it possessed the enzymes needed to convert A to F. They found then that if they irradiated the mold, many offspring appeared which would no longer grow on a medium containing only A, but would grow if F was added to the culture. In other words, the F requirement for growth remained, but the mold had lost the ability to convert A to F.

By closer analysis, they demonstrated that this radiation-induced loss occurred in just *one* of the sequential steps; that is, the organism could not now convert C to D, for example, while the other steps remained unaltered. This could be shown in two ways: by demonstrating normal growth on a medium containing only D (proving that D⟶E⟶F was intact); and by showing a large pile-up of C when the medium contains only A—proving that A was still being converted into C, although C was not being converted to D. These results suggested that x-irradiation of the mold results in offspring which lack a single enzyme. When an actual search was made for the "C⟶D enzyme," it was indeed found to be missing. Furthermore, when mold growth was sustained by artificially providing the missing ingredient, normal reproduction followed and subsequent generations lacked the same enzyme. Beadle and Tatum, therefore, postulated that for each enzyme, there is one gene—the "one gene, one enzyme hypothesis."

Their work clarified several other mysteries. For example, the red mold needs vitamin $B_1$ just as we do; but *it* can make $B_1$ from simpler compounds, whereas we cannot. When Beadle and Tatum produced a mutant unable to make its own $B_1$, they had to provide it artificially. Since our $B_1$ must be ready made, $B_1$ is for us a vitamin, because by definition a vitamin is a substance the organism needs but cannot manufacture. We may reasonably speculate that our ancestors once could make $B_1$, but by a mutation the enzymatic machinery needed for its synthesis was lost forever. Had there been no organisms in our environment which could make it for us, like the bread mold or other living organisms, we might have perished then and there.

The question now comes down to the nature of the relationship between the gene and enzymes. Conceivably, the gene is some kind of master pattern which is replicated in the manufacture of specific enzyme molecules. Since such high specificity is conveyed from the gene to the enzyme, we may postulate a physical relationship such as occurs in printing. Thus, the gene might be an intricate pattern mold for stamping the specificity into its enzyme. If the gene were physically damaged, the corresponding enzyme would then be lost.

This postulate pointed a new approach: what is the gene made of chemically—or, more precisely, what are chromosomes made of? The gene is an abstract assumption while chromosomes are the microscopically visible structures in which, we believe, genes are located. It had been known for years that a substance could be extracted from cell nuclei which, being acidic, was named *nucleic acid*. It was then discovered that there are two kinds of nucleic acid: the one found only in the nucleus, desoxyribonucleic acid or DNA, and the other, which may be outside the nucleus, ribonucleic acid or RNA.

The molecules of nucleic acid were seen to be extraordinarily long chainlike structures whose links consisted of numerous units called *nucleotides*. The nucleotides, in turn, are fairly complicated compounds of four kinds, differing only in the identity of attached substances known as nitrogenous bases. For convenience, we may refer to these as 1,2,3, and 4. Thus, chemically speaking, DNA appeared to be a long chain of four repeating units such as:

...-1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4 or perhaps...3-2-1-4...

The exact sequence of these units was unresolved. Having recorded these observations, biochemists placed nucleic acid on the shelf to gather dust, a mysterious gummy white powder of unknown significance.

In time, however, nucleic acid reappeared on the scene in several unexpected places. Investigators found that viruses consist of nothing more than minute pieces of nucleic acid with a protein coating. When a virus enters a cell, as it must to reproduce, the protein remains outside. This suggested that it is nucleic acid alone which stimulates the production of new and complete viruses within the host cell. The blueprints for virus synthesis, it appeared, therefore, must reside within the nucleic acid. Since the acid evidently determines when and how a cell turns out new viruses, it alone must carry the hereditary information which guarantees that the new viruses will be replicas of their parent.

Meanwhile, another phenomenon was being (*Continued on Page 94*)

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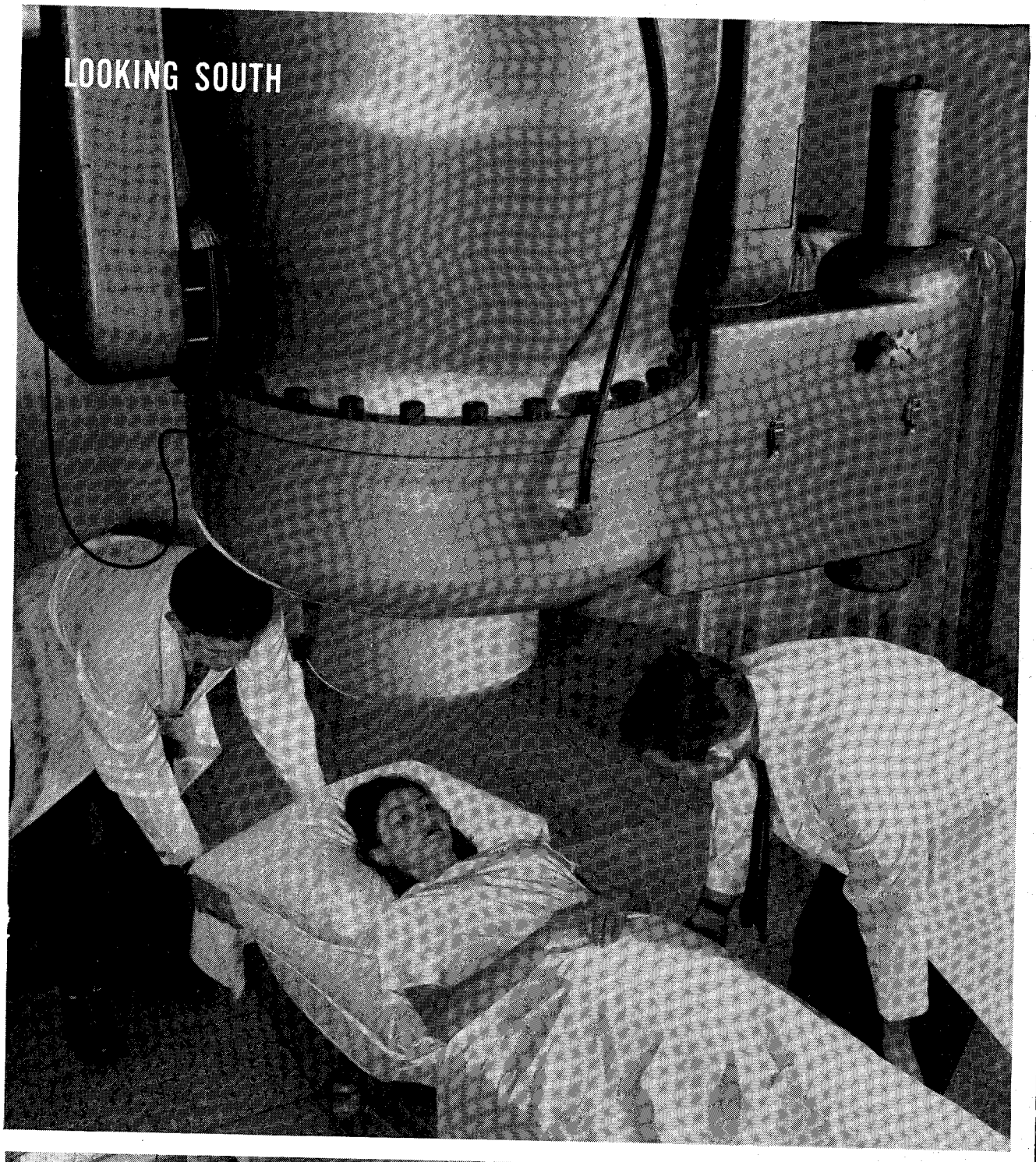


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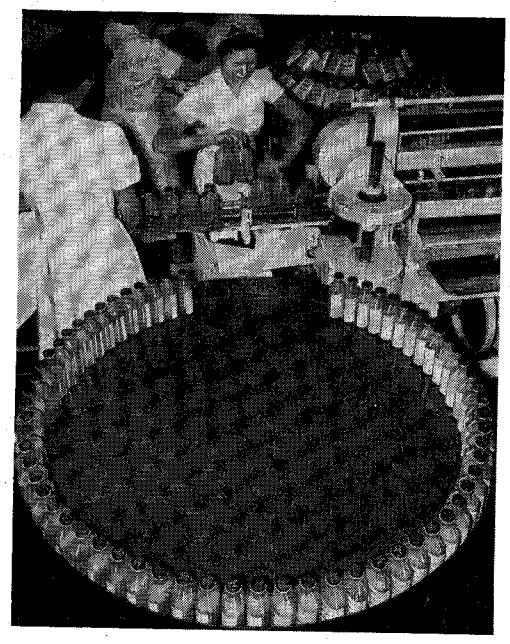

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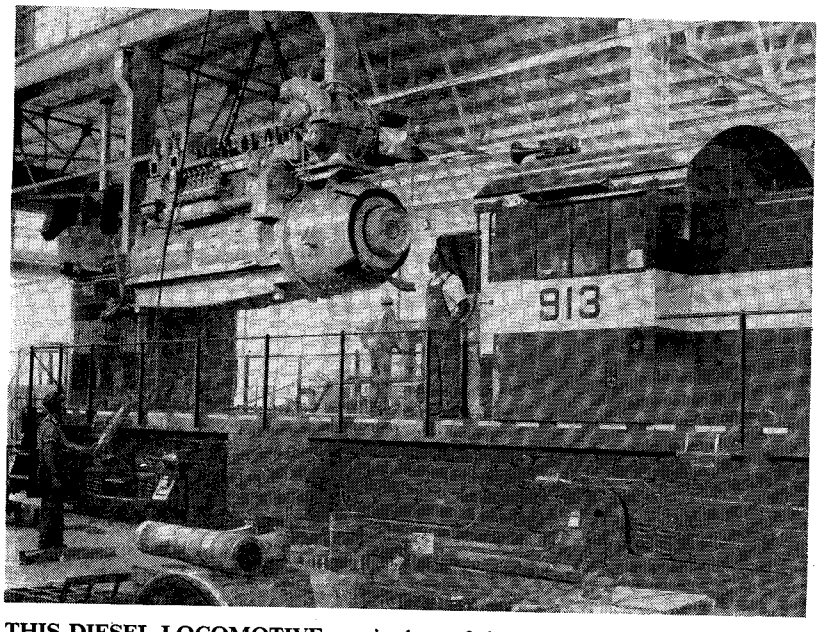


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(*Continued from Page 92*) observed. Two strains of the same bacterial species were cultured, differing only in that one had trait *x*, the other did not. (We are here using *x* as a convenient symbol to denote any of several hereditary traits—penicillin-resistance, for example. Thus, in this context, *x*-bacteria would be penicillin-resistant; non-*x*-bacteria penicillin-sensitive.) An extract of the *x*-bacteria culture free of whole bacteria, particles or other debris was prepared and added to the growing culture of non-*x*-bacteria. The results were quite startling. The treated culture developed many colonies of *x*-bacteria. Moreover, the new *x*-bacteria bred true, showing that their newly acquired trait was hereditary. This phenomenon was called *transformation* and the active ingredient in the extract was called the *transforming* principle or TP. It was further shown that TP is DNA. Once again, DNA apparently turns up as a carrier of genetic information.

An avalanche of questions followed these discoveries. Are the properties of the gene explained by the properties of DNA? How does DNA carry genetic information when no *chemical* difference can be detected between the DNA nucleotides of different species? When a cell makes new DNA, what preserves the genetic information? What could not be questioned was the dramatic fact that, at last, a fateful meeting had occurred between biology, chemistry and physics. All lines of demarcation were now erased. For DNA is a *chemical* compound carrying *biological* information somewhere within its *physical* structure.

The stage was now set for a unified attack on one of the greatest enigmas of science. In 1953, James D. Watson and F. H. C. Crick reported that examination of DNA by x-ray diffraction revealed it to be not a mere string of nucleotides, but a highly organized helical structure. The most exciting part of their discovery was that the helix involved not one, but two parallel nucleotide strands. It was also concluded that any given sequence of nucleotides in one strand determined the order in the other strand, since in the limited space of the tightly joined structure only certain pairs of nitrogenous bases could fit together side by side.

Here was a picture which could explain a great deal. A double set of strands suggests a self-duplicating mechanism. The two strands could separate and each could serve as a mold for the formation of the other, since each nitrogenous base in the chain could accommodate only the correct complementary base. Thus, the daughter DNA would be similarly double-stranded with the same order of nucleotides. The preservation of this *order* is crucial, for every indication points to base order as the code in which all of heredity is written. Theorists were quick to note that if the DNA chain contained only 100 sets of four nucleotides each (it actually contains thousands), the number of possible linear arrangements would be considerably larger than the number of atoms in the solar system. Such a range of variations would be more than enough to account for the specificity of enzymes *if one makes the obvious deduction*, to wit: nucleotides confer specificity on enzymes by assembling their constituent amino acids in the correct sequences. Nucleotide sequence thus determines which enzymes will be present and therefore which traits will occur in each generation.

According to the latest evidence, DNA does not preside directly over the synthesis of enzymes. Instead it somewhat resembles the process by which phonograph records are manufactured. First, the artist makes a master. To duplicate the master, a negative pressing is made, which is used to press out positives. Here, the master is DNA, whose basic character has been shaped by evolution. The negative which transfers the sequence pattern is RNA, and the matrix into which it stamps a specific pattern is the protein which thereby becomes an enzyme.

Biochemists have now learned to synthesize artificial nucleotide chains and are seeking to arrange them in specific order patterns. One might call this an attempt to create life, but such a statement adds little to our understanding of what has been done and what remains to be done. We are working with physical phenomena entirely accessible to our understanding, and in this light the words "life" and "living" have pallid complexions. We have now entered a zone where such words serve us no longer. It is a zone of ambiguity where there is no meaning or purpose in debating where life begins and

"Talk about luck. . . ." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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nonlife ends. What occurs occurs; the rest relates to one's state of mind. There are, in fact, none but metaphysical reasons to assume *a priori* that an absolute and unbridgeable gap must separate animate and inanimate matter. The evidence rather points in the opposite direction and suggests that "life" and "nonlife" may be words like "hot" and "cold." They are positions on a spectrum graduated from the simple to the complex: life is on the complex end, nonlife on the simple. The middle ground is neither one nor the other.

To the vitalistic argument that mechanists have not yet created a living organism, there are two answers. One is that neither has the astronomer created a solar system, nor has the evolutionist evolved an elephant, although both understand their systems in mechanistic terms. The other is that "not yet" is not the same as "never." Nothing so far discovered warrants the final conclusion that biological events will *never* be totally explained in the language of physics and chemistry.

However, substantial and nonmystical reasons exist for suspecting that the goal of mechanistic biology may never be reached, though vitalists rarely mention these reasons. There are two basic methods of studying the living organism, the behavioral and the analytical. In order to elucidate biological phenomena it may be essential to make both types of observations simultaneously. But the two methods are mutually exclusive. We would, for example, have difficulty studying the brain by dissection or chemical analysis while at the same time observing its behavior by the interview method—the only method available for examining a mind at work. The final explanation of one in terms of the other would call for simultaneous observation. Likewise, it would be difficult to study the nucleotide order of a DNA molecule during the act of genetic recombination, as long as such recombination can occur only in the intact cell. Base analysis is destructive of biological organization, while behavioral analysis requires the organism to be intact. This problem is particularly frustrating in cancer research. Here we seek to attribute abnormal patterns of growth behavior to events within cells. But test-tube analysis conducted on shreds of cancer cells can show no growth pattern—since growth requires that the cell be intact. If cancer is due to genetic mutation brought on by radiation, noxious chemicals or viruses (as many of us believe), we may be hard pressed to relate a DNA alteration to abnormal growth.

Yet the problem may not be insoluble. A clue to a possible solution may lie in the laboratory synthesis of infective virus nucleic acid. If we can *first* synthesize nucleic acids to our own specification and *then* observe their genetic behavior, we could then dispense with the necessity of simultaneous observation.

This is not to suggest that we may someday possess the "secret of life," whatever that phrase may mean. But an adequate explanation of organismic behavior may be possible in terms of physics and chemistry. Indeed as we have seen, such an explanation may be close at hand.

Editors' Note—The fourth article in this Adventures of the Mind series will appear in next week's Post.

## Colchis Bay

By R. H. Grenville

When first I came to
Colchis Bay,
Romantic breezes teased
my hair;
The orchards waved me on
my way,
The mountains all stood up
to stare;

Young wheat and barley
danced for me
In glittering fields beneath
the sky,
And never a laddie glanced
at me
But seemed to have a
lovesick eye.

When I came back to
Colchis Bay
With snow of seasons on
my head,
A raw wind mocked me all
the way,
The lovely orchards all
were dead,

And when, in some bleak
street above
The chimneyed landscape,
cold and crude,
A lilac bush recalled your
love,
It broke my heart with
gratitude.

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A haircut is a casual thing which is taken for granted, but without it a man cannot make a well-groomed impression.

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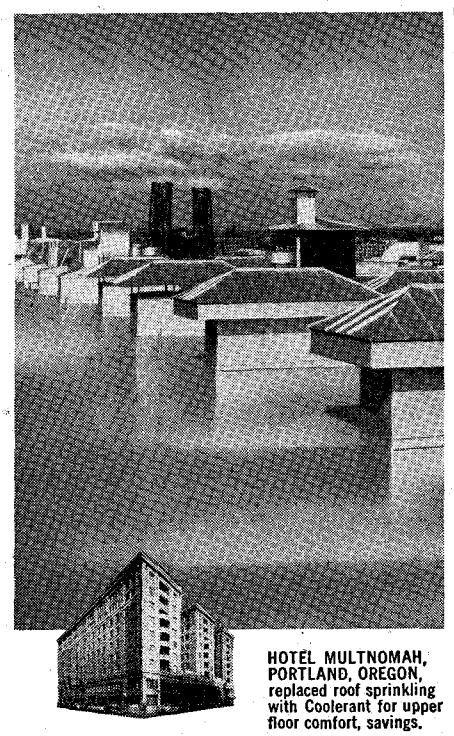

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# The World's Fussiest Sport

(Continued from Page 37)

ride back down the swift current, bobbing lightly over a riffle, gliding around a boulder; reversing its course and halting poised for an instant in a back eddy under the bank. If a trout happens to share his enthusiasm for the fly, well and good. The angler plays his adversary on a taut line until the fish is exhausted, and leads it carefully to shore. Then he kneels beside it and grips it firmly around the body—first wetting his hands so he will not damage its protective oily coating—and removes the barb from its upper lip. He holds the trout facing upstream a moment longer, until its gills begin to move regularly, and then he spreads his hand and watches it dart back into the current with a farewell flick of its tail.

But the dry-fly angler does not come home empty-handed. His creel may be barren at the end of the day, but he brings back other things: the sound of running water and smell of wet rocks, the memory of a grouse drumming on a log, a beaver's v-shaped wake as it crossed the pool, the sudden skirl of a kingfisher, like a winding reel. They will last longer than a fish curling in a pan.

Dry-fly enthusiasts have long since given up trying to defend this position to nonfishermen. When a passer-by suggests with a condescending smile that the angler could get his limit much quicker if he used a live shiner instead of a bunch of feathers, he does not argue. He simply hits the intruder over the head with his own minnow bucket and goes on fly fishing in sullen silence.

A friend of mine, an ardent purist, was challenged once by a golfing acquaintance as he turned loose a large trout he had just netted. "Why go to all that trouble to catch a fish," the exasperated golfer demanded, "if you don't want to eat it?"

"Do you eat golf balls?" my friend inquired pleasantly.

The answer, of course, is that fly-fishing is a sport, just as golf is a sport, with its own self-imposed rules. Granted that the angler could take more fish if he used night crawlers or dynamite. By the same token, the golfer could achieve a hole in one if he picked up the ball, carried it across the green and dropped it in the hole. The bigger the handicap, the better the contest. A purist uses a split-bamboo rod that weighs only a couple of ounces; he ties his fly to a leader as fine as a cobweb; he even files the barb off the hook to lengthen the odds against himself. I suppose the trout think he's crazy too.

It is because they're so generally misunderstood that fly-fishermen tend to be antisocial, and stick by themselves in small groups at social gatherings. There's nothing like the joy of a devout angler when he finds a dinner companion who shares his hobby. A couple of antique collectors are delighted to discover a mutual interest in pewter snuffboxes; a pair of camera bugs will talk each other's ears off; but when two dry-fly fanatics get together, the rest of the guests might as well go home. Long after the party is over, the anglers will still be huddled in a corner, discussing the technique of the roll cast or debating the comparative merits of the fan wing versus the spent wing, while their wives drum their fingers on the arms of their chairs and the hostess glances significantly at the clock on the mantel. This is why fly-fishermen don't get asked out to dinner much.

They speak a language all their own. Don't call the purist's rod a pole, for instance, or refer to his reel as a pulley or his line as a string. Don't say he "caught" a trout; he "takes" trout and "kills" salmon. Above all, don't ask him why on earth he has to buy another rod when his closet is bulging with them already. No matter how much equipment an angler has, he always needs more. Hunting tigers with elephants may represent a large initial outlay as a sport, but once you've acquired a string of pachyderms your investment is largely over. Not the fisherman. He may possess a thousand feathered lures, stuffed into aluminum cases or empty tobacco tins or old typewriter-ribbon containers, but he can't pass a tackle store on his way home without adding a half dozen new ones to his collection. Every evening when supper is over, he dumps them all out on the dining-room table, like a miser counting his hoard of coins, fluffing and primping and combing out their hackles, and putting them back in individual compartments with their names on the covers: Royal Coachman and Gordon Quill and Whirling Blue Dun, Wickham's Fancy, Pink Lady and Hare's Ear. He never fishes with them, of course. When the time comes, he'll tie on the same matted fly that he's been using for the past ten years.

Every angler has his favorite pattern. Some like light flies, some prefer dark, some go in for large White Millers and others swear by minuscule Black Gnats. One fisherman may employ a full-bodied tie to suggest a female insect ovipositing on the water, another fisherman will try to imitate a nymph. (There's nothing sillier than a middle-aged fisherman trying to imitate a nymph.)

Personally I have a pet fly called the Corey Ford, which was tied by Walt Dette, of the Beaverkill, and which has heavy gray hackle and a cream-colored body. My own hackle is rather sparse, particularly on top, and my body is more or less the conventional pink, but otherwise it is a good resemblance. I haven't taken a trout on it yet, but I like the looks of it in the band of my hat.

A real purist, of course, ties his own flies. This is a very intricate process, and I won't go into it here, except to mention that the amateur needs a metal vise, forceps, tweezers, a bobbin, a bodkin and at least seven fingers on each hand. The body of an artificial fly is usually wrapped with silk thread or mole fur or a split quill, the wings are sections of webbing from a stiff tail feather, and the legs are fashioned by winding a rooster's neck hackle at right angles to the shank of the hook. The fly tier garners this material by devious means, pilfering a few spools of thread from his wife's sewing basket, unraveling the baby's sweater for worsted or stealthily slitting his host's sofa cushions in search of (*Continued on Page 98*)

## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

A competitor accidentally rammed Mike's delivery truck and put it out of service. The garageman, after repairing it, refused to release it until Mike paid his bill of $200. Mike, broke, could not do so. Without his truck, he couldn't earn a cent. Months later, he sued his competitor not only for the $200 in damages but for an estimated $3000 in income that he lost because his truck was tied up.

"The accident was the direct cause of my not being able to earn that money," Mike argued. "Therefore I am entitled to it as part of the accident damages."

"Nonsense," his competitor replied. "I'll pay the $200, but your other loss was caused by your being broke and unable to pay your garage bill. I had nothing to do with that."

If you were the judge, would you award Mike the extra money?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mike collected every cent. The court ruled that as he was "financially unable to make expenditures" necessary to repair his truck, he could in this instance recover the damages resulting from loss of its use.

*Based upon a 1944 California case.*

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May 10, 1958

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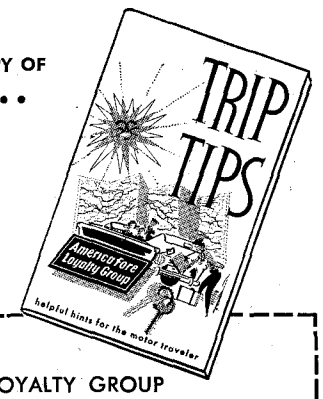


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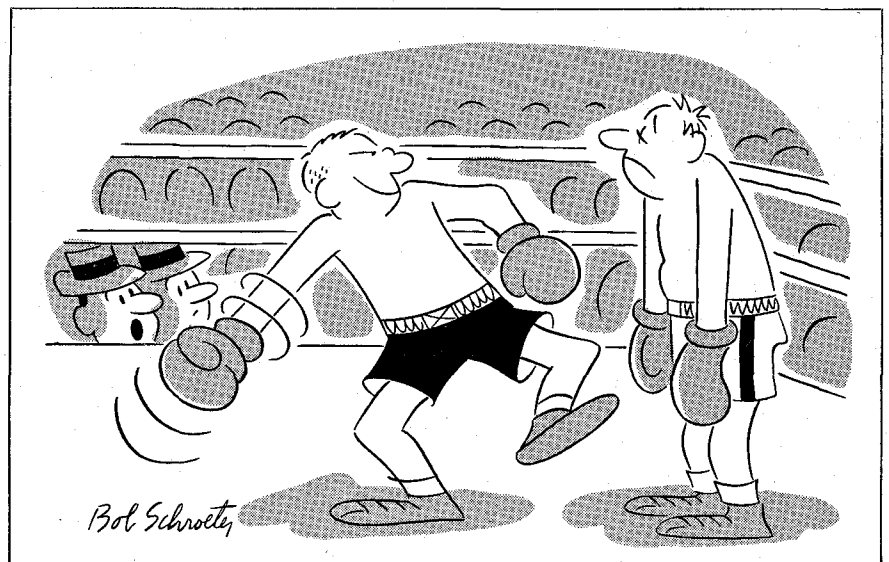
(*Continued from Page 96*) feathers. One fisherman I know made a habit of visiting the poultry show each year, until the management complained to the police that several rare East Indian gamecocks were missing bits of plumage which had evidently been snipped off by some vandal through the wire of their cages. Another flytier of my acquaintance, even more unscrupulous, used to carry a pair of manicure scissors to Easter services, and augment his stockpile from the bonnets of parishioners kneeling in the pew ahead.

You can always tell a dry-fly fisherman, but, as the old saw goes, you can't tell him much. For one thing, he is usually irrational and slightly absent-minded, and when he meets his wife on the street during fishing season he is apt to tip his hat politely and walk past her with a faintly puzzled glance. He'll sit at his office desk by the hour, drawing little fish doodles on his blotter or winding his typewriter ribbon with a preoccupied smile, or else flipping the pages of his desk calendar ahead to May and circling a date with a red pencil.

If somebody calls him on business, he'll reply briefly, "O.K., sell a thousand shares," and bang the receiver; but if it's a fellow angler on the phone, he'll argue for twenty-five minutes about the advantages of a turned-up versus a turned-down eye on a trout hook.

At night when he gets home from the office he ignores his family and sits in the living room in moody silence, gazing dreamily at the stuffed trout over the mantel with its scales peeling and a chunk of plaster missing from its nose. It occurs to his wife that he has the same glassy expression.

There are other sure ways to detect a dry-fly fanatic. His necktie may be grease-stained and faded, but it has a pattern of trout flies or leaping fish, and he wouldn't




"This could be the round."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

wear anything else. His paperweight has an artificial fly embedded in plastic, his mail basket is heaped with fishing catalogues, and instead of a photograph of his wife and children in the easel frame on his desk, he has a snapshot of that six-pounder he took last year in Agojumpiney Lake. He will absently snatch a flying insect out of the air, inspect it thoughtfully, and murmur, "Light Cahill, size sixteen," as he releases it again. If the day is hot and sweltering he remarks happily that this weather ought to start the big hatch in Junction Pool, and if everybody else complains about the heavy rain we're having, he observes that it's just what we need to start the trout rising. I have a friend, a true maniac, who puts a few drops of citronella on his handkerchief every morning before he goes into the city. Says he likes to sniff it nostalgically during a business conference.

No matter how much time he spends preparing his tackle, of course, a dry-fly fisherman is never ready when fishing season finally arrives. He may have put in the whole winter greasing his line and varnishing his rods and rearranging his flies, but for some reason the eve of opening day invariably finds him in a frantic state of last-minute preparation. All night long the house echoes to the slamming of bureau drawers, the thump of tossed boots, and an occasional bellowed inquiry from the second-floor landing: "Who's deliberately hidden my wading socks, the ones with the red tops?" His bedroom is littered with freshly dressed flies and looks like the aftermath of a pillow fight. His waders are hanging inside the shower stall, turned inside out and filled with water to see if they leak. His sticky trout line zigzags back and forth in a cat's cradle down the staircase, his newly varnished rod sections dangle from the living-room chandelier, and his leaders are soaking in the kitchen sink. The entire contents of the coat closet have been tossed into the front hall in a frenzied search for his canvas fishing jacket. His temper is not improved when he discovers that the children have been using his landing net for a badminton racket, and his wife has given away his old hat to the Salvation Army. Along about midnight he decides to grab a little shut-eye and finish packing in the morning, as a result of which he sleeps through the four A.M. alarm, and gallops downstairs, pulling on his waders as he runs. He is halfway to the stream before he remembers that he left his rod on the hall table.

It is long after dark when he staggers home. He collapses into a chair in the living room, extends a foot wearily for one of his offspring to pull off his wading boot, and accepts a highball from his wife with a deep sigh. The bridge of his nose is sunburned a lobster red. His lips are puffed and cracked. One eye is swollen shut where a black fly nailed him, and he has rubbed some insect repellent into the other. He has worn a blister on his heel because a pebble got down inside his socks, and he skinned both knees when he climbed a tree to retrieve his fly. His arms ache, his knuckles are raw, he stuck a fishhook in his thumb, and he's caught a severe cold from falling in a stream. He hasn't seen a sign of a trout all day.

Don't waste your sympathy on him. He'll be right out there on the stream again tomorrow. If you must feel sorry for somebody, consider his wife. Poor lonely gal, she's married to a dry-fly fisherman. THE END

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# Hollywood's Oriental Fad (Continued from Page 29)

location in Japan. Both pictures, incidentally, were well received by Japanese audiences. An earlier film, a cops-and-robbers clinker called House of Bamboo, almost created an international incident.

If Hollywood has left its mark on Japan which it has, Hollywood itself has not excaped unscarred. Not since the American military occupation has there been such a resounding clash of cultures.

Less than three weeks after his arrival, Wayne swore he was a foot shorter than his normal six feet four inches—from forgetting to duck when passing through Japanese doorways. Speaking of doorways, Wayne made one for himself by hurling his 220 pounds against the fragile wall of a hotel cottage when the room boy failed to show up with his key. Wayne off screen is very much like Wayne on screen.

Hotel space was a major problem for the Townsend Harris crew. At one time during the shooting of Harris' landing at Kawana, production manager William Eckhardt had 256 people, including thirty-one American men and seven wives staying in forty-two different hotels. Some of the "hotels" were reputable houses of ill fame, although the unsuspecting wives never knew it.

Veteran actor Sam Jaffe and his beautiful young wife had to move twelve times in three weeks. Housed in an unscreened Japanese inn, they were so dive-bombed by mosquitoes that they slept with pillowcases pulled over their heads.

Being the star, Wayne was, of course, given the best accommodations—at the staid old Kawana hotel, an institution patronized almost exclusively by weekend golfers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, which produced the Harris movie, obligingly offered to take over the whole hotel for its cast and crew. The management not only declined this offer but, with shocking disregard for one of Hollywood's top personalities, insisted Wayne move out to make way for the weekend regulars.

Wayne fought a delaying action. In bed with a cold, he insisted he would die if he had to surrender his room. When he recovered and the Japanese again asked him to move, Wayne demanded that he be carried out.

Finally, reduced to one room of his original three-room suite, Wayne threatened to burn the hotel down—and stayed. Two weeks after he checked out it burned down anyway. Wayne by then royally established in Kyoto, 200 miles to the west, had a fireproof alibi.

Hollywood also had its troubles with Japanese plumbing, which is the squat rather than sit type. Dogged by complaints from cast and crew, production manager Eckhardt had his carpenters carve two wooden toilet seats to American specifications.

Two women attendants were hired to keep the place tidy, but they spent so much time watching the shooting of the movie that Eckhardt fired them. In their place he hired one woman to do the work of two. With her baby strapped to her back, she not only did her job well but brightened everybody's day by placing fresh flowers in a discarded whisky bottle.

Director Joshua Logan was also beset by lavatory troubles. One day a sign went up over one toilet door, unfortunately phrased FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE, meaning Americans. This discrimination so outraged one of the Japanese actresses that she stopped production by lining up the entire Japanese cast before the "Special People" door.

It is quite possible that the Japanese have found Hollywood just as inscrutable as Hollywood has found them. But Kawana fishermen never let a mere $3,500,000 production like the Harris story muddle their business instincts. One day, at a sound over the village loudspeaker, Huston's entire set erupted into unscheduled activity. Without bothering to shed their nineteenth-century costumes, the majority of 350 fishermen-extras leaped into their boats and headed for the open sea.

The whole operation went off with such fire-drill efficiency that the fishermen were beyond the breakwater before the astounded Huston learned what had happened. Dolphin were running in the offshore waters. Like cowboys herding cattle, the fishermen formed a crescent behind the school, beating the water with bamboo poles to keep the big fish headed landward. After neatly steering the dolphin through the narrow mouth of the breakwater, the fishermen closed the harbor with nets. Then, after an hour, while the fishermen rested and the dolphin tired themselves trying to escape, the fishermen methodically slaughtered them.

When the slaughter was over, the fishermen had killed 270 dolphin worth $3500. The dolphin run lasted three days and cost 20th Century-Fox an extra $8300 in lost shooting time each day. Huston, however, was not displeased. A hell-for-leather realist, he ordered the slaughter scene shot in color for use in the movie.

"It's always the same with fishermen," says Eckhardt. "Whether they're Japanese or Portuguese, they're a shrewd lot."

The Kawana fishermen were no exception. To give Kawana the look of a century ago, 20th Century-Fox had to pay 276 fishermen to keep forty-four modern fishing boats out of the harbor for twenty-seven days of shooting.

"We tried to talk them into fishing during the day," Eckhardt recalled, "but they said they couldn't because it was the night-fishing season. So we had to pay them to put their boats in another nearby port. Then we had to hire five buses to haul them back and forth to their homes."

At this point, production costs soared to 20,000,000 yen daily—about $55,000. Russian-born producer Eugene Frenke, a man normally cheerful in the face of adversity, became visibly morose.

The knowledge that Wayne was getting $666,666.67 for fourteen weeks' work on the Harris film, and Huston another $300,000 for directing it, didn't make him feel any better. Wayne, cheerful enough, recalled that the last time he worked for 20th Century-Fox, in 1929, he was paid seventy-five dollars a week.

"And to think of all the money we're paying you now," Frenke said with a sudden attack of melancholy.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Thoughtful Junior

He's cruised away another
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Laurence Eisenlohr

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*Alabama's Little River Canyon*

## CANYON and CAVES in ALABAMA

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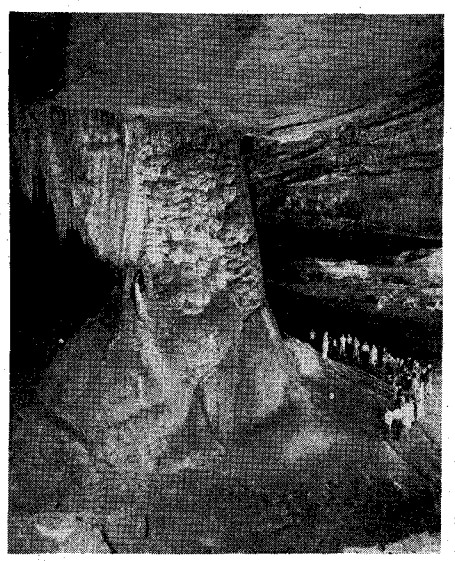

*Cathedral Caverns, world's largest stalagmite*

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"But don't forget," Wayne comforted him, "in the years between, the cost of living has shot sky-high."

While this expensive talent stood idle, Eckhardt, flanked by a squad of interpreters, drank countless cups of green tea and bargained with the natives over peanuts.

The hardheaded people of Kawana wanted a guarantee that the Americans would restore everything they changed. House owners wanted a guarantee their roofs wouldn't leak after being given the nineteenth-century treatment.

Eckhardt agreed to deposit a repair fund with a local contractor to cover all leaks. But then the question arose—how was anybody to know whether his roof leaked unless and until it rained?

As a solution to this weighty problem, somebody suggested pouring water on the roofs and seeing what happened. Nature, perhaps out of pity for Hollywood's innocents abroad, intervened in behalf of 20th Century-Fox. On the day Eckhardt sent a crew of inspectors around to check for leaks it rained—heavily—and very few leaks appeared.

But Eckhardt's most traumatic experience with the Japanese mind was to come later in Kyoto, the templed city 220 miles southwest of Tokyo, where the remainder of the Townsend Harris Story was made.

Suspecting one Japanese technician of dishonesty in the spending of studio funds, he bawled him out and forgot about it. The following morning the Japanese appeared in Eckhardt's office to present him with a small wooden box which, to Eckhardt's horror, contained the severed little finger of his left hand. It was the Japanese way of salvaging his honor. Eckhardt, who was sick for a couple of days, probably felt worse at the sight of the finger than the Japanese did upon chopping it off. Anyway, the man stayed on the job.

When more conventional approaches to the mysterious East failed to get results, it was often Huston himself who saved the day by sheer charm and persuasiveness.

Huston talked the Japanese Maritime Defense Board into letting him use a four-masted cadet-training ship for background purposes. He then talked the captain into changing its color from white to black. The crisis came, however, when the captain refused to unfurl his sails at Huston's directing convenience. It would have meant interrupting cadet-training classes. Huston got into a boat and sped out to the sailing ship to pay the captain a social call. In the captain's cabin he spotted twelve volumes of Alan Villiers' sailing works.

Well, it happened that Huston and Villiers were old friends, and the captain was a great admirer of Villiers. By the time the famed director of The African Queen and Moby Dick left the ship, the captain was so enchanted that he was ready to run the sails up or down any time Huston liked.

Huston's own worst moment came the last day of shooting at Kawana, during the filming of a burning cholera barge. According to the script, Townsend Harris helped save Shimoda from a cholera epidemic. Harris says nothing about it in his diary. The barge, loaded with fifty gallons of kerosene, broke loose from its moorings and drifted among the fishing boats, three of which were scorched. A lively fist fight broke out between the fishermen and the Japanese movie crew.

"I could see the whole town going up in flames," Huston said after hostilities had subsided.

Don Greenwood, who has worked as property master on three films made in Japan, had a unique problem—getting his Japanese helpers to spend enough money on props. Frugal Japanese movie makers can shoot an "epic" in ten days, and Hollywood often spends as much in one day's shooting as the Japanese will spend on an entire production.

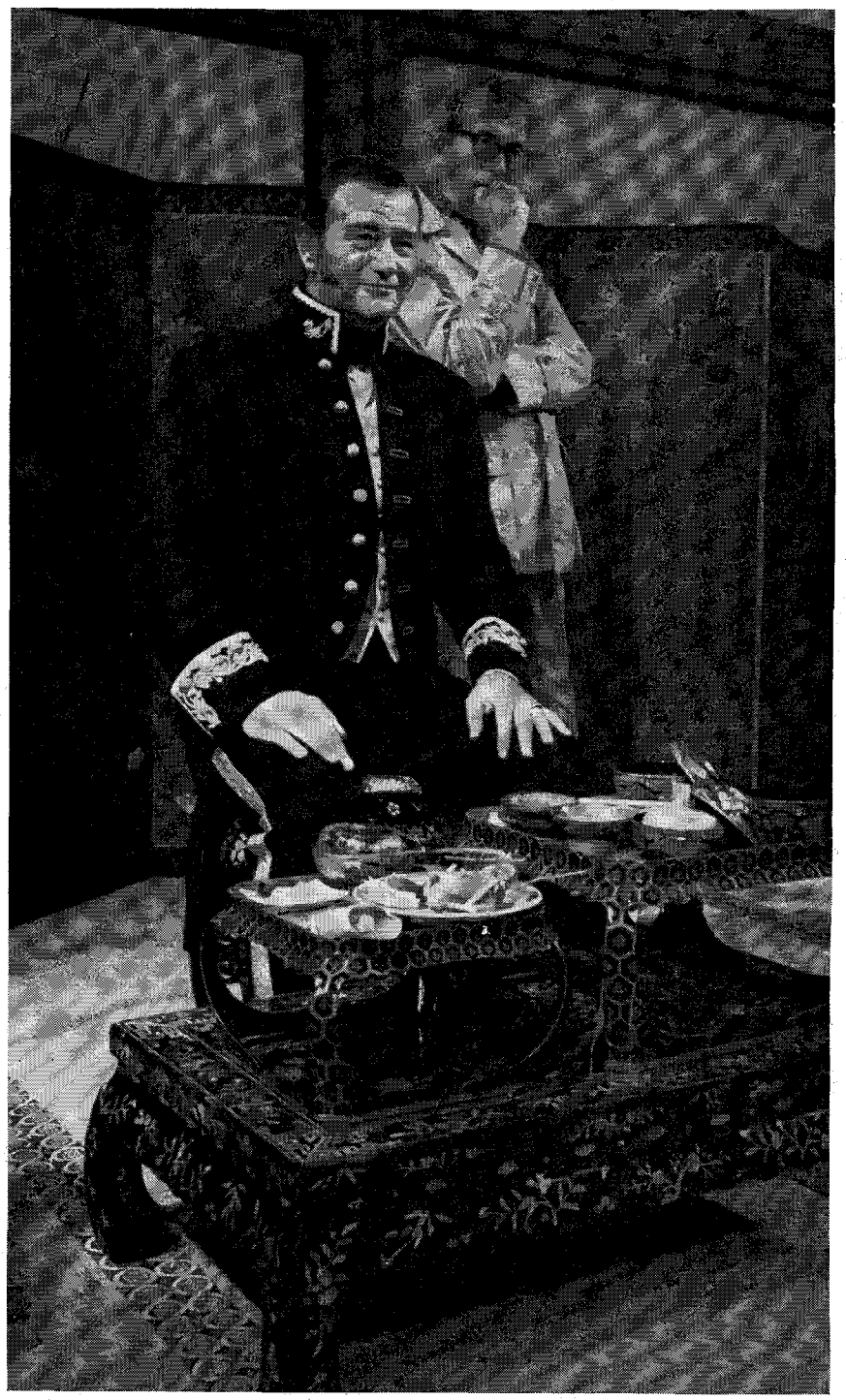
In desperation, Greenwood issued a standing order to his crew that they were to buy five times as much of everything for him as they would buy for a Japanese movie. The Japanese were staggered when Greenwood ordered 32,000 bunches of artificial cherry blossoms. It was midwinter, and the order upset the Japanese manufacturers' entire production schedule. Nevertheless, Greenwood got the blossoms, at a premium price; but when the day came to shoot the big cherry-blossom scene, rain destroyed half the entire lot.

Japanese red tape, among the most binding in the world, added years to Greenwood's life. It took him nineteen days to get two revolvers cleared for House of Bamboo, although considering the finished product it might have been as well if the weapons had never been cleared. For Stopover Tokyo, a movie based on John P. Marquand's postwar revival of his celebrated Japanese sleuth, Mr. Moto—a story that was serialized in The Saturday Evening Post—four guns were required. Eight Japanese policemen stood by to see that the guns didn't stray from the set.

Greenwood had better luck with Japanese firemen. For a big scene in which Townsend Harris directs the burning of a cholera-ridden area, Greenwood imported Stateside smoke pots and flares. The local fire chiefs were so delighted with these that they asked for some to be used in their annual Firemen's Day celebration.

By Hollywood's golden yardstick, Japanese actors and technicians are grossly underpaid. They earn only about 10 per cent of what their American counterparts would receive. A bit player with a speaking line will get ten dollars compared to seventy dollars in Hollywood. Extras are paid one dollar a day and bring their own lunches. But a first-rate Japanese actor invariably demands—and gets—more from American movie makers than he would from a Japanese studio. Sō Yamamura, the distinguished Japanese actor who played opposite Wayne in the Harris story, commanded such a high price that 20th Century-Fox ordered it classified.

There was, however, another reason for secrecy. Hollywood has learned to its sorrow that Japanese actors almost invariably swap information on their salaries. "They (*Continued on Page 102*)



John Wayne, "hero of a hundred horse operas," on the set of The Barbarian and the Geisha, filmed in Japan. Behind him is director John Huston.

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| Can you rub a white towel under cooking pots after they've been used, without soiling it? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Are your kitchen walls free from "yellowing" paint and fuel grime? | ☐ | ☐ |
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| Can you boil a pint of water in two minutes? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Does your range keep working safely if you spill water on it? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Can you barbecue a chicken indoors? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Can you simmer sauces safely when breezes blow through your kitchen? | ☐ | ☐ |
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(*Continued from Page 100*) have no honor," complained an American producer. "You agree on a price and swear them to secrecy. Next thing you know, one of them comes around and says he wants more money because Watanabe over there is getting more than he is."

Another reason that Japanese actors come high is that in Japan they are paid for the part instead of the picture. To boost his earnings, a Japanese actor may work on three or four pictures at the same time. But an expensive Hollywood production unit must have exclusive use of an actor's services until the picture is finished. Therefore, Hollywood must pay a Japanese star the price of three or four roles in order to get him for one.

Hollywood producers also discovered, to their surprise, that Japanese actresses aren't always willing to appear in American movies. The girls know that Japan is their bread and butter and that Hollywood, barring an unexpected success, is a one-shot proposition. Besides, one bad foreign film can ruin their careers with Japanese fans. American films are especially dangerous because Hollywood tends to cast all Japanese actresses as geisha, and the Japanese know that Americans associate geisha with prostitutes.

Another excellent reason for their reluctance is that they are under contract to Japanese film companies. Japanese movie tycoons operate like feudal barons and take a beady-eyed view of their stars' appearing in competing American films.

It took Huston three weeks—and cost 20th Century-Fox a whopping sum of money—to find a female lead to play opposite Wayne in the Harris story. His quest took him to all sorts of places, including, inevitably, geisha houses.

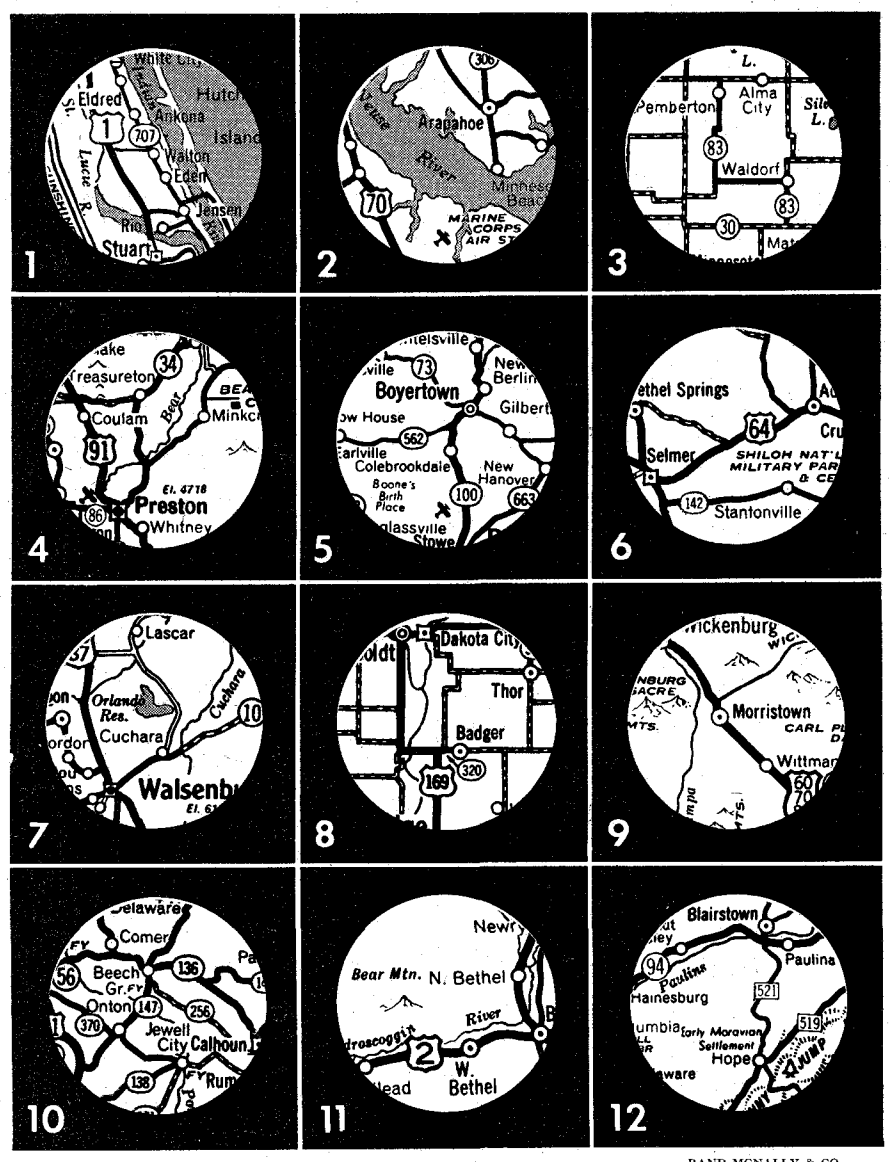
He and writer Charley Grayson thought they had found a likely candidate in a seventeen-year-old apprentice geisha of unusual charm. The house mother agreed to a screen test but, fearing the worst, only on condition that the girl be paid $1200 "pillow money" in advance.

"Unfortunately," says Huston, "we never tested her. The poor girl got appendicitis; we had to find someone else."

The "someone else" turned out to be a rather statuesque and unusually tall—five feet seven inches—ex-strip teaser named Eiko Ando. Her acting experience was confined to the burlesque hall, she didn't even own a kimono and she had to be taught not only to act like a geisha but even to walk like one.

The Japanese press reacted with outraged howls. Not only was Eiko unsuited to the part, it was charged, but she didn't even "look like a Japanese." A Japanese director snapped at Huston, "Why don't you get Katharine Hepburn?"

(*Continued on Page 104*)

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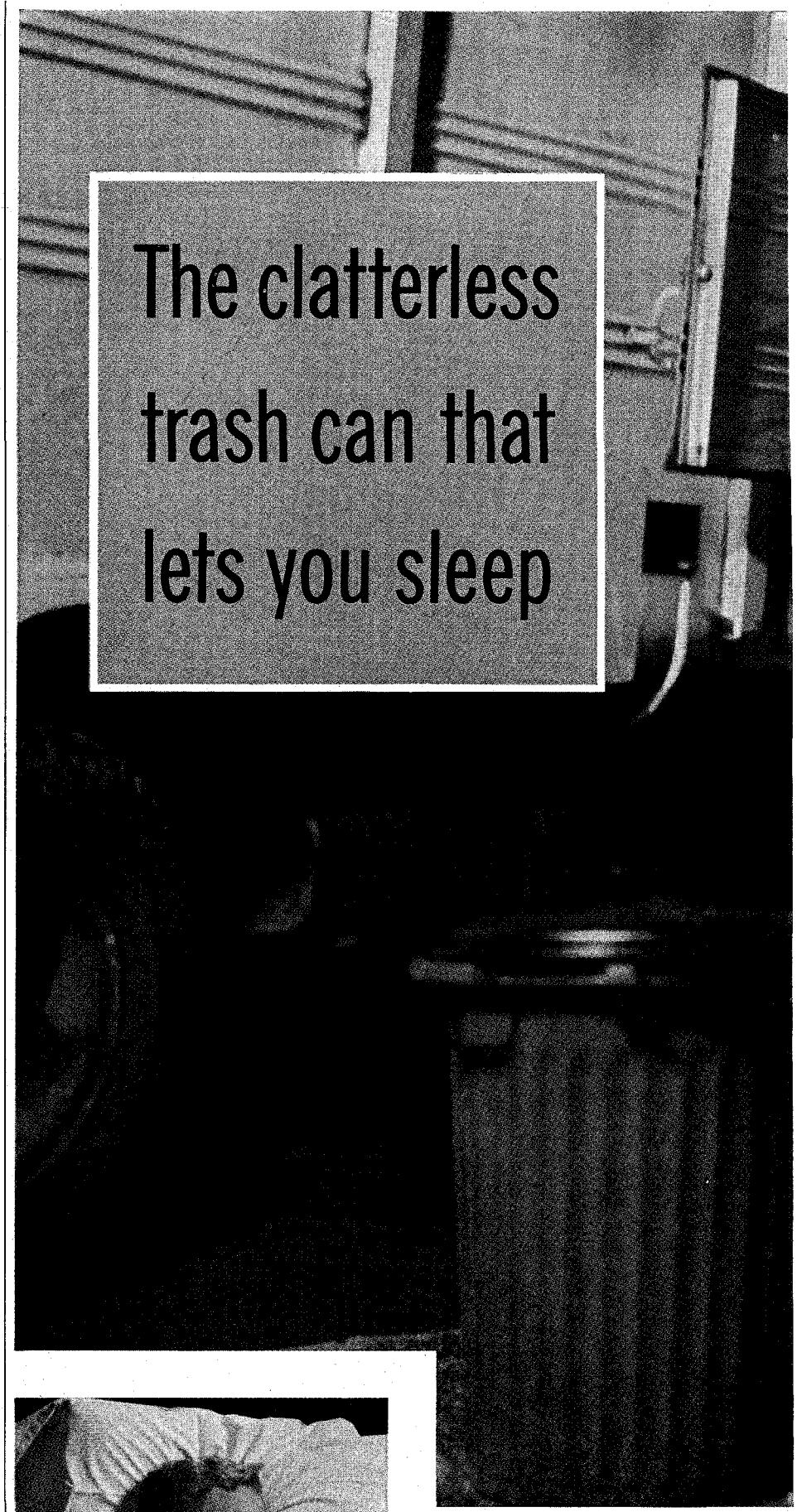
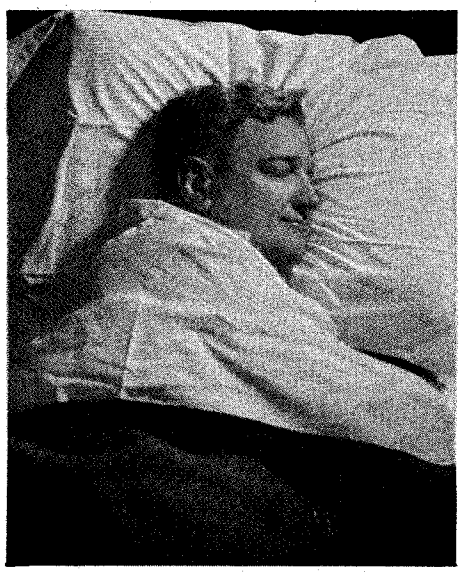
## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on Page 105*)

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Nobody, however, would have been more outraged, either at the choice of Eiko or the whole idea of the movie, than Townsend Harris himself. For this pious man was a devoted Christian who refused to do business on Sundays, never touched a drop of whisky, strongly disapproved of Japanese moral standards, and died still a bachelor at seventy-three.

As for Okichi, the "geisha" who supposedly was his mistress, she was an invention of Japanese folklore. In fact, she was a washerwoman of loose morals. Harris saw her only twice—once when she came to work and again three days later when he took a good look at her and had her fired because she had a skin ailment.

All this was, of course, known to Huston when he started the Townsend Harris Story. But Huston was not interested in spoiling a good story. He did, however, visit Shimoda, where the Harris-Okichi legend is still a tourist attraction. There he found that the face on the tourist folders was not Harris', but belonged to Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, a minor Civil War figure and publisher of the Los Angeles Times.

Unconcerned by the local uproar over his choice of a strapping ex-show girl to portray what the Japanese felt ought to be a fragile beauty, Huston plunged into his work with his usual vigor and enthusiasm. That Eiko had never acted before bothered him not at all.

"She's too young to have learned anything about acting anyway," he said. "Besides, a bad actor is always a bigger problem to a director than one who never acted at all."

"Mister" Huston, as he is known on the set, coached her every move, her every action, sometimes acting out whole scenes with her—while Wayne and the rest of the cast and crew waited and production costs mounted by the minute.

Watching Huston in action one day, Wayne, one of the biggest money earners in Hollywood's history, said admiringly, "Old Duke (Wayne's nickname) isn't the best actor on this set. It's Mister Huston. The guy's got more charm than all the actors in Hollywood combined."

At first Eiko merely did as she was told and didn't worry. It was only after she saw herself in the first "rushes"—or "lushes," as she prettily called the unedited footage—that she began to worry. She was still worrying three months later when Huston flew off to Africa to make another picture.

Huston worried a lot of people. Perhaps the most creative director of his time, and certainly one of the greatest, Huston at fifty-one is something of a living legend in the international film world.

A gifted gypsy with his pockets stuffed full of Hollywood gold, he is as likely to turn up in Calcutta as on Ireland's Galway coast, where he has a home. He has even had a scandalous novel written about him. But as Huston told Stars and Stripes columnist Al Ricketts, "I don't care what people say about me. If I did, I'd have shot Hedda Hopper a long time ago."

"I don't know who's given me the most trouble—Mister Huston or the Japanese," sighed a veteran technician. "But who am I to say he isn't great?"

In Kyoto, which abounds in temples and museums, Huston saw an ancient screen he liked so much that he paid $1700 for it, although the price tag was plainly marked "$1000." One day he held up shooting for an hour until a master flower arranger could arrive to make a flower arrangement. In Japan you don't just put flowers into vases.

As is his custom, Huston made the Harris story without a prepared script, although he had two writers on the payroll. To Huston a script is like a road map—he fills in the scenery and the dialogue as he goes along.

"We had a story conference today," said British writer Nigel Balchin. "First we went to a department store, then to a somewhat baffling Japanese play. After that we wound up looking at *bon-sai* (Japanese dwarf trees) by flashlight."

"It looks as though we might have the story finished before the picture is," Charley Grayson reported in the last days of shooting.

But the best-paid worrier of all was Wayne. The hero of a hundred horse operas was plainly uncomfortable in striped pants and stovepipe hat. And as a businessman-actor with his own production unit, he was worried about the lack of a story line and Huston's unorthodox methods. It was the first time the two ever worked together.

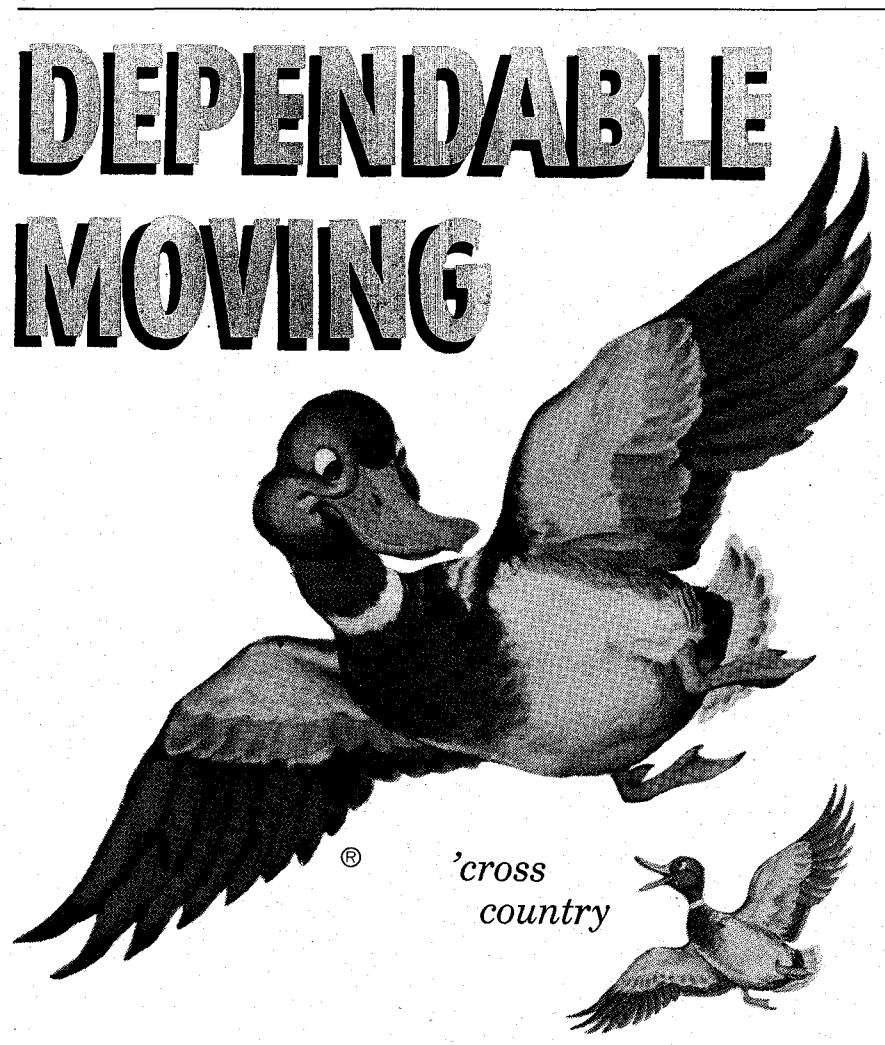
"After a couple of weeks out here with no action, I had to make up my mind whether to quit and go home and let them sue me, or stay and trust in God and Huston," Wayne said one evening over a martini.

"I decided to stay," he went on. "Anyway, I was in too deep to get out. Still, I don't see anything in this picture for old Duke. Mister Huston is on a Japan kick, and as I see it he wants me to walk through a series of Japanese pastels. Hell, my fans expect me to be tall in the saddle. . . . Boy-san, bring me another martini for this cold I got.

"You know, although I'm an independent producer, I don't mind working for a director. Usually, however, I enjoy his confidence. But when I go up to Mister Huston's room and say, 'What do we do today?' he just looks out the window and says, 'John, just look at that view. Isn't it magnificent!'"

Producer Frenke, hovering nervously about his six-foot-four-inch 220-pound $666,666.67 investment, sought to soothe the discontented Duke. "Duke," he said, "this may be the greatest thing you've ever done. The greatest!"

"Yeah," said the Duke glumly, "and it may be the worst. . . . Boy, another martini for this cold of mine." THE END

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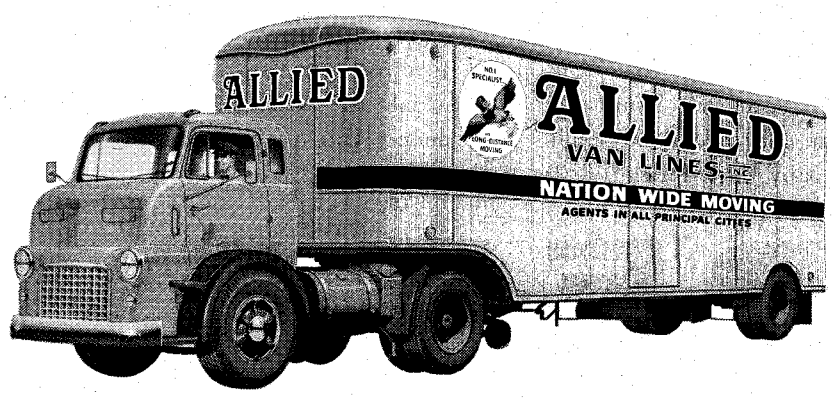


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# Company Cast-Off (Continued from Page 34)

Joey filled the corners with irreverent sound.

Quieted, Talbot asked, "Why don't you go to Florida yourself? I bet you have a bundle."

Joey's face came up like a hatchet. "With them bangtails I bet on? Nah. Anyway, I don't want to retire, and down there I'd have to give pedicures only." He brightened. "Is that bad?" Then he flip-flapped away, rolling with the work, humming ribaldry.

Now Joey was gone, but his peculiar melody lingered on, and, chuckling, Talbot felt sane and adjusted to his situation. He decided to forget the good, stubborn fight. Searching through his desk, he found the copy of the company's annuity-and-insurance plan. His slender pencil clicked from his lapel pocket and he prepared to figure what his benefits would be if he retired now instead of waiting out the additional five years.

Silence flowed deeper in the room, but he was comfortable in it, and surrender was under his hand. Now he could look with pity on the struggle of the past months. Could look with irony on himself and with tolerance on the new and young president and his "team" of marketers, engineers, lawyers and Ph.D.'s. All the more power to them; it would come to them someday, too, the end—or maybe even the old absent treatment; that silent, hurting rack on which they stretched an old buck they wanted to get rid of, but couldn't fire because he had been too loyal and too big in the company for too long. All the more power to them, he thought, with bitterness edging in.

It all came back to him, each humiliation jarring him. The president, J. C. Tanner, and his office. His executive secretary had been formidable. Talbot supposed many executive secretaries were, but he had never noticed it before. Her gray suit was like a sleek coat of armor, and her face was lean, strangely cool and lovely, but almost masculine in its authority.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Brand," she had said, "Mr. Tanner can't possibly see you this week."

It had seemed incredible, but Talbot hadn't faltered; he had realized he was one of the old crew, not really a part of the "team," but his assurance, tall and easy in his shoulders, engraved on the lean planes of his face, calm in his eyes and given mature power by the handsome sweep of his iron-gray hair, had made him positive that after a good healthy talk with the "boy," they would find a meeting of the minds.

"Have him give me a call," he said easily; "I'll keep the office fire burning."

He smiled at her, but she had already murmured politely and gone back to her work. It was then that the first premonitory chill ascended the buttons of his spine.

He had been persistent, even huffy at length, and finally he had found himself sitting across from J. C. Tanner in the big round office. He felt strangely diffident, and he knew it echoed in his pretense at laughter. "With all this big reorganization, J. C., a little item seems to have been overlooked."

"Oh, so?" Tanner's face was round, bland. Beneath thick skin, there was an intellectual glow, and a padded force was concealed in his short, smooth appearance. He was heavy-lidded and spoke in purring tones, but he was capable of beaming laughter and a startling display of physical presence, as if only deft self-control kept him from being a hungry tiger. At least that was the way Talbot saw him now. He hadn't seen him so at first when he was made president; he had seen a hard-driving, rather pudgy, pleasant young man who he thought might be fine presidential stuff.

Talbot found himself bantering, but gripping his hands until the trimmed nails began to dig into the flesh. "Somehow or other, in the shuffle, my desk has remained clean. Stark, naked clean. Why, I don't even get a phone call any more; there seems to be a spook in the switchboard." His banter was playing against a dead coldness out of which two heavy blue eyes watched dispassionately. "I've been thinking of sending myself a post card a day with some pleasant squib on it."

Tanner reflected. "You choose to make an issue of it. Perhaps that's better." He looked into Talbot's eyes squarely. "I'll

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

(Page 102)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Fla. | 2. N.C. | 3. Minn. |
| 4. Ida. | 5. Pa. | 6. Tenn. |
| 7. Colo. | 8. Iowa | 9. Ariz. |
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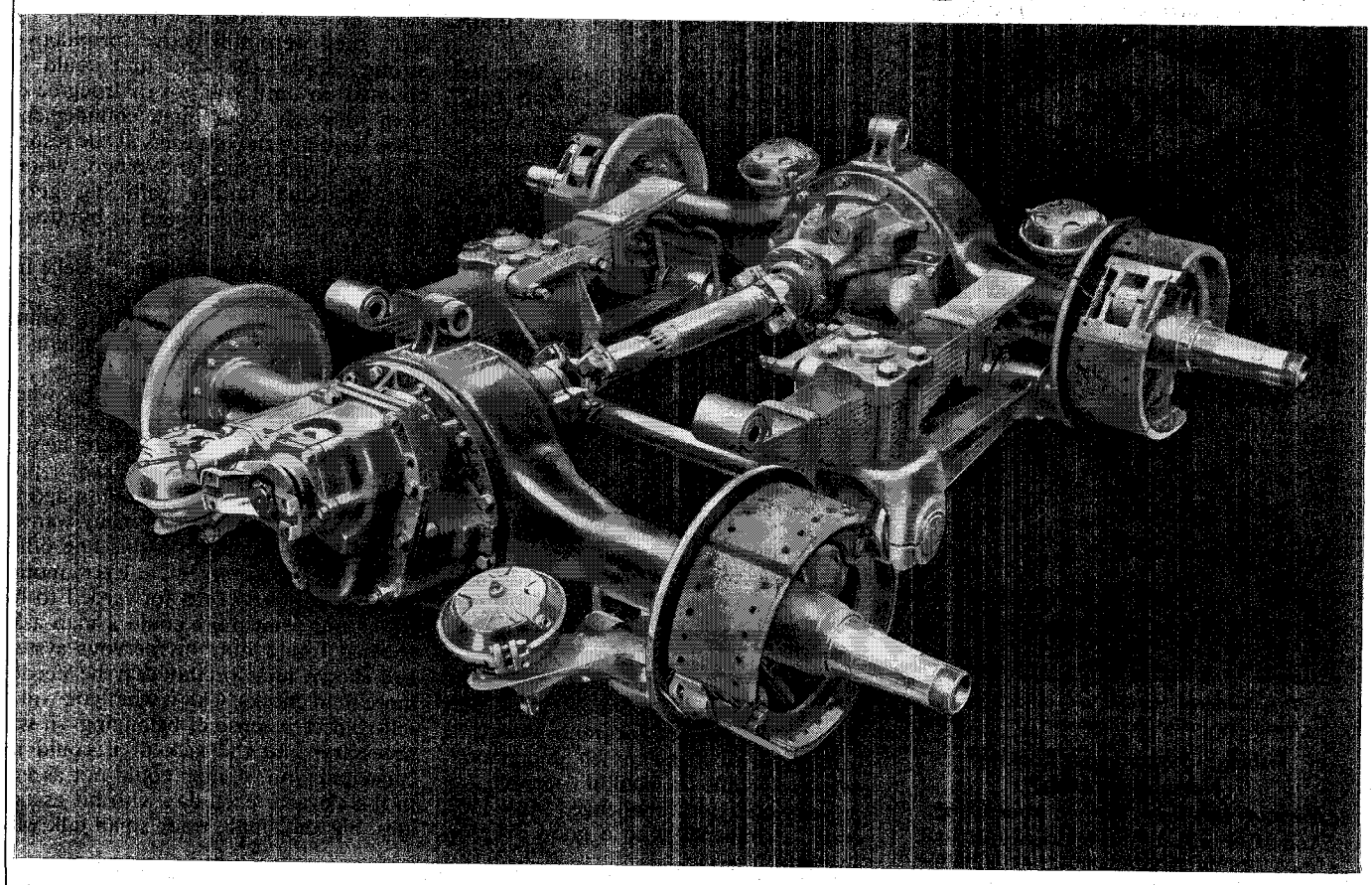

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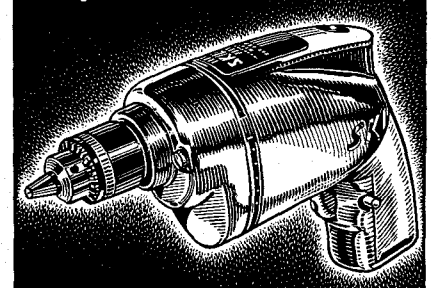

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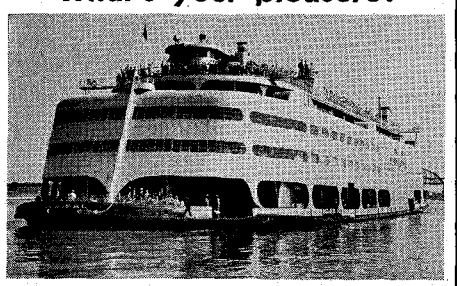

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be frank with you, Tal. I don't know where you fit in."

"You don't know where I fit in?" What the devil could he mean? "You know my grasp of the industry. Why, we've had some fine talks when all this was first beginning. I was sure we saw eye to eye on many things."

Tanner shook his head. "We didn't," he said simply. Then he leaned forward with sudden intensity. "Tal," he said, "you did the talking. I listened. When I did talk, I didn't find the comprehension I wanted. I didn't see you with the team. You were carrying your own ball." Gently he said, "Policy's different now. And that will reflect right on down through management." He stood up, put out his hand and grinned. "But we'll iron it out. We'll send up a few moons and look around and find some space for you. Give it time, give it time!"

Talbot had assured himself that he certainly was not going to be treated in that fashion. Over the years he had had literally scores of opportunities to take his ability and experience elsewhere. He would let the word be known, and it would not be long before the offers began to filter in.

But the word went out and vast silence closed upon it. Another word had gone out first—that he was through. The word did not go out spitefully, with any intention of harming him; it was unavoidably manifested at conventions and conferences. And all those past open doors shyly closed.

Then, if not this industry, another. His ability could be utilized in another field, anything where major marketing experience would be valuable, and that was almost everywhere, was it not?

On a day of wind and rain he found himself in an employment agency. He was surprised to find himself there, and glanced around with interest. He had never been in one of the places before. He was sorry he took so careful a look around; there were so many anxious, lost forms, and these were offset by the trim fire of youth and near-youth wearing confidence and even arrogance like wreaths of deserved laurel.

A Miss Laycraft interviewed him, snapping his file card between long fingers. "We found your résumé very impressive, Mr. Brand; very impressive indeed."

Good, he thought, feeling warmer after the outside damp and chill.

"But I'm afraid at this time —— You see, Mr. Brand, there are so few jobs in your bracket ——"

Quickly, wanting to hold onto that sense of warmth, of accomplishment, "I would like to make myself understood, Miss Laycraft. I wouldn't expect my present salary. A challenge, Miss Laycraft; a challenge with a good progressive firm."

She looked at him as if she understood something for the first time, and his eagerness broke as he became marked-down goods.

"We'll let you know," she said, "in the event anything suitable —— Of course, your age ——"

He was in a nervous flurry of getting up. "Yes, I know. I understand all that."

"Don't call us," said Miss Laycraft; "we'll call you."

One Sunday night he and Belle were in the house alone. Cora was out to a church party with her current beau, and George had left for Princeton at noon. They were sitting in the pleasant second-floor sitting room, reading desultorily while a small fire gave an erratic but beautiful ballet.

Out of nowhere, Talbot suddenly felt jaunty and summoned Belle to his lap. "Listen, grand old gal ——" he began, and she said, falling lightly against him, her hair faintly spicy, "Kindly leave out the old." She wrinkled her nose, that was still the most perfect he had ever seen.

"Well, we're not so young as we used to be," he put in.

"Tal Brand," she said, sitting up, child-small, woman-curved, "I thought you were being too quiet for your own good." She kissed him firmly and rumpled his hair.

"I'm serious," he protested. "Listen, why wait five years when we can start all that fishing right now? It'll cut down on our retirement benefits, of course, but we'll be buying time, and maybe it's a darn good purchase."

She lay dreamily against him, but at length spoke sensibly, if in mock Irish tones, "It's a foolish man you are, Tal Brand. Why, it's a grand life we have, with our house and all our friends and watching our children come into man and womanhood. Anyway, it would scare the kids if we picked up our crutches so far ahead of time."

"I'm not thinking of crutches," he said angrily.

She stiffened, and he told her he was sorry and petted her. She said, "Tal, the children still need their home, and they still need us living, working, not fishing. We're still their background, taken as matter-of-fact." Irrelevantly, it seemed, she started up and boasted, "Do you realize that I beat Cora two sets in tennis not so long ago?" And it was not so irrelevant; he knew what she meant. To the kids, they were still active, productive, strong people—the kind that could be counted on until you got that degree or went through your first confinement. They were not the old folks at the resort, playing shuffleboard and bingo, whom you shouldn't bother with big grave problems that could bend dear but desiccated necks.

"Don't you agree with me?" Belle insisted. "Isn't this just a whim?"

"Yes," he had decided, "it's a whim. That's all. Didn't you know I get whims?"

The time had come, however, when enforced retirement could no longer be considered a whim. This morning he was sure he had felt the danger signal preceding crackup. Oh, yes, a month ago he had decided that if the company wanted to pay him for sitting in this fine office without doing a thing, let it. Every month an excellent check was forwarded to his bank, and what more could a man ask? He had found out; his nervous system had shown him forcibly that he needed more than checks. Call it what you will—self-respect, a sense of belonging—it was necessary, and the lack of it could incapacitate you. A man could not ascend in the elevator each day with his associates, big and small, trade small talk with them, and walk through the outer offices and give and receive good mornings, and enter his own office, close the door and forget that they all knew about him. He felt like a thief or the recipient of alms. He felt himself becoming a toady, too hearty, too self-protective. In short, he was stripping himself of every layer of manhood that covered his shrinking soul.

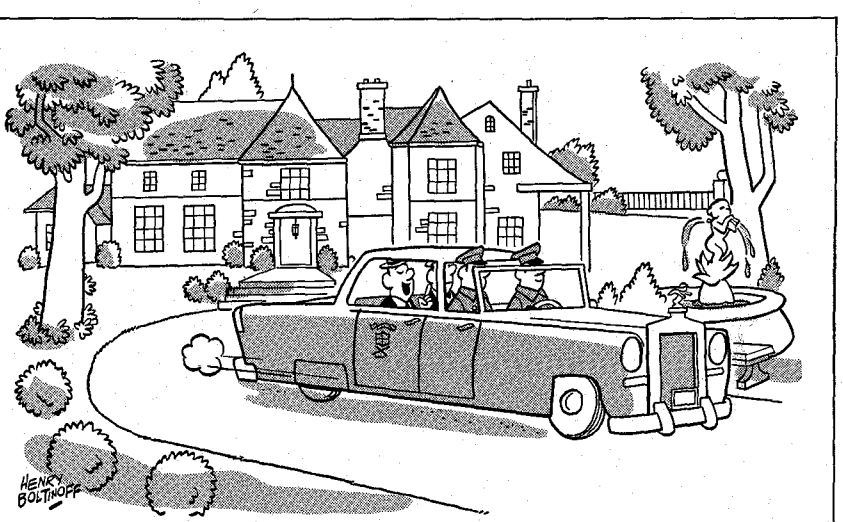
He scanned the thick annuity-and-insurance book that described the benefits that accrued to all categories of employees. The book contained over thirty pages of text and numerous diagrams. It had been made up, Talbot knew, by a dozen company attorneys and industrial-relations men, who had spent months on its preparation, and it had been proudly distributed to every member of the organization as concrete evidence of the value of employment with the company. Talbot had been so busy with his own work that he had barely glanced at the book before. Now, he read it, or attempted to read it, with increasing bafflement.

In disgust, he closed the book and shot it into one of the unused desk baskets. It didn't matter which one, incoming or outgoing, because no one bothered to look in his baskets any more. He'd ask Dahlgren to make up a set of figures for him, which the company would do anyway when he turned in his resignation. He could check for error at his leisure, between catching tarpon.

He put on his coat, and the elevator took him down the whistling shaft to the river wind pouring along the avenue. In ten minutes he was in the glow of the ancient and intimate tavern where he had made new friends since the days when his lunches were taken up with business talks. The semiretired men he consorted with now spent long hours over their martinis, oysters and huge mutton chops, in a masculine atmosphere of cigar smoke and phlegmy jokes. Talbot, still dancing lean, but lonely, had learned to bask in the casual acceptance of their deep voices and ruddy cheeks. His restless mind had learned the art of wasting time with involved stories and salty humor.

Today the atmosphere of the tavern seemed too laden with paunch, pungent chowchow and personalities lurching in dim light and rich futility. He longed for the crisp of wind and the sight of a gliding gull. He escaped to the river and liked its musty piers and soiled escaping water. He felt the pulse leading to the purity of the sea; and he felt motion in himself, an escape from the thick pool in which he had been contained.

It was unexplainable until he remembered the annuity-and-insurance book. The darn thing was beckoning him, crying out, (*Continued on Page 109*)




"Yes sir, what was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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May 10, 1958

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## *in your car, too!*

### *Use Mobiloil Special to preserve your engine's power and pep!*

Here's how to keep your car the way you like it—acting young, eager, responsive. Use *Mobiloil Special.* This unique motor oil retains its protective "body" at all engine temperatures—sharply reduces wear—helps keep your engine clean, running smoothly, quietly. Yes, it helps you get more power and better gas mileage, too!
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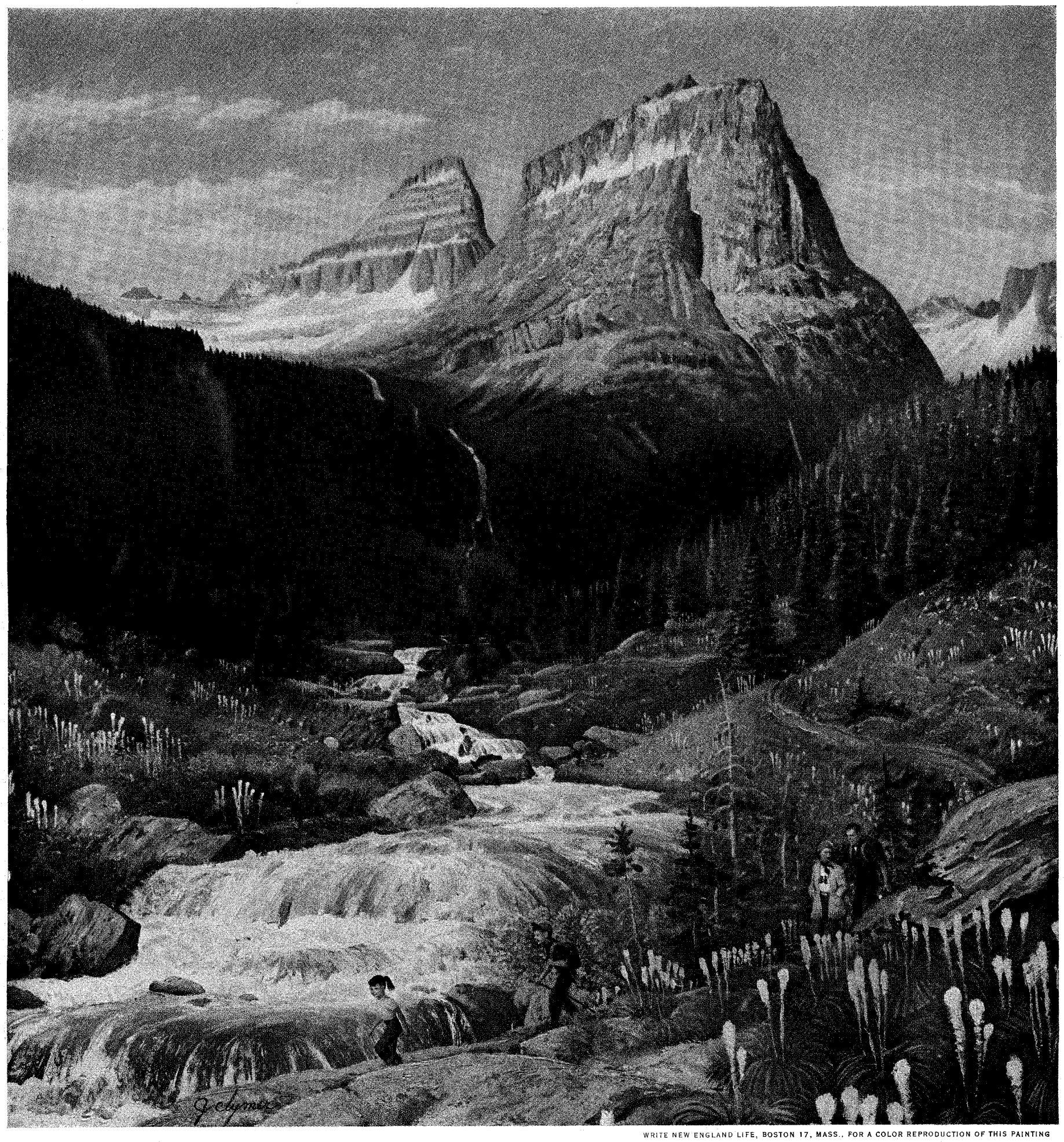

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(*Continued from Page 106*) "Come wrestle with me, if you dare." It wanted him to take off his coat and fight the obscurity, the massive legality, and make it a human company document, lean and agile enough to make itself understood to the mail boy with the most pimples and most receding chin.

It was a dare from the past, when all problems had made him tingle. It would be his last combat in the tourneys of business, but it would be fun to see if his lance was sharp or blunted. The tarpon would still be there a month from now.

In the office he called Tanner and insisted on being put through to him. When he explained that he wanted to do a simplified version of the annuity-and-insurance book, Tanner replied tersely, "Our experts are satisfied with it." But Talbot's pure vision kept him to his purpose. He went on safari for his secretary, who had been lending herself to various departments, after having read every pocket book on earth.

"I have something for you to do, Miss Quise," he said.

"But, sir, the department wants to get these stencils out."

"Come along," he said, hearing a familiar, all-but-forgotten ring of authority. He turned away and heard her pattering after him.

Miss Quise was his guinea pig as he struggled to rewrite the book. He had never thought that one girl could look so uncomprehending so often. He broke scores of pencil points making the annuity-and-insurance book clear to her. During that time, when her weary brain spun too heavily and she broke down and wept, he solaced her with a fine lunch. She would soon sparkle again, and once said, "I feel we are doing a great duty for each and every person in the company, like poor Charlie Decker, an office boy, even if he's fifty. He has both parents to support and a brother who isn't all there."

Talbot felt strongly that Charlie Decker should know exactly what was going on in relation to him and his future, and his resolve stuck with him even after silence followed submission of the revision to Tanner's office. He contacted Gordon Mapes, editor-in-chief of the main employee publication, Colossus.

Gordon brightened when he saw the popularized material. Talbot said, "I thought you might be able to use some of this as a basis for articles."

"Basis hell," said Gordon. "Let's serialize this thing just as it is." He looked at the pages again, and gradually his face fell. His voice was unsure. "The lawyers would never stand for it. If it's officially printed, it's binding, and they'll say it isn't exact. To them, it's only exact if you don't savvy it."

They sat there in joint disappointment, but Talbot's lance was still bright and sharp, even after jousting with the book. "Print this and the lawyer version side by side, indicating that this is an interpretation."

"Done!"

It was a mauve and smoky night when Talbot walked through to the train. He was unaccountably depressed. On the train, he realized it was Friday night. Weekends lately had been like those of old, gay and active, with spots of calm communication between him and Belle. But this weekend would be different. His project was over, and Monday would once again find him in the doldrums with *no entity of storm building around him* again to carry him, hard and enduring, over difficult terrain. His bones felt brittle and the bleakness of the night in the suburbs aged him.

"You need a drink," said Belle at once.

"Double."

Cora came through the room. When she saw him she held her pert nose.

"Is that a comment, daughter?" he asked.

"Not on you, daddy dear," she said, "but I passed that place where you're building the new plant. The poor people."

This was lost on Talbot. Even the drink did not bring him from where he had gone. That night he slept a dead sleep for several hours and then paraded among the shadows of the house until dawn came, red-rimmed. His hand shook when he drank his coffee. Belle was watching him carefully, and he decided to leave the house for a while. He made a shopping excuse and drove off. It was when he was in motion that Cora's words came back to him. They buffeted in a curious way. He drove the ten miles to the plant area. At once he knew what she had meant.

The excavations were being made across the highway from a boxy development, and the ridgy hills of earth gave off a sour odor so heavy that Talbot fancied it caused his car some effort to push through it. He turned into the development and cruised the streets, seeing that much effort and expense had been used to distinguish the houses in themselves and from each other. Trees had been planted and gardens were shaped.

What he was going to do was decided before he himself knew it. He started to make his house-to-house survey on the blocks that curved against the highway and were nearest the pestilence of the plant area. What he learned drove him home on wings once more, his mind exploding with sound and the architecture of ideas. Borrowed writing and notebook paper were filled with the homesteaders' quotes about the company, bitter, despondent, acrimonious and vicious.

Talbot drove himself that weekend, with no practical reason for doing so. The work could have been done calmly and easily during the week in the office. But he drew up a presentation on community relations between noon Saturday and three in the morning Monday, with only five hours off for sleep in between. He made a master plan of the screen of trees and shrubs that should be between the plant and the development; he wrote sample news releases that could be submitted to area papers to show the people that the advent of the plant could increase rather than diminish land and housing values because of the influx of personnel; he wrote sample institutional ads that would be placed in these papers and local magazines. He urged immediate removal of the sour waste earth, and backed up all his suggestions with quotes obtained during his survey of disturbed homeowners.

When the whole presentation was in its glossy folder that Belle had gone out specially to buy for him, he went to the bedroom, to find her reading under a low lamp. She put her book aside and waited until he was in his pajamas.

"Put on your robe," she said, "and let's go downstairs for a cup of coffee or chocolate. You look too charged to sleep."

"I am." In the kitchen, he made a small-boy face and said, "Would you think I was nuts if I said I'd like a beer?"

Belle was tender. "I bought some today. I thought you might want it."

He was puzzled. They sat across from each other, Belle with tea, Talbot with his beer. Belle put her hand over his. "Don't you remember?"

His brow corrugated. Then he drank. "Dee-licious and slightly wonderful!"

"That's what you always used to say."

Then it all became clear. The road up, the young road, the mad and glorious road, study and work and weekends frenetic with labor, and gentle interludes, and work again, and the whole process of forging ahead, with Belle watching it all, sharing it and adding to his strength. And the crisp beer when his eyes, head and throat ached.

And he found Belle was wise. "You were recapturing something," she said. "Did you know that?"

He looked into the soft gray understanding of her eyes and lowered his head. And she said, "Is it that bad? Tal, Tal, you always told me."

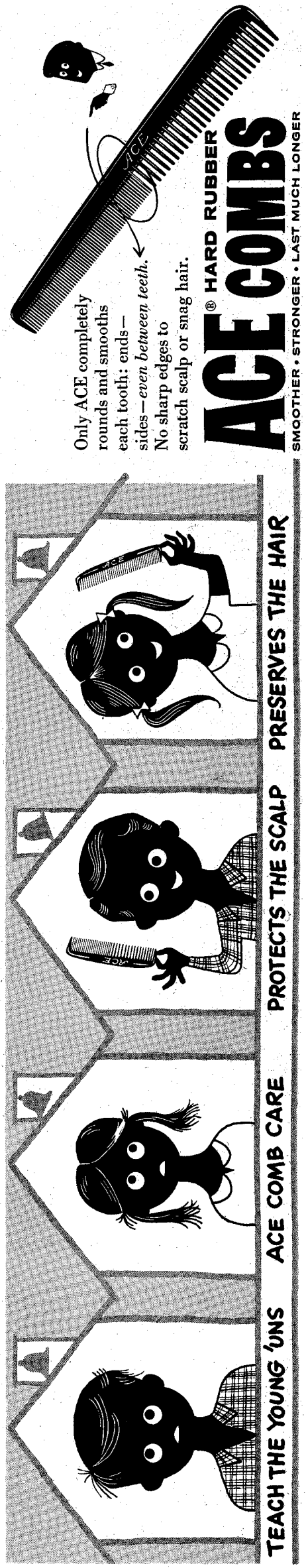
He told her everything—how heavy and disgusting (*Continued on Page 112*)

## Can You Name This Star?

This pensive six-year-old in cavalry officer's uniform was born in England, the son of a noted singer in the original Gilbert and Sullivan opera company. He became an amateur and pro heavyweight boxer, a chorus man, and served in the British Army and Air Force in World War I. Still a young man, he played the juvenile lead in The Passing Show of 1919 in New York, then with John Barrymore in Richard III. A stage strike shunted him into movies when their big center was at Astoria, Long Island. He has starred in more than 200 movies and 100 plays. He also invented the "drone" target planes used by the Navy in World War II. Can you name him?

**Raymond R. Stuart**

CORRECT ANSWER:
Reginald Denny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***TRUCK AIR SUSPENSION***
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For one of the features of this star-studded king of economy is the Double Governor. It just won't let the engine be hot-rodded in high gear.

The driver is given an ample 1,800 r.p.m. for starts and all up-shifts through 9 speeds. But then horse sense rules *both* speed and fuel use—as the Governor calls the preset cruising speed.

This, mind you, is on top of many other advantages of the

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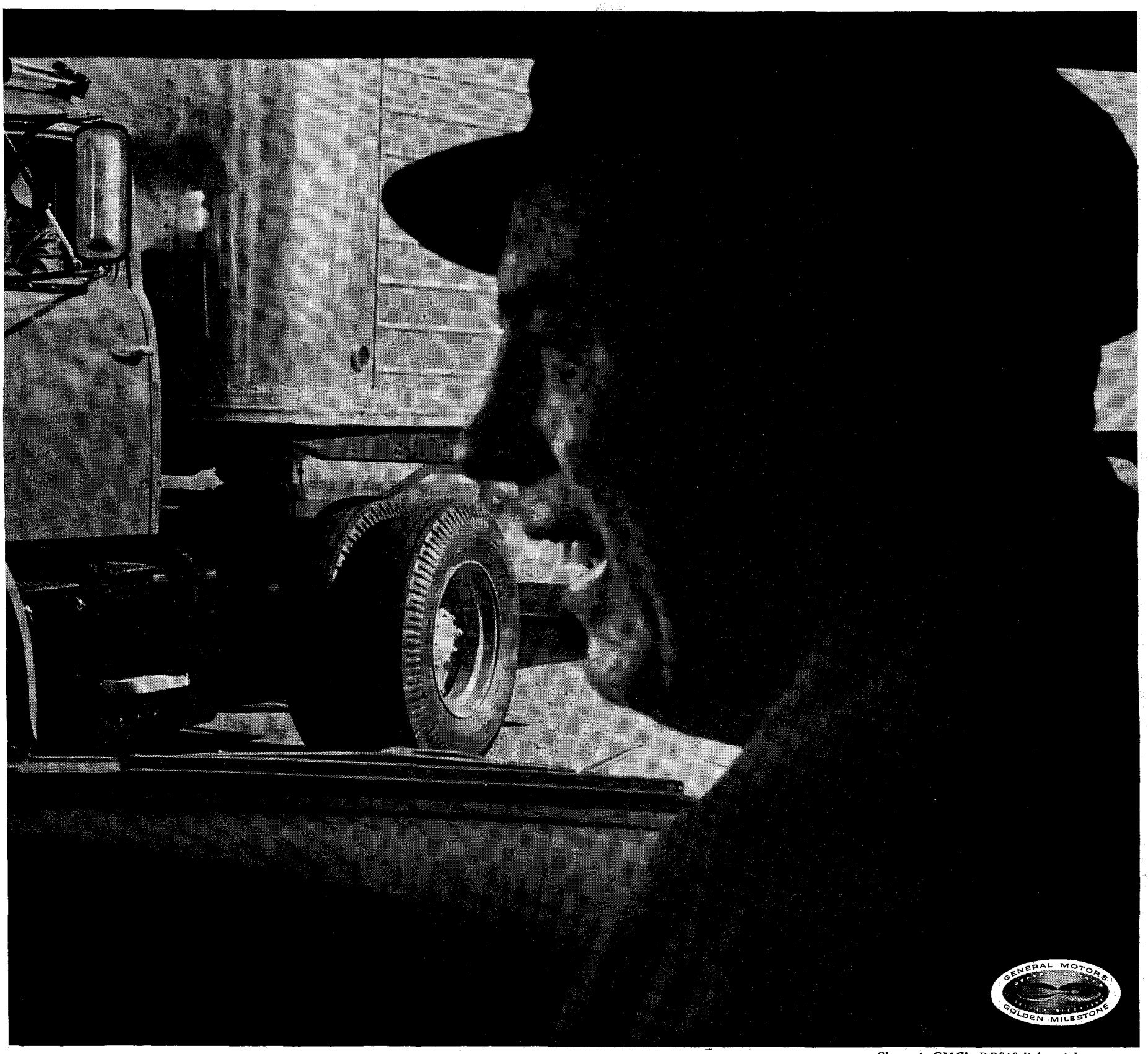


*Shown is GMC's DR860 lightweight tractor*

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.p.—without turbo-charging—eases the entire power train.

Truck Air Suspension, where road shocks are swallowed
e matchless resiliency of air, rides the cargo and driver in
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ydraulic fan works only as engine temperatures dictate,
ing up to 10 horsepower to work at the wheels, saving up
% on fuel needs.

And its Plus-Payload 90" cab devotes more of its over-all legal length to income-producing space.

It all adds up to this: *you'd do well to see your GMC dealer.*

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surrender
with GAS
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AUTOMATICALLY
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Sprague Meter Co.
See Playhouse 90 on CBS-TV. Consult local listings for time and station.

(*Continued from Page 109*) the belly felt after the mutton in the tavern, and how he was too hearty to too many, and how he had felt as if something were going to break and cast him into the wasteland of the old and the used, with occlusions or tremors.

She did not dispute him, nor try to dissuade him from his fears, nor did she hide herself from the truth. She accepted it with him.

"I've had my fling," he said. "I don't think I can stand more of the absent treatment. Not and have anything left that you would want."

She did not try to advise him. This was his—and would become hers, too, only when he had made his decision. He looked at her with hope naked on his face.

"I'm going to stick around," he said, "a little while. I'm going to see if I get any recognition. Then—then ——" He did not finish, and did not have to.

The company's disinterest or oversight infiltrated his office like a pale mockery. He lived with it, stoically, only halfheartedly listening to Joey when he came in with his shoeshine box. Miss Quise was again selling herself to all departments that could use her. Spring light flamed against the windows, chastising the stone and burning the metal. The abyss between the buildings seemed to be acres of inviting light and rose shadows.

The community-relations program had been bucked upstairs long before, and now Gordon Mapes brought out the first issues of the Colossus containing the interpretation and true text of the annuity-and-insurance plan. After a week, Gordon called and said he had a slew of complimentary comments from the rank and file. Nothing from on high. "We won't get any of that," he said, "unless the top makes a move." And the top didn't.

Talbot took to walking by the river as a religion, watching birds fly off into the wild blue. He sent placid reflections with them, only to feel them come back with stunning force, like stones too heavy to be carried into serenity. And then he knew.

He knew he was earthbound, in a sense, that he could soar only in productive work and not in mere contemplation; that he was not yet tired or had not learned the trick of dissociating himself from business life. He knew that forced to look upon birds or rest in an easy chair and cast his thoughts into blue oblivion, in Florida or elsewhere, he would die of loneliness peculiar to the active man. He would send his very flesh, ounce by ounce, into the yonder, getting nothing back, and would send his spirit, piece by piece, after it, and would become old and thin and lost in the attrition of a personal uselessness.

He stopped walking by the river. He sat at his desk and waited. And hope barely prevailed. Then it slipped away like a golden insect that catches the edge of attention, but is not truly seen before it is gone.

That was the way he was when J. C. Tanner came in one morning and spoke, "O.K., beautiful dreamer."

Talbot looked up blankly.

"How you fixed for lunch, brain trust?" asked Tanner.

Fixed? Lonely, lonely.

"Free," he said.

"Good."

The explosive word took a fix in the room. Gold and green, useless fantasy swept away. Talbot lifted his head sharply.

Tanner stood before him. "Let's take a long slackers' lunch," he said, "and throw some balls into the air. See what they look like." His heavy lids fell and came up over brilliant blue eyes. "Tal, what were you doing in marketing all this time? I've been thinking about your recent employee and community-relations gambits—and now, you stubborn, independent so-and-so, we have you pegged. A new department, a watchdog, Special Projects!"

It was building, the big living thing that could collect in the doldrums, the storm, the entity that could surge ahead, devouring problems as a tornado took up land and things upon it. Building and flashing in Talbot, with a sense of joy, mingled with the fierce urge of an experienced man still lusty for his combat.

Tanner looked at his watch. "Let's go."

Talbot got up with a smooth springing of muscles, with a stretching in all his being, and his soul uncurled.

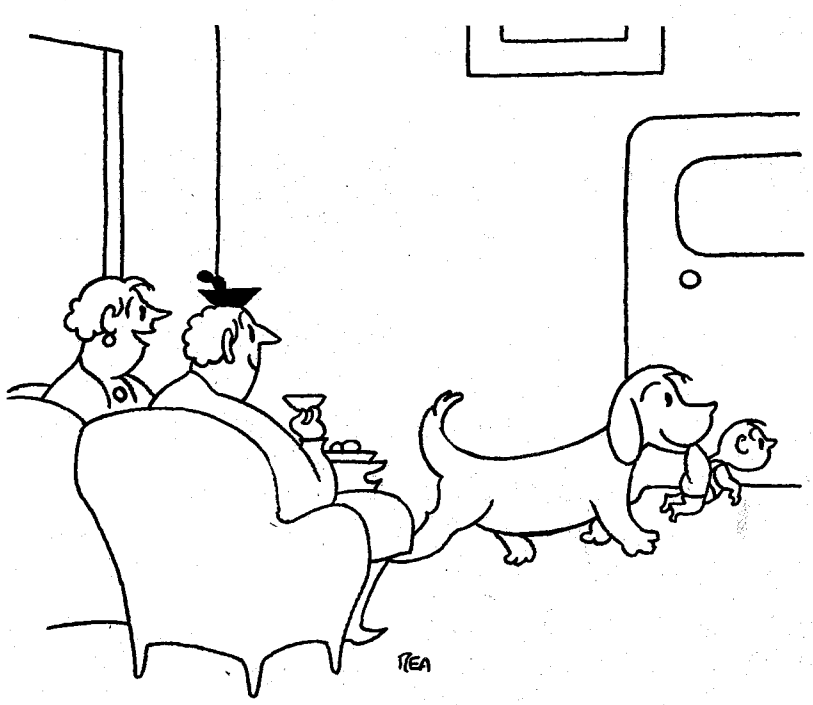
"As I remember it," said Tanner, "you're a martini man."

"Right."

"We'll keep it in common."

They strode out together.

*The heck with the tarpon.* THE END




"They're inseparable! . . ."

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# When Governors Get Together

(Continued from Page 33)

not talk politics is as ridiculous as to expect a convention of Junior League girls to forgo talk of romance."

A reporter covering a conference for the first time naturally has what might be called a menagerie interest. Where else can so many governors be found in a state of captivity? In Florida this year there will be little governors and big governors—six-foot eight-inch Jim Folsom, of Alabama, will be biggest—elderly governors and young governors; Cecil H. Underwood, of West Virginia, born November 5, 1922, is the youngest of all.

You meet governors of many backgrounds. Glacial Joseph B. Johnson, of Vermont, and hearty J. Hugo Aronson, of Montana—whose unique calling card is made of Butte copper—were both born in Sweden; Johnson is an engineer and manufacturer, Aronson a rancher. Serious, curly-haired Joe Foss, of South Dakota, is a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, one of the most distinguished of America's flying aces. Albert D. Rosellini, of Washington, a lawyer, began life as the son of an Italian grocer in Tacoma. Foster Furcolo, also of Italian extraction, is that unlikely phenomenon in Ivy League land, a Yale man who became governor of Massachusetts.

C. William O'Neill, of Ohio, is a small, round man whose innocence of countenance is belied by his reputation as a shrewd politician. His father was in politics before him, and O'Neill, then twenty-three, was the youngest man ever elected to the Ohio legislature. Robert D. Holmes was a radio-station manager and advertising man before he won a surprise victory in Oregon. Harold W. Handley, of Indiana, who left the Army as a lieutenant colonel in 1946, had his beginnings in the wholesale-furniture business. Dark-haired, beetle-browed Cecil Underwood, of West Virginia, served as a very young college vice president before becoming the then youngest governor in the land.

George Docking, saturnine in appearance and delightful to talk to, is only the sixth Democratic governor Kansas has elected in ninety-seven years of statehood. Docking, a bank president, edged into politics six years ago when he agreed to raise money for the first Stevenson campaign. Like Ribicoff and Bob Meyner, of New Jersey, successful Democrats in Republican states, he has many friends in the other party.

Price Daniel, of Texas, is a freshman governor, but experienced in public life; he resigned from the United States Senate to run for his present job. John E. Davis, of North Dakota, is a Republican banker and rancher, a war-combat veteran with many medals. George Dewey Clyde, of Utah, is a bald plebe approaching sixty who had never been in politics before taking office; his election was greeted with joy by the governors of the other mountain states, because in an age of technology and expansive Federal road building, he is a Dutch uncle to lean on for advice. He has been dean of engineering at Utah State College, head of the Water Conservation and Irrigation division of the United States Department of Agriculture, and chief engineer of the Soil Conservation Service.

One of the pressing problems discussed at last year's conference was the difficulty of recruiting young technical men for state jobs at civil-service salary scales. After one round table at which Governor Clyde spoke with the wisdom of experience, another participant snorted approval and said to me, "Utah knows how to hire an engineer—they elect him!"

Governors' wives are often more interesting than governors. Their position requires them to be knowledgeable, yet disclaim participation in policy making; in many states they must combine the somewhat disparate qualities of the homemaker and the glittering grande dame. Irrespective of party, almost all of the first ladies I have met are charming, well dressed, intelligent and pleasant.

Mrs. G. Mennen Williams, of Michigan, recognized by reporters as her husband's equal as a campaigner, surprised some of the ladies last year by her indifference to style and her concentration on needlepoint. Needlepoint is her hobby, and she was busy looking for Colonial designs for chair backs and spectacle cases. These she sews herself and gives away each year as Christmas gifts.

When my wife called on the wife of the governor of Kansas, Mrs. Docking was about to go to a cocktail party given by Governor Williams and wondering whether her gray lace dress was suitable. Mrs. Docking went to college with her husband, and writes a chatty personal column which is published by many Kansas papers. "Don't want to be overdressed. Don't want to be underdressed either," she said. After that, she crawled around the hotel-room carpet to attach an electric plug. Then she ironed the gray lace dress herself.

Richard B. Lowe and his wife travel the greatest distance to attend the conferences; he is the territorial governor of Guam, in the far Pacific. Even among freshman governors, boyish-looking Michael A. Stepovich is the fledgling. He was appointed governor of Alaska by President Eisenhower in May, 1957. Mike, born in Fairbanks thirty-nine years ago, is the son of a pioneer Alaskan gold miner.

"My wife and I hurried right down," he told me last year, "because I thought I had a lot to learn."

Such engaging modesty is not uncommon among conference neophytes. For there is indeed a great deal to learn. Apart from the information exchanged at conference sessions, personal acquaintanceship among governors can be highly important in expediting interstate relationships. In government, as in business, it is no handicap to be able to call the other fellow by his first name. This is especially important in the regional councils of governors which have grown out of the conference itself. Southern governors and the Western governors seem to have taken these regional get-togethers more seriously than governors from other sections, and probably with good reason. They have greater identification of interest.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### Somewhat Shaken

By Ruth and Hal Chadwick

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The first morning's round table at the 1957 conference was devoted to highways; Goodwin J. Knight, of California, presided. With the Federal Government participating to the tune of forty billion dollars in road building, this was big business to all state executives, but their plaints were different. Robert E. Smylie, of Idaho, pointed out that his state's 1890 constitution made it difficult to condemn land efficiently. Neighboring Montana is the third largest state in the union, but road progress is slow because of inability to match United States aid from its limited revenues. Governor Aronson said he had right-of-way problems for 1236 miles: "Our ranchers vigorously object if a three-hundred-foot right of way is carved through one of their hay meadows."

Aronson was a little surprised when Easterners found condemnation no problem at all. Governor Meyner said dryly that in thickly populated New Jersey one seventeen-mile stretch of highway was built at a cost of $120,000 a mile and that 20,000 property owners were dislodged from their holdings. Governor O'Neill reported that Ohio, which puts its gasoline taxes in escrow for roads, had $345,000,000 immediately available for all-out road construction. O'Neill pushed special legislation through the Ohio legislature so he could hire Charles Noble as his director of highways at $30,000 a year. Noble designed the Pennsylvania Turnpike and formerly was chief engineer of the New Jersey Turnpike.

The history of the Governors' Conferences began when President Theodore Roosevelt invited the governors to Washington to enlist their support for his program for national conservation of land, water and mineral resources. This meeting was held in May, 1908, and was so successful that the thirty-four state executives present decided there should be further sessions.

A second conference was held in January, 1910, in Washington, and another in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1911. Now the governors developed permanent machinery for their conference, and acted to provide a continuing budget for expenses. The permanent articles of organization were adopted at Richmond, Virginia, in 1912.

At that meeting an eloquent governor of New Jersey addressed the assembly on the potential usefulness of the Governors' Conference. Obviously, an exchange of views on many matters other than conservation was valuable, and the framework had been established. The governor was a recognized authority on American Government and a former president of Princeton.

"It is an extra-constitutional enterprise," said Woodrow Wilson, "but natural, spontaneous, imperative, perhaps creative. . . . In brief, we are setting up, outside the sphere of the Federal Congress, a new instrument of political life, national in its character, scope and intention; an instrument, not of legislation, but of opinion, exercising the authority of influence, not of law."

The record suggests that the conference did not do much at first. But in the 1920's a movement toward interstate co-operation in many phases of government gained headway. An association of state attorneys general and one or two other associations had antedated the Governors' Conference. Then, in 1925–26, a Colorado state senator named Henry W. Toll came up with an idea and the money to back it. He formed the American Legislators' Association; his idea was that members of a state legislature might be a little less parochial in viewpoint if they knew what members of other state legislatures were doing—and the idea caught on.

The ultimate result was the formation of an organization now known as the Council of State Governments. It has its headquarters in Chicago, has a staff of thirty-eight people and serves as the secretariat for a great variety of interstate groups. In short, a lot of side shows have been pulled under the big tent. In addition to the groups mentioned, there are a good many others which hold annual conferences: state chief justices, court administrators, the attorneys general, budget officers, parole and probation officers. It is because of interstate compacts that an Iowa runaway father can be picked up in California and compelled to support his children; it is because of a so-called Juvenile Compact that a delinquent can be supervised in states other than the one in which the original offense was committed.

All forty-eight states support the council. The budget, about $400,000 a year, is paid by the states according to population. New York State pays about $50,000, Massachusetts $17,500; the least populous states are assessed a $2500 minimum.

In 1935 the Council of State Governments was commissioned by the Governors' Conference to undertake a series of studies, and in 1938 the two organizations entered into what might be called a common-law marriage. Frank Bane, executive director of the council, became secretary of the conference and held both posts until this year. Recently he announced his resignation. His successor will be chosen at the Miami meeting.

It has been a satisfactory alliance. The conference retains its independence while working in close co-operation with the council. And as the result of association with a professional research group, the governors can set aside a thorny subject for further study and get an enlightened report.

Governors prize freedom. There was early agreement that they should not meet regularly in Washington; they feared excessive Federal guidance. They also feared partisanship. The executive committee has nine members and is a rotating body. The chairman changes every year, not only in identity but in politics. Governor Stratton, of Illinois, a Republican, is the present chairman; at Miami a Democrat will become chairman. When a state plays host to a conference, as Florida will in May, it pays expenses of about $50,000. Among other things, this accounts for a state dinner and board and lodging for the governors' official parties, which are limited on the ledgers to six people. All others must pay their own way.

The conference makes its own rules for discussion and debate, and may change them at will. Nevertheless, the White House has frequently called the governors into extraordinary session. During World War II state-Federal co-operation became especially important and contributed handsomely to the prosecution of the war.

The governors took over some of the hard and unpopular jobs. They set up and staffed the Selective Service System in their states. A week after Pearl Harbor, when it became probable that a rationing of rubber would be necessary, they were asked to assume responsibility for the job. Within three weeks, rationing boards were functioning in every state. Gasoline was soon rationed, and food was next. Strict rationing was new to America, but, organized at the community level, it was quietly accepted.

"Governors' conferences," said Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944, "have led to a unity of purpose which has served our nation well in peace and which is serving with increased effect during these days of war."

That happy unity of purpose did not long survive the war. During the New Deal era and the war period, a great deal of governmental power had flowed from the states to Washington. Since the governors' meeting at Mackinac Island, in 1945, many state executives have been trying to reverse the current, without spectacular success.

The national pocketbook is involved. The states want to perform some of the functions the Federal Government is now performing, but they also want the Federal Government to cede to them certain areas of taxation. At the Williamsburg conference, President Eisenhower offered to return to the states some of the powers they had lost, but only if the powers were used, not neglected. His offer created no great enthusiasm. It seemed to reporters in attendance that many governors were more interested in talking about States' rights than in assuming the responsibility and cost of exercising them.

"What are you going to have for dessert?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A special committee was formed at Williamsburg to explore the whole difficult subject. It is made up of ten governors and several Federal officials, including three cabinet officers.

Last December, Gov. Lane Dwinell, of New Hampshire, and Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson, co-chairmen, issued the committee's first report. It recommended abandonment of Federal grants for vocational training of various kinds, an end to Federal subsidization of municipal-sewage-treatment plants, and a sharing with the states of the Federal tax on local telephone service. These recommendations will be studied and discussed at Miami. To become effective, they will need action both by Congress and by the state legislatures.

The Council of State Governments has made studies on a variety of subjects for the governors: social security and welfare, civilian defense, mental health, care of the aged, peacetime use of atomic materials. All these subjects and many more have had their place on the agenda prepared in advance for each of the annual conclaves. In a number of fields there have been concrete results.

At Williamsburg, a report made by Governor Ribicoff, chairman of the highway-safety committee, illustrates how policies are carried through. The previous summer at Atlantic City, this committee had been instructed to make recommendations for adoption of uniform vehicle laws, reciprocity in enforcement and statewide programs for safety education. By November, 1956, the completed recommendations were distributed to the forty-eight states and the governors were invited to sponsor the program—or such sections as seemed feasible—to their legislatures. At Williamsburg this telegram was received from Ned Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council:

"The amount of constructive highway-safety legislation passed in the United States this year (1957) has reached an all-time high. This accomplishment definitely reflects the interest and the activity of the Governors' Conference."

Governor Ribicoff, who reduced the death rate radically in his own state by lifting the driving licenses of speeders, cited these advances: (1) Fifteen states increased the size of their highway patrols. (2) Six states enacted or stiffened laws relating to chemical tests for intoxication. (3) A number of states increased penalties for serious offenses, particularly drunken driving. (4) Several states replaced vague "reasonable and proper" speed limits with fixed limits. (5) In the West and Midwest special regional committees of legislators and administrative officials were organized to promote the admission of radar evidence in speeding cases. Incidentally, in Indiana, the first speeding culprits caught by radar were Governor Handley and the driver of his official car.

The conference, by resolution, continued its highway-safety committee and ordered it to seek to develop legislation which will require that "safety-design features" be incorporated as standard equipment on all new automobiles. If the horsepower race is continued by the manufacturers, several governors are prepared at their Florida meeting to recommend control by law of speed capacity and horsepower.

In fostering a specific highway-safety program, the conference exercised—as Woodrow Wilson predicted—"the authority of influence." Its very existence demonstrates the political inventiveness of the American people; for the Governors' Conference somehow manages to deal with problems that ordinarily balk the formal institutions of government.

THE END

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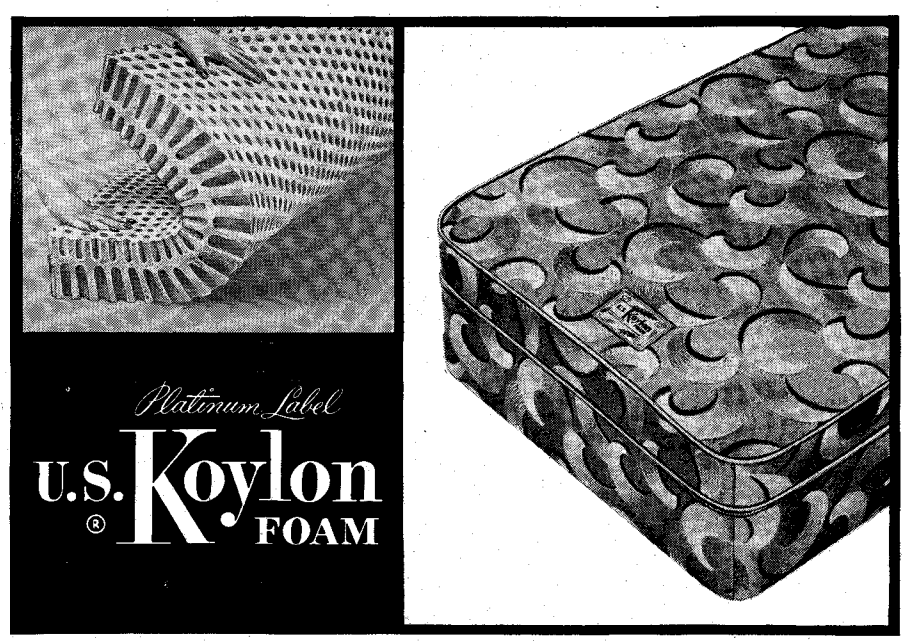


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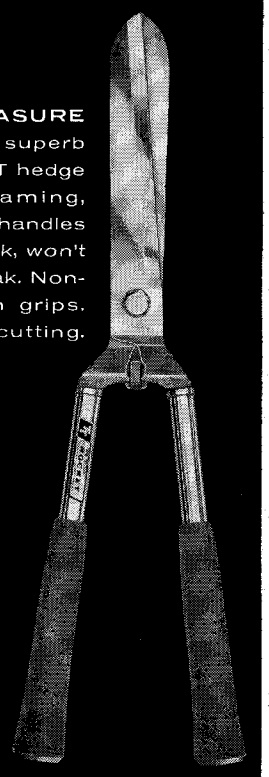

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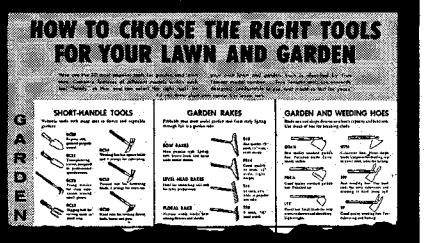


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# The Coach Nobody Wanted

(Continued from Page 31)

home in North Oakland. A loud stomping sounded on the porch, followed by the shrill of the doorbell. Before they could answer, the door was flung open. In trooped a dozen young men singing, "Happy birthday, dear Win; hap-py birthday to you!"

Together, these young men represented perhaps a million dollars' worth of athletic talent. There were J. W. Porter, a freckle-faced young ballplayer who is now on the catching corps of the Cleveland Indians, and John Brodie, a Stanford football All-American who last year moved up to the pro league with the San Francisco 49ers. Booming loud on the bass was big Bill Russell, soon to become a pro-basketball phenom. Also on hand were Frank Robinson, rising young slugger of the Cincinnati Redlegs, and assorted bonus babies and minor-leaguers.

Powles had coached them all on his kid teams. Aside from gratification, his recompense has come in little gestures like the birthday gift they brought that night to his wife. It was a handsome gold clock—"to mark all the golden hours you've given us," the gift card said.

Over the years probably a ton of ice cream has been spooned down youthful throats at the Powleses'. The comfortable old home is a sort of informal clubhouse for boys, both white and colored, and from both sides of the tracks. A portrait of J. W. Porter in the trophy-decked living room is inscribed: "To my mother and father away from home." Bill Russell's photo apologizes, "This is too small a gift for such a great gentleman."

"Some of us," says a young White Sox farm-club player, "might've made jails instead of base hits if it hadn't been for the Powleses."

Not that Russell or Porter was ever a police problem. All they needed was someone to see their ability and develop it through the trying teen-age years. "That's what George does so remarkably," says Sam Bercovich, an Oakland furniture dealer who sponsors Powles-coached sand-lot teams. "He knows kids, how they think, how to talk to them and what to do for them." Cookie Lavagetto, manager of the Washington Senators, who is an Oaklander himself, said recently of Powles, "The little guy turns those blue-green eyes on a youngster and sees a ballplayer. He doesn't let him forget it until he is a ballplayer. I hope my son Ernie can play under him."

This might occur in about two more years, although the Lavagettos will have to do some school-shifting if Ernie, now a grade-schooler, is to work up through the "Powles farm system." Under Powles, Ernie could advance from pickup games at the playground to the Babe Ruth League—for boys thirteen to fifteen—and then to American Legion Junior Baseball, where the age limit is seventeen. At that point he would probably be playing steadily before major-league scouts.

In Legion ball, Powles handles the team of the Captain Bill Erwin Post. He took over the Erwins in 1947, and they have become rather special among the 16,500 teams in Legion competition. They're the only club in thirty-two years to win two successive national titles, which they did in 1949 and 1950. They consistently wallop the nine other Oakland-area posts, and last year were California state champions. Thanks to their winning ways, heads-up, aggressive play—and two memorable triple plays—they also have been the villains of Legion ball.

They won this role while driving to the 1949 title. On two different occasions, Erwin Post infielders tricked opposing base runners into leaving their bases by pretending to have lost pop flies in the lights. Each time the Erwins capitalized on this ruse for a triple play.

An Oakland boy said later, "The way Mr. Powles teaches, you couldn't have budged one of us off a base with a gun in that situation." However, while these maneuvers were perfectly legitimate and executed with poise, they brought boos from many of the fans, who felt that such deception was contrary to Legion ideals of sportsmanship.

Before post-game ceremonies in Omaha, Nebraska, Coach Powles whispered to Ray Herrera, his team captain. A moment later the boy was making a little speech over the field microphone in which he complimented his opponents, graciously thanked the fans for their hospitality and assured them the California boys had enjoyed their stay. For a moment there was sheepish silence in the stands, then a thunder of applause.

That year Baseball's Hall of Fame initiated a program of putting the Legion Player-of-the-Year's photo in the museum at Cooperstown. Herrera became the first teen-ager to be so honored. Jay Porter, of the Erwins, won the honor in 1950.

The competitive Oaklanders may not always win friends along the Legion tournament trail, but they have faithful followers in the eagle-eyed baseball scouts. The scouts followed one Powles boy, George Sterling, from high school and Legion games to the collegiate world series at Omaha last spring, where he pitched and batted the University of California to the national championship. However, Sterling's class hadn't graduated, and he was back in college last winter to play varsity basketball.

This suited Powles. "I don't work with youngsters to make pro ballplayers," he says. "I'm happy if they develop enough to make their high-school teams." Nevertheless, in a period of eleven years, forty-two of his kids have signed pro contracts.

Among them is pitcher Charlie Beamon, a Baltimore property, who already has seen some action with the Orioles and was slated to stick with them this year. Beamon was a gangly kid going nowhere until, in his senior year at high school, he suddenly "bought" a message his coach wouldn't stop preaching: "You can be a big leaguer." Powles fondly recalls the day in 1956 when Beamon was up with the Orioles for a late-season trial. Charlie's dad telephoned that night, "Mr. George! Charlie beat the Yankees today! Beat ol' Whitey Ford—an' him goin' for his twentieth!"

Beamon had ability, of course, as most boys do who find their way to Powles. The coach is uniquely situated to acquire athletic talent—although, ironically, he is unable to use the same boys both in Legion ball and in his high-school athletic work. McClymonds High School, where he teaches physical education, has a preponderantly Negro student body, which is loaded with athletes. However, on his Legion team—an unpaid, spare-time job—Powles may use players only from Technical, Emery and St. Elizabeth's High Schools. None of his McClymonds boys are eligible for the Erwin team.

All this has led to some curious performances. One boy deliberately flunked entrance exams at an outside parochial school so his parents would enroll him at Tech. Another—a shortstop with ballet training—passed up the free public school in a neighboring town to commute daily to Oakland's St. Elizabeth's, a parochial school. A Japanese family with a pitcher son tried all winter to sell their home near McClymonds, so they could buy in the Tech district and qualify their boy for the Erwins. Powles wasn't sure whether he ought to encourage them, since it would give his best McClymonds pitcher to rival Tech, already loaded with his Legion stars. As it is, McClymonds rarely finishes higher than second in Oakland scholastic baseball competition.

Come summer vacation, however, and other school coaches are off to the mountains or seashore. Powles returns to his playgrounds. Bushrod Park, two blocks from his home, offers more baseball than any other playground in town. In the summer, its hard-ball diamonds attract sprouts from miles around, all hopeful of getting the coach's eye. "That's my real secret weapon," Powles says. "Availability and opportunity."

At noon each day he saunters through the gates to find eight-to-eleven-year-olds running through pepper practice and infield drill. By one P.M. he has a game organized. Powles pitches for both sides, although eighteen innings "put a strain on the old southpaw."

"It makes for a lot of holler and fun," he explains. "Their pitchers would be walking them all or striking them out. Kids like to see the fielders scramble."

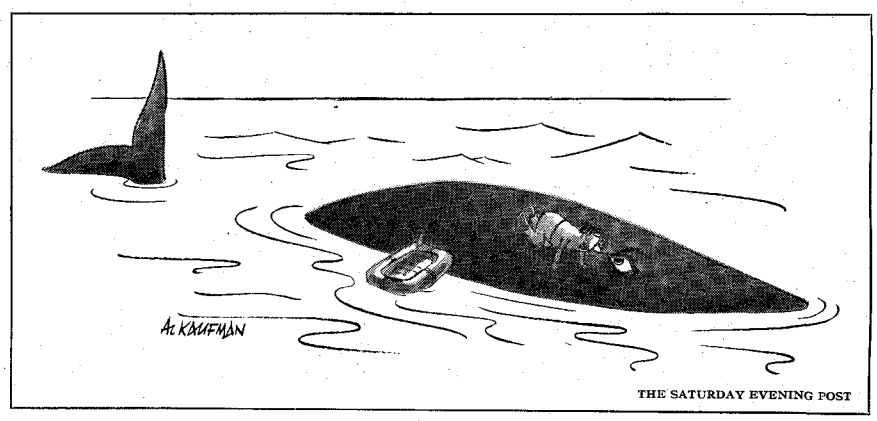
As the action mounts, boys from his older teams drift in—some to help with the umpiring and coaching, others to warm up. After the kid game, they will work out with Powles until eight P.M. By bedtime he has watched a lot of young players, taught a lot of baseball through quiet tips here and there, and added to his mental roster of future performers. He acknowledges, "I don't miss many if they grow up in this part of town."

The truth is that Powles misses very few, wherever they live. His own son, Laurie, now twenty-two, had two fine seasons in the Erwin infield, and daughter Marjorie, now twenty and married to a soil-sciences student, became a top scorekeeper and infallible arbiter of rhubarbs.

Baseball for Powles tends to go on all year. One winter night, refereeing basketball at a recreation center, Powles met some boys from a crosstown junior high.

"Who's your best baseball player over there?" he inquired conversationally.

"Frank," they replied, pointing to a skinny fourteen-year-old.

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A few days later Powles had the boy on one of his Sunday League teams. Sent up to pinch-hit in the fifth, Frank slammed the first pitch over the center fielder's head. "Oh, boy," murmured Powles. The sentiment since has been widely echoed. With Cincinnati in 1956, Frank Robinson was voted National League Rookie of the Year. Last season he hit .322 and pounded out twenty-nine home runs. Many baseball men consider him one of the potential big stars of the game.

I dropped in at the Powles home late last winter before his "boys" had scattered to their training camps. I found thirty or more packed into the house, including some wives. One group had a card game going in the kitchen, where Winifred was dishing up cake. The rest clustered about George, who was comfortably installed on a piano bench with his black cat on his shoulder.

One of the ex-players, now a teacher, was asking, "Boys like us, from the toughest side of town—how'd you keep us out of trouble?"

Powles frowned as if the question weren't to his liking. "In the first place," he replied, "if a boy is really bad—and a few are—I can't make him good. But all kids are competitive. They have drives. The thing is to harness them. Make them want to come to the park. Put them on teams. Mix them with better players. Sooner or later they find themselves. Then don't let them get away."

I recalled his experience with Frank Robinson. "Mr. Powles started me in baseball at the playground," Robinson has said. "He taught me most of the things I know about the game."

There was something more. When Powles found Robbie, he was a shy, undersized boy with a nervous stomach. Winifred had to arrange special diets for him on team trips. Powles outlined exercises to develop his shoulders and had him squeeze rubber balls to build his wrists. Once he asked if Robinson was following the program. "Yes, sir!" said a brother. "When Frankie exercises, the whole house trembles."

When Robinson reached McClymonds he was bigger, but not really husky. However, he turned out for football. Powles winced, although he likes football and has coached it successfully. Robinson became, of all things, a linebacker. On the very first play of his first game he made a crushing tackle and went down, his right shoulder paralyzed. Powles, watching from the stands, groaned and raced after the ambulance. He found Robbie sobbing, sure he'd ruined his baseball chances.

The paralysis cleared in a day or so, but this left another ticklish problem. Somehow, without offending the football coach, Robbie must quit the game. It must be done, furthermore, without schoolmates raising a cry of "Chicken!" Powles talked to the football coach. Then, quietly, he passed the word to key boys: "Lay off." Not a voice was raised. To the future Redleg, this may have been a bigger assist than all the baseball Powles taught him.

Powles' contribution to the success of John Brodie, of Stanford and the 49ers, was much more subtle. Brodie's first love was football. Powles coached him only in baseball. Brodie, "a take-over guy" from a well-to-do family, arrived at Tech without benefit of the farm system, and took over as Erwin shortstop. He followed the gang to Powles' house. During vacations he'd turn up early each day to get George to "hit a few"; then would stay for lunch and play bridge, fan-tan or hearts all afternoon. Perhaps he'd go home for dinner, and return for more cards in the evening.

"George preached confidence," Brodie told me recently. "I liked it. 'Know what you've got,' he would tell us, 'and play up to it. When the chips are down, don't choke.'"

Brodie, a T quarterback and passer, didn't get to play much as a pro rookie in 1957 at San Francisco. However, he got a good test one day when the 49ers were locked in a cliffhanger with the Baltimore Colts. With fifty-five seconds to go, San Francisco trailing by three points and ace passer Y. A. Tittle suddenly hurt, Brodie was sent in. There was time for perhaps two passes from the Colt fourteen.

Listening at home, Powles groaned, "What a spot to put the kid in!" Then he shrugged and said, "John always comes through." Brodie did, too, hitting Hugh McElhenny with his second pass for the winning touchdown. Replaying the game afterward at the Powleses', Brodie laughed. "You always said not to choke, coach," he said.

Powles observes, "You prepare athletes for situations, and some of them come through. Even the real champion doesn't know if he can cut it until he faces the showdown."

In a sense, this is Powles' own story. Born in Oakland on August 21, 1910, a few blocks from where he still lives, he grew up around Bushrod Park. As a youngster he played baseball and basketball with Don Budge, later a tennis great, and shagged balls for Ernie Lombardi,

## NEXT WEEK

### The Hospitals Fight Their Toughest War

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

### A VISIT WITH JACK DEMPSEY

What's the Old Champ Up to Now?

**ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:**

### ART AND HUMAN DIGNITY

By FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

### Man With Magic Fingers

Erroll Garner: Jazz-Piano Genius

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Red Kress and Chick Hafey as they prepared for the big leagues.

Powles yearned to make athletics his lifework, studied each athlete he met and became an all-sports star himself. He was a good left-handed pitcher, but at eighteen he signed as an outfielder with the old San Francisco Seals, had a quick tryout and was released. Four times in the next sixteen months he was called back, used in a few games and released.

In 1931, still confident that his baseball chance would come eventually, Powles took his "stopgap" job with the Oakland Recreation Department and began organizing kid teams. "He was a terrific teacher," a player of that day recalls. "Always in top condition—he doesn't drink or smoke—he didn't just tell us what to do. He demonstrated each move of hands, feet or bat, and taught us to think the game."

Powles was doing some deep thinking himself. As months passed with no baseball call, he decided to go to school. If he couldn't play, perhaps he might teach. He enrolled at San Francisco State College, assuming that his recreation work would lead him to a job in the Oakland schools. In 1934 he married Winifred Stibbens, his high-school sweetheart. In 1936, teaching certificate in hand, he appeared at the Oakland School Administration Building, only to get a rude shock. The schools were hiring only from a "preferred list."

No matter how many times he returned, there were no openings. Finally, with a wife and child to support, he took a job in a brewery, then an oil refinery and finally a creamery. In time he quit trying the schools. He was thirty-three and no one needed his talents. He abandoned his dream.

Came World War II and Powles' father, a railroader, urged him to apply for work with the Southern Pacific. The day he decided to do so, Winifred pleaded, "Go by Administration just once more." Powles hesitated—it had been five years since he'd last tried—but finally did.

He was greeted like a long-lost friend: "Mr. Powles! You're at the head of the list. We've an opening at Hoover Junior High."

There was good reason for openings in September of 1943. War workers from the Deep South and Border States were crowding into Oakland. White and Negro children who'd attended only segregated schools suddenly were being thrown together at an age when youngsters are most difficult. Hoover Junior High, on the west side of town, was a powder keg. Some teachers lasted there only three or four days.

Talking it over with Winifred, Powles reasoned, "These are kids in a new situation themselves. I've always got along with colored kids. They have their faults, but who doesn't? I think it will work out."

With this attitude, even with eighty boys to handle in his first gym class, Powles got along fine. He immediately organized ball teams and got them into leagues. White and colored boys suddenly were working double plays together. There were fights, but the powder keg didn't blow. Powles began to find new satisfaction in the job.

In March, 1944, after a term and a half, the Army called him. He was gone two years, fighting through the Battle of the Bulge as an infantryman. When he got back he returned to Hoover. Without actually deciding on it, George Powles had found his niche. Soon after, the old brown-shingle on 60th Street became a kids' hangout.

It was at Hoover that Powles first saw Bill Russell, a five-foot-nine-inch seventh-grader on a home-room basketball team. Though Russell then was pretty awful as an athlete, something about him captured Powles' affection. For one thing, the boy's mother was dead, and Bill had to leave early each day to get his father's dinner. He didn't complain.

"Bill had to work for everything he got in the gym and classroom," the coach recalls. "In the next six years he had many opportunities to quit, but he didn't."

In 1947 Powles transferred to McClymonds High and proceeded to build a city basketball championship team around Bob Woods. Woods was to become a star with the Harlem Clowns, but in those days it was Russell, loping grotesquely about the court, who drew the guffaws. Any other teen-ager might, in fact, have been laughed right out of sports.

Russell tried not to show the hurt, but there were many evenings when he slipped over to Powles' house to discuss his future—whether to quit school for a job or keep up the struggle for college. "You can do it, son," Powles kept telling him. "You can be great."

He took Bill to the playgrounds to work on co-ordination, shooting baskets with him until their arms ached. He personally paid the dollar fee for Russell to practice all summer at the Boys Club, telling the directors, "Keep him shooting and jumping; he's got to be my center next year."

When Russell failed with the junior varsity, as related in I WAS A 6′ 9″ BABE IN THE WOODS (Saturday Evening Post, January 18, 1958), Powles took him back on the varsity. With only fifteen uniforms for the team, he had Russell and another player suit up for alternate games. Bill played exactly eleven games his last semester, graduating at mid-year and missing the annual Tournament of Champions at Berkeley, where college coaches watch prospects. Hence he got no offers.

Powles telephoned Hal De Julio, insurance-man scout for the University of San Francisco, and pleaded that he give Russell a tryout. It was a glorious moment in the tall boy's life when he learned he was going to college. Standing with his high-school graduating class, he gripped the coach's hand. "Mr. Powles," he said, "I'm going to be the first All-American McClymonds has ever had."

And he was, leading U.S.F. to national championships in 1955 and 1956. Now a pro star with the Boston Celtics, Russell last season broke all National Basketball Association records in the vital department of rebounding.

Despite his success with Russell, Powles likes to coach basketball least of all sports—disregarding wrestling, at which he was a total flop. Of basketball, Powles says, "With only five players to a team and time running so fast, you just can't give enough kids their chance." He has, nonetheless, won two city basketball titles for little McClymonds—1200 students—to match the two Robinson and Beamon brought it in baseball.

Powles also led the football junior varsity to six championships in eight years, and then took the varsity and lost but one game. In 1950 he coached the track team to a city championship, with his athletes putting four new records on the books.

Baseball, however, remains his game. Says J. W. Porter, "Probably there's a man somewhere who can teach bunting better, or fielding, or hitting. But no one teaches more all-around baseball."

Bill Pauletich, a catcher in the White Sox chain, echoes that. "Mr. Powles taught me things in junior high," he says, "that they're just getting to at the pro camps."

Then there is Curtis Flood, who began in the Cincinnati system, but is now the property of the St. Louis Cardinals. Still only twenty, he was sent out by the Cards for further seasoning after training with them this spring.

Flood started with Powles at the age of ten. Last winter he was back knocking on the door. "Will you work me on double plays?" he asked.

"But," Powles protested, "you're going to the Cards as an outfielder. What's this about the double play?"

Flood replied, "They might decide to shift me. I've played the infield too. Second base is the one thing you've never taught me."

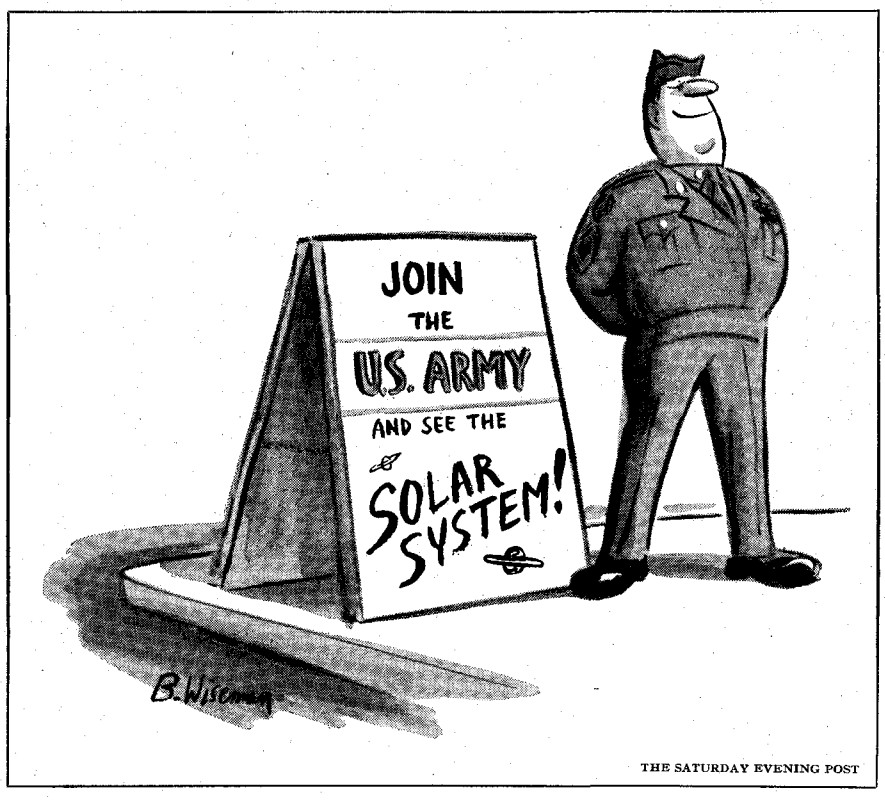
It made sense, and they spent the afternoon practicing pivots.

The next day nineteen-year-old Vada Pinson, a young McClymonds alumnus who jumped from Class C last year to the Cincinnati roster this April after a sensational showing in spring training, came by for bunting help. Powles unlimbered his arm and worked with Pinson until the lad was dropping bunts as gently as a feather.

Directing a kid game several days later, Powles saw Eddie Montague, the Giants' scout who signed Willie Mays, walk into Bushrod Park with his boss. They wanted Powles to be a scout. Like others with similar offers in the past, they were surprised at his reply.

"No," Powles said, without taking his eye off the kid game, "I've paid into teachers' retirement long enough now to have something going there. Scouting's too risky."

Though he still must augment his $400 monthly take-home pay with playground work, he hasn't forgotten the dark years when baseball wasn't buying his talents. Professional affiliation, furthermore, would automatically end his nonsalaried Legion work. As he tells friends, "There's something about spotting a kid with ability and getting him encouraged, seeing him progress. Then the scouts after him, and him coming here for advice. It's a satisfaction you don't find anywhere else."




It was that way with J. W. Porter, a freckle-faced grade-schooler who bobbed up at Golden Gate Playground at a time when kids shot baskets or played pool because there wasn't a baseball program. Powles came in as director, and in twenty-four hours had the diamond mowed and a league going. Porter got more than baseball instruction from Powles, who advised him on such things as going into dramatics and public speaking to develop poise. Powles also persuaded Porter to run for student-body president at Tech, and even helped write his campaign speech.

In 1950 this Oklahoma cotton picker's son was perhaps the hottest young baseball prospect in the country, with a flood of fabulous offers. Naturally he turned to his mentor. Powles never recommends one club over another. But, recalling his own experience, he urges his boys to get money when they sign. "That way," he says, "the club has an investment. It has to give you the chance to make good." He and Porter framed a letter to the sixteen major-league clubs stating the minimum for which J.W. would sign. Then Powles walked away. "Make your own choice," he said. "You'll be the one living with it."

As it turned out, Frank Lane, then of the White Sox, made the best offer—$67,500 outright. This may still be one of the best bonus contracts given, since it did not—unlike most such deals—include any future salary payments.

Porter has since bounced around among several American League clubs, being tried at a variety of positions—so far without lasting success. This year he got another chance to make it as a catcher with Cleveland.

To Porter, as to all his boys, Powles gave some fatherly advice on leaving home—about girls, money, the future and baseball. "This is your big chance," he said. "You'd be sorry all your life if you hadn't had it. But there's a lot to life besides playing baseball. It isn't the be all and end all. When it isn't good for you or you for it, get out."

Some of Powles' boys got out so fast they didn't really use their chance. Others decided against pro sports. They've become salesmen, teachers, warehousemen. One is now a doctor. Watching them work out their destinies—many of them still consult him about their problems—Powles is on the whole quite content, for a man who got where he never planned to be. Right now he has an eye on two promising nine-year-olds, an outstanding Babe Ruth crop and a Legion team which could be in the national playoffs at Colorado Springs next September.

"My mother always made us believe things happen for the best," he says. "What seems a tough break usually turns out to be a good one. I know this is true because it's the story of my life."

THE END

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# Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 49)

it to masquerade successfully as the equipage of a chief of the New York Fire Department.

Ready at hand were cans of paint of a sober black, which would be used when the time came to repaint the car, covering the telltale red and returning it to civilian status. Though the four men wore working clothes, they were provided with other garments—the uniforms of firemen, three helmets for men of the ranks and one white helmet for the pseudo chief. There were also rubber coats and boots. At hand and ready to be placed in the disguised car were four cases, each containing one of those weapons known to gangsterdom as Tommy guns.

This place had been selected as one where inquisitive eyes would not ask questions; and because it was not unhandy to a certain spot which was to be the objective of the meticulously planned depredation. There were few passers-by to note the comings and goings of the four men, who, indeed, seldom emerged, but lived and ate their food and did their sleeping where they worked.

The didos included even a two-way radio system such as all official cars carry as equipment.

It was extremely unlikely that anyone would see this car emerge from the wide doors of the old brewery or note its return to its hiding place. Within a matter of hours it would, after its return, cease to be red and again become unnoticeable under a coat of somber black.

These several facts were, of course, unknown to the office of the chief fire marshal of the City of New York, and were undreamed of by the force of men under his command. No man's imagination stretched so far as to envision such a vipers' nest, and this was especially true of Craig Batts, engrossed in his preliminary training.

He was fascinated by this tutelage, and to him it was not irksome even when it involved a working knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting. He found the case histories in the files, though terse and couched in stilted official language, to be engrossing. Especially when he read between the lines to perceive the dogged persistence, the skilled investigation, the keen reasoning of the investigating fire marshal.

On the afternoon of his discovery that the file concerning the fire in which his father had lost his life was missing he was called into the small office of the chief in charge.

"Batts," asked that gentleman, "how did you come to discover that this particular file was missing?"

"I have been studying cases as directed," Craig answered. "Today I came back early from lunch because I wanted to read about that fire and the official findings on what happened to my father. I never knew the exact particulars."

"No," said the chief abruptly. "The facts were not broadcast. How much have you talked about this matter?"

"Not at all, sir, after the supervisor couldn't find the file."

The chief fixed him with inclement eye. "See that you keep a still tongue in your head," he ordered, dismissing Craig.

A duller mind than Craig's would have seen that this matter was regarded as important by his superiors, and that its implications were not agreeable. That a file, especially a file containing the findings in the investigation of the death of a deputy chief in charge, was a matter demanding discreet handling. There must exist a powerful reason for its theft.

To Craig it was patent that there must exist in that file something that constituted a peril to someone. It was even possible, he reasoned, that this peril had lain dormant until he, Craig Batts, had been placed in a position where he would have access to the files.

The perpetrator might well have guessed that Craig's curiosity would send him to read the contents of that folder, and that this had made its abstraction necessary. If this was the truth, then a further and disturbing conclusion followed; namely, that the guilty man had access to the files—indeed, that he was a member of the corps of fire marshals inhabiting that office.

It was, presently, a welcome change from confinement within four walls to be assigned at last to that step in his training which would consist of minor investigations under the tutelage of an experienced marshal. The man who was to be his instructor was a saturnine individual with a cowlick, perhaps thirty-five years of age, whose acid humor amused his comrades. His face, with ruddy cheeks, had an impish, impertinent cast, and when he looked at you it seemed always as if he were inwardly amused by something not visible to other eyes. For all that, he was not an ill-natured young man, but gay and popular even in his most ironic moods. His name was Luke Priddy.

"We're going out," he said to Craig, "to put salt on the tail of a pyro. This lad works when the moon is full. And he's got a quirk. His special talent is baby cabs in apartment hallways. Chucks in

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greasy rags, or excelsior or something soaked in gasoline, and touches it off. A month ago he did his little chore nine times in an area a half a mile square. He's extinct from moon to moon."

Craig tapped his forehead.

"Probably as sane as you or I," Priddy said, "till his night comes on him. Maybe he's got a grudge against baby cabs. Maybe he's a frustrated baby sitter."

The morning's paper work had been completed when Priddy and Batts started out on their scouting expedition. At that time of day the pyromaniac would not be about his moonstruck business, but it would be efficient to scout the neighborhood, study at first hand the previous hallway fires; take a sort of census of baby carriages in hallways and do what was possible to reason out where the man would be most likely to strike his matches tonight. If they could discover a pattern it would be helpful.

They came up from the subway and took to the sidewalk which carried them past No. 1 Engine House. Halfway down the block they heard warnings and saw the apparatus swing through the wide doors and swerve westward. This alarm of fire might change the plans of the two assistant fire marshals; so Priddy went into the engine house and called the fire marshal's office to report their whereabouts.

"It's a three-bagger," said the answering voice over the telephone, using department argot for a three-alarm fire. Then, after a brief pause, it gave the location of the blaze and directions to proceed to the scene at once.

When they arrived, the street was a jumble of ladders and towers and pumpers. An ambulance was there, and the rescue wagon. Extension ladders already reared themselves against the face of the five-story building; smoke billowed from the windows of the third and fifth floors. It seemed a scene of utter confusion, with firemen rushing about helter-skelter, but it was not confusion. Every piece of apparatus was where it should be; men in helmets and rubber coats and hats appeared to be running about like distracted ants from a disturbed ant hole, but each one knew his task and went about his appointed work adeptly. The senior officer was somewhere inside, assaying the fire and sending orders down to the street over the walkie-talkie carried by his aide. The first task was to insure ventilation; the second to get water on the flames.

The building was occupied by a dozen businesses of one sort or another—mostly small manufacturing concerns—crowded, huddled lofts. The fire had originated in the premises of a firm which processed feathers, but a second fire had unaccountably broken out two floors above, in the workrooms of a company manufacturing cheap dresses. Two simultaneous fires on separated floors!

It was a neighborhood of antique shops, lofts, book stores. But, as it neared Fifth Avenue, there were more pretentious structures and concerns. There was an excellent furniture store, the sumptuous display room of a publisher, a first-rate tailor. Diagonally across from the burning building was the sedate place of business of a nationally known jeweler.

Craig's trick brain was photographing the scene with all its intricate movement. He saw a red chief's car pick its way through apparatus and come to a stop at the curb. From it alighted four firemen, one wearing the white helmet of a chief. Instead of crossing the street to the fire, they walked in a compact group across the sidewalk and into the jewelry store.

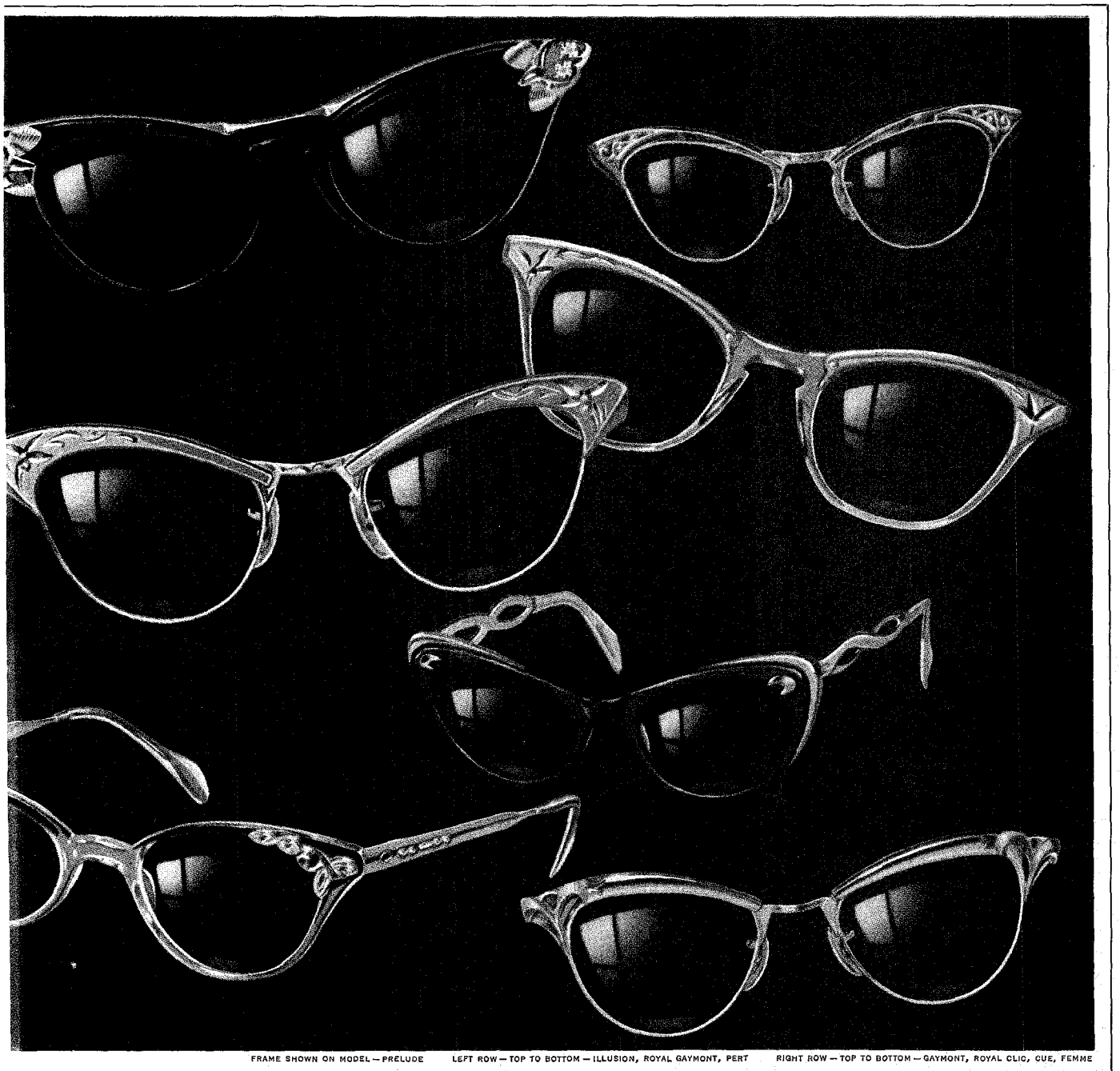
The interior of the shop was not visible from the street, and so the little squad passed from Craig's sight. Just why these firemen should hurry into the store, Craig could not guess, but probably it was on some mission of protection or of prevention on special order to conserve what must have been a highly valuable stock in trade. But in his mind remained a picture of the episode even as he turned back to watch a flat hose being hoisted up the fire escape by means of the stretch. Flames showed red amid the smoke issuing from the fifth-story windows. A fireman emerged backward; got his feet on the ladder secured by a safety device, and

## Tribute to My Mother

By Mary Elizabeth Counselman

She has a sundial memory,
Recording—snow or
shower—
Only the happiness that she
Has shared, some
yesterhour.

Small wonder old friends
seek her out
To hear her laughter chime
And set their clocks of
living by
Her sunlight-saving time.



FRAME SHOWN ON MODEL—PRELUDE LEFT ROW—TOP TO BOTTOM—ILLUSION, ROYAL GAYMONT, PERT RIGHT ROW—TOP TO BOTTOM—GAYMONT, ROYAL CLIC, CUE, FEMME

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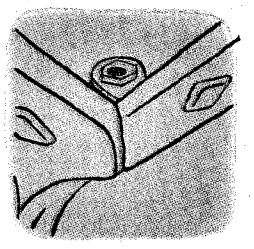

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stood there in the smoke until a comrade passed to him a limp body which he slung across his shoulders and carried to the street. A waiting stretcher carried the casualty to the ambulance a hundred feet away.

Craig was aware of a dapper figure standing at his elbow, a slight man wearing a monocle in his eye, white spats on his ankles, and a drooping, aristocratic snowy mustache. He peered at Craig a moment as if wondering how a person in civilian clothes could be permitted to loiter there. Then his patrician face lighted with recognition.

"Ah," he said, "the name is Batts, of course. Newly appointed fire marshal."

"Good day, Mr. Van Rensselaer," Craig responded courteously.

"I was," said the quaint old aristocrat, "enjoying my constitutional down Fifth Avenue when I heard the sirens. Naturally I dropped all other concerns and hastened to the scene of the fire. It is not without points of interest."

With some vanity he took from his pocket a leather case which he opened to display a gold shield naming him an honorary chief of the fire department. "This," he explained, "permits me to pass all fire lines."

"What," asked Craig, "do you find of special interest here?"

"Fires," said the honorary chief, "do not commonly break out on two separated floors simultaneously."

"Could be a torch," Priddy said.

"Ah, indeed," said the old gentleman with a sly expression. "But then one seeks an explanation. Third floor and fifth floor! Would there be two separate, distinct and unrelated blazes? Possible. Possible, but not probable. Two unrelated fires with two unrelated motives? Incredible. I fancy, my young friend, that when you enter to investigate, you will find evidence of arson. And I will hazard a guess that on each floor you will find similar evidence of arson."

"Quite possible," Priddy said.

"It would be fascinating," Van Rensselaer burbled, "if on both floors you were to discover that identical incendiary devices had been used."

"It sure would," Priddy agreed.

"And what, young gentlemen, would that phenomenon indicate?"

"The same firebug," Priddy said.

"Rather more than that, I should reason," the old gentleman said shrewdly. "First, indication of plan, of pattern. Would it be too far-fetched to deduce that the twin fires are indeed a red herring?"

"That," Priddy said, "would be a whopping guess. A red herring is to toll one off on a false trail."

"So it is. So it is. To distract attention. But to distract attention from what?"

Craig stood an instant as if frozen. He turned quickly to peer at the chief's red car parked at the curb in front of the jewelry store. And as he peered he noticed with that trick photographic brain of his that there was something irregular, a discrepancy. Something to be expected was not present. Something not to be expected was visible. He astonished both Priddy and Van Rensselaer by shoving them brusquely aside.

"Shake a foot," he snapped, and ran to the door of the store whose stock in trade was treasure.

He was six feet from the entrance when the four firemen emerged, striding with military precision. Two of them carried canvas sacks that bulged.

"Stop there! Stop!" Craig shouted, charging the quartet recklessly.

With more courage than discretion, he lunged toward the four men. His reception was efficient. The two men walking side by side in front sidestepped with precision. Each grasped Craig by an arm and held him. One of the men in the rear raised his right hand, gripping a weapon known to the underworld as a sap, and brought it down upon Craig's head. Then they crossed the walk to their car, stepped inside, and the car moved forward swiftly, and then lurched down the street with siren screaming.

Priddy, taken wholly by surprise, bent over Craig. Above the uproar a shrill voice could be heard imperiously summoning a stretcher. It was the voice of Pieter Van Rensselaer. He stood over Craig and Priddy, his aristocratic face sardonic. He spoke, but his words were addressed to no one in particular.

"I said red herring," he said pridefully. "And red herring it was."

Craig was carried to the ambulance. Consciousness returned before he was laid on a bed. He struggled to sit up, but sank back dizzily. "They looked alike," he said. "As alike as peas in a pod."

"Lie still," said the surgeon, pushing him back upon the pillow.

"Police!" Craig tried to shout.

"Just don't bother your little head," said the surgeon.

Craig could not know it, but the police had been notified promptly by Priddy, who hurried into the store where the clerks huddled, white-faced and bewildered.

"Assistant Fire Marshal Priddy," he said, displaying his identification. "What happened?"

"Four firemen came in," said an employee. "They separated and each one had a tommy gun. They ordered us to put up our hands. They pushed us back in a corner and looted the place."

"The vault?"

"That too," said the man.

"They were firemen," squeaked a dapper clerk. "Firemen!"

"Don't be a fool," Priddy snapped. He peered about at smashed and denuded showcases. "Firemen my aunt's calico cat! If you saw them again could you identify them?"

The clerks looked at each other, and then nodded in puzzled agreement. "They all looked exactly alike!"

"How alike?"

"Sort of," said a shivering clerk, "as if they weren't human. As if they were dead. Or wax."

"How much did they get away with?"

"How can we tell yet? Hundreds of thousands."

Police officers surged in and took charge. Priddy remained to give such information as he could, after seeking the telephone and reporting to his superiors.

"Stay put till I get there," was the order he received.

Priddy remained in the looted store, and soon there came in the dapper figure of Pieter Van Rensselaer jauntily swinging his malacca cane. He peered about, and permitted his monocle to drop from his eye and dangle at the end of its ribbon.

"Neat," he said admiringly. "Neat, businesslike, and artistic. You have been vouchsafed the privilege, Priddy, of being present at the production of a masterpiece. Er—trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. Some astute criminal brain merits congratulations." His turn was almost a pirouette as, with flourish of his cane, he made his exit to the disordered street.

It was a stubborn, difficult fire. Choking gases, poisonous smoke were menaces. It was late evening before the fire marshals could move in to make their search for evidence of arson.


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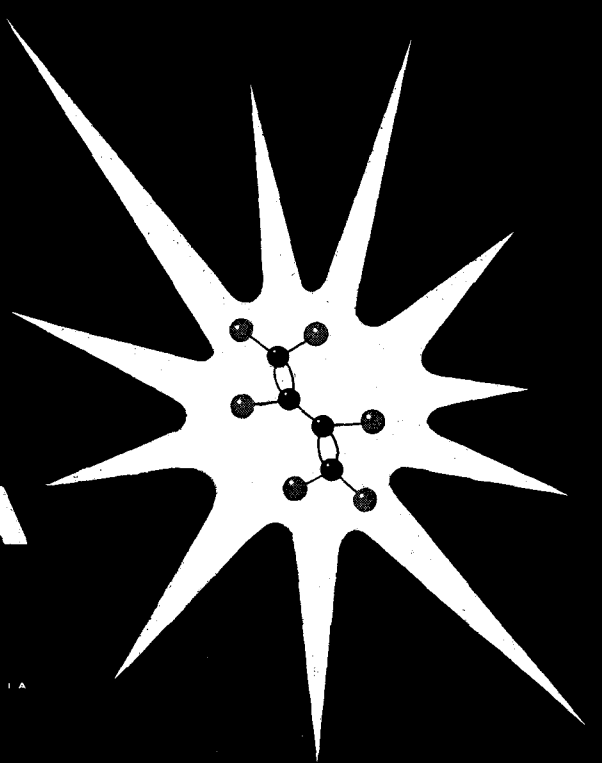

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Craig was taken to the hospital for observation. In the morning he was discharged with sardonic compliments upon the thickness of his skull. He went to his desk in headquarters and sat down to write his report. It was nearly ten o'clock when one of the young women in the outer office came to where he sat.

"The chief marshal wants to see you at once," she said.

"How's the head?" asked the marshal, when Craig stood before his desk.

"Sore," Craig said with a grimace.

"Ready for duty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe what took place," the chief marshal ordered tersely.

"Priddy and I reported from Engine House Number One. We were ordered to go to the fire. When we arrived, flames were coming from windows on the third and fifth floors. A red chief's car drove up and stopped in front of the jewelry store. Four men, one with a chief's helmet, got out and went into the store."

"Didn't it strike you as odd that they should go into a place where there was no fire?" the chief asked.

"It did, sir. But I thought it must be some special detail on account of the value of the stock in trade."

The chief nodded. "What next?" he asked.

"The car was left running," Craig said. "Then Mr. Van Rensselaer was there and took my mind off it with questions and observations until the four men came out of the jewelry store. Two of them carried canvas bags. Somehow, sir, they did not look like firemen." He wrinkled his brows. "As a matter of fact, sir, they did not look like men at all."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It was their faces. I could see them plainly. They looked like the faces of wax dummies in a department-store window. Then there was something about the car. I don't seem to remember what it was, but it will come to me."

"Go on," said the chief.

"I knew, sir, that they must be stopped and asked to account for themselves, so I let out a yell to Priddy and made for them. And that's the last I remember."

"They got clean away," said the chief. "Clean away. Those four men and that car disappeared as if they had been erased. With their head start!"

"The jewelry store was looted, sir?"

"The swag will run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. The exact figures haven't been reported yet. The biggest robbery in the history of New York."

"The fires were incendiary, chief?"

"No doubt of it. Crudely so. No effort made to conceal."

"Mr. Van Rensselaer said to hunt a motive," Craig said.

"Smart little man—if he is a double-dyed buff."

"The motive's pretty clear, sir, isn't it?"

"It doesn't belong in any of the usual categories," the chief said. "Not for insurance; not for revenge, not a pyro. Not malicious mischief."

"But," suggested Craig, "to create a state of confusion that would make the looting of the jewelry store easy."

The chief rumbled in his throat. "There was plan and preparation," he said. "That red chief's car, now. That took time and foresight. Uniforms to be provided. Every move from arrival to getaway planned to the split second. Young man, it's my guess that we're up against something new and bad."

"Like Mr. Van Rensselaer argues?"

"So he rode that hobbyhorse for you," said the chief. "His flying squad of crooks. Here today and gone tomorrow. Do a job in Chicago Thursday and in Dallas Saturday. Lad, I'd hate to think it, but he has evidence on his side. Well, the police have the organization and the men we lack. But all the same, it's our pigeon—and we stick to it. Bear this in mind, my boy. We always work with the police, and with no thought of jealousy. Mind you, now, I'll be in direct charge. But I'm detaching Priddy from all other duty to work on nothin' but this." He narrowed his eyes at Craig and there was a glint of humor in them. "And, since you're not yet good for anything else, I name ye to trail along with him." He snorted. "Maybe that pheenomenal brain of yours'll find a use for itself. At any rate you'll be learnin'."

"Those masks!" Craig exclaimed.

"What about them?"

"Like Halloween," Craig said. "Rubber pullover masks."

"Now it may surprise you half to death, Batts," said the chief ironically, "but some of us old-timers hit on that idea all by ourselves. . . . Be off with you. You'll be working with Priddy."

"Wait, sir," Craig said urgently. "I've remembered. Two things about that counterfeit chief's car. One thing—almost hidden under the back bumper was a hitch."

"A hitch? What in blazes is a hitch?"

"Like a coupling, sir. That car has been used to draw a trailer."

"And what else?"

"Red on the walls of the left rear tire. Red paint. That car was recently painted."

"So-o-o?" said the chief marshal.

"I would guess, sir, that there will be no use looking for a red car. If the crooks have a spot where they could paint it red, they'll go back there and repaint it some other color."

"About this hitch, now?"

"I would be thinking," Craig said, "that it points to a traveling gang. Not local. That they came to town in a trailer and will skedaddle out of it again the same way. Moving on to their next job."

The chief looked up with fierce gray eyes. His face was granite. It did not soften as he came as close as he ever did come to paying a compliment to one of his men. "Keep figuring, Batts. It may be you'll turn out to be worth your salt."

At the end of the day Craig went to the hospital to meet Nora Fogarty. Nora had been permitted in her father's room before, but this was the first time Craig had

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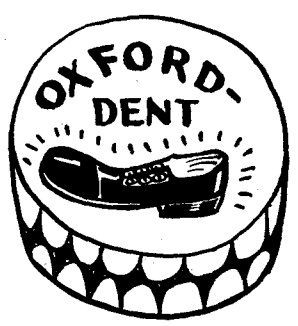


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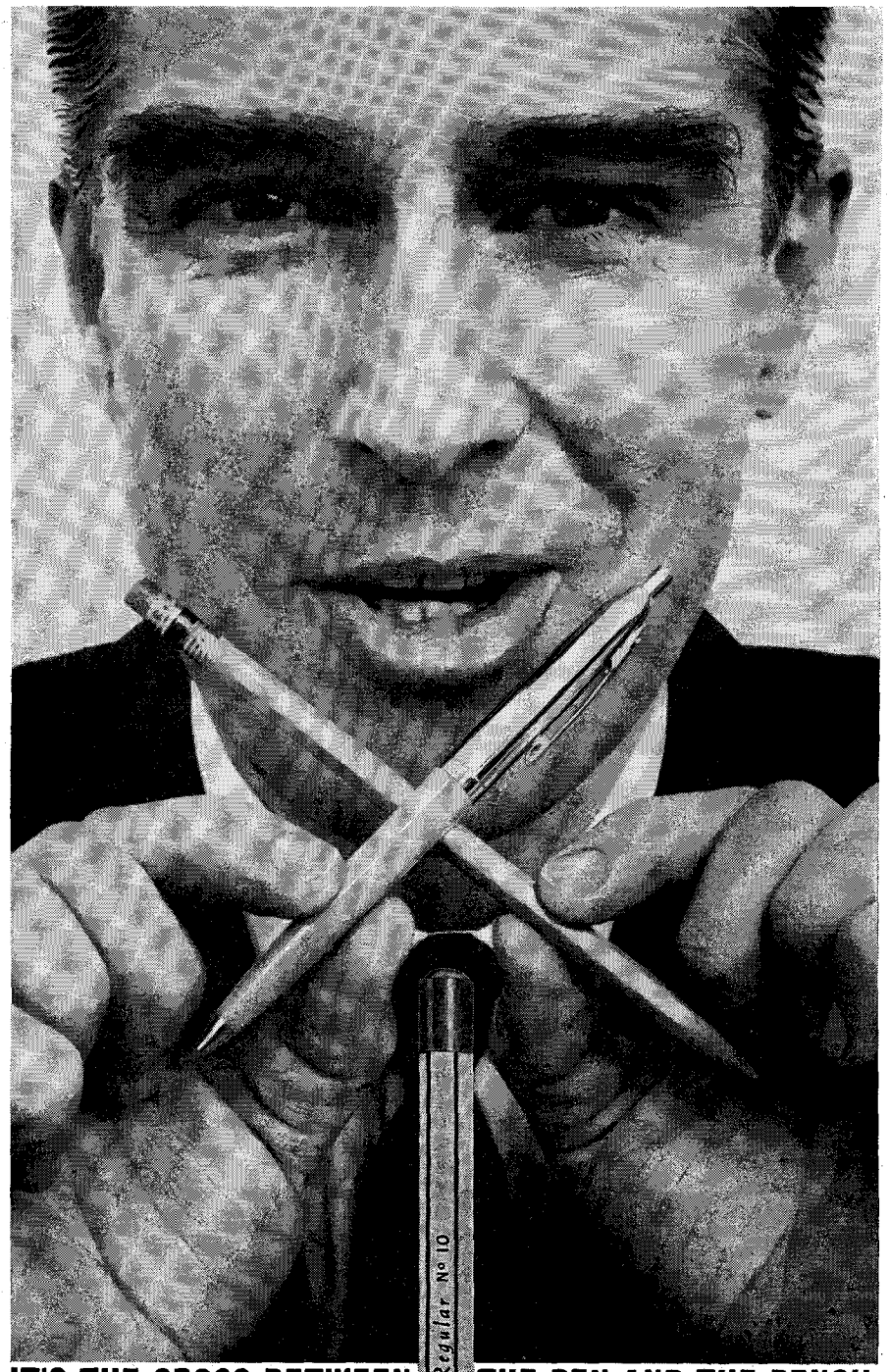


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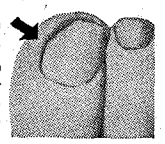

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been allowed to accompany her. The old chief lay in his bed, head swathed in bandages. But his gray eyes were bright and his distinguished Irish face smiling as the young people entered. Nora bent over him to kiss his cheek. He extended a firm hand to Craig and grinned ruefully.

"You're right pretty in your tailor-made suit," he said. "How's the fire-marshal business? Boomin'?"

"Plenty of customers," grinned Craig. "We aim to give satisfaction. And you, Uncle Paddy, but for the swaddling clothes on your noggin, you look fit for duty."

"In a week I'll be out of here good as new. So give me all the news. Until this day my head's ached so I'd no pleasure in readin' a paper."

Craig provided all the department gossip and then gave the elderly gentleman a detailed account of the jewelry robbery and of his part in it.

"And this get-away car disappeared like it went down a rat hole?" said Fogarty.

"North and east it went," Craig said. "It went to ground somewhere between Forty-Second Street and Sixtieth. And between Lexington and the river."

"It leaps to the eye," Fogarty declared.

"What leaps to the eye, father?" Nora asked.

"That the fire where I got mine and the fire where you got yours were set by a different class of people. Sure, my fire was set for gain—for the insurance or some such purpose. Your fire was set to cause a distraction and turn aside the eye. Them that set my fire was retail torches; them that touched off yours was wholesale, if ye get what I mean."

"Sure," Craig agreed. "Yours was local talent and mine nationwide."

Chief Fogarty closed his eyes and leaned back against his pillow. He was tired. His lips moved as he repeated words that meant nothing to anybody else, but which seemed to be the introduction to some old Irish fairy tale.

"Once upon a time," he said just above a whisper, "whin the r-r-rich was ver-ry r-rich and the poor was ver-rry poor, there lived a lady wit' solid goold fingernails."

"We'd better go along, Craig," Nora said. "He's tired of us."

"There are many things I'm tired of," said the chief, "and just now you're one of thim."

Nora kissed her father's forehead and then went quietly out of the room. "He'll be all right now," she said. "I've no more fear for him." Her brow puckered. "For the time," she said, "he seems to have forgotten what troubled him before."

"Not he," Craig contradicted. "It's that he's something else on his mind."

As they got off the elevator on the main floor of the hospital a huge box of flowers was being delivered. The girl at the desk, who knew Nora from her many visits to her father, called across to her, "Box of flowers for your father."

Nora, wondering who could have sent such an enormous bouquet to Chief Fogarty, walked across to the desk and examined the container. No information was visible except the florist's name and her father's. She puckered her arched brows. "Before it goes up," she said, "we will see whom it is from."

"Whom!" exclaimed Craig. "The girl's educated. Whom!"

"Open it," Nora snapped.

Craig cut the tape and lifted the cover. He estimated that someone had spent no less than fifty dollars for the contents. There was a small white envelope which Nora opened. She read the enclosed card and passed it silently to Craig.

"Get well quick," it said. "There'll be a welcoming party." The message was signed Clyde Tupper.

Craig slipped card and envelope into his pocket, and carefully tied up the cardboard box. The receptionist had not noticed his abstraction of the donor's greeting. "Send it up," he said and, taking Nora's arm, led her to the exit.

"It was best," he said, "to remove the stinger."

"Yes," Nora said. "It was a threat, wasn't it?"

"More like a warning and a reminder," Craig said.

"Craig," Nora asked, "what does this man do?"

"He has an office in a Broadway building. On the door it says Tupper Enterprises."

"What does that mean?"

He shook his head. "That we must find out," he said. "He makes money. And spends it."

"We know someone doesn't like him," Nora said.

"You don't shoot people you're fond of," Craig answered.

"It was the way gangsters do," Nora said.

"Shooting out of a speeding car? It could be. It could be something else. In his case, it could be a jealous husband or boy friend. He's a chaser."

He described to her the incident in the theater when Tupper had so brashly made advances to the delicious little chorus girl and had been assailed by her older sister.

"What show?" Nora asked.

Craig told her, and she bobbed her head. "I thought so. That would be Annie and Fifi Mertz. I went to public school with them. Fifi was in primary. But even then she was a lovely little thing. If anyone looked at her crossways, Annie was at him tooth and nail."

"This Fifi child," Craig said, "was fresh out of a fairy tale."

"Keep your callused, smoke-grimed hands off her," snapped Nora with sudden savagery.

"Hey, what gives?" expostulated Craig.

"Just a sisterly warning," she said, accenting the word "sisterly." "A child as beautiful as Fifi, and as naïve, is as dangerous as a gas explosion in a basement."

"I'm unlikely ever to see her again. But if I do I'll wear a respirator."

"Never was there a mask invented," Nora said, "to protect a soft-headed man from a child like that. Not that's she's bad. From all I hear, she's a sweet, modest dumb child. But she'll be like a typhoid carrier. When she walks abroad, trouble takes her arm."

"What they call a *femme fatale?*" asked Craig ironically.

"Scraps and patches of education!" Nora said with a curl of the lip. "Next you'll be talking Latin."

"Which I can do," Craig boasted. "Like, for instance: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* That, being truly translated, means always look a gift horse in the mouth, especially if it's flowers from a Greek named Tupper."

"You're not on duty again till morning?" Nora asked.

"Right," he said. "We've the evening."

"For lack of a better man," she said, "I'll let you take me to dinner, and maybe to a movie."

He snorted. "Even when you were knee-high to a grasshopper you always wanted to tag along."

Her eyes flashed. "Craig Batts," she said, "did you ever take a look at me?"

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Tag along!" she said furiously.

"Like a coach dog under a fire engine," he grinned.

She stopped and stood facing him, chin up, shoulders back. "Then look me over now, numskull. From top to toe, look me over. No longer am I knee-high to a grasshopper. Nor am I freckled nor spindly. You drool at sight of this Fifi Mertz. Well, there's many a desirable man drools at sight of me. Stand that girl beside me and I'll match her eye for eye, hair for hair; and what's more important to you wolf-whistling weasels, leg for leg."

"Listen to the spittin' kitten," he jeered. But he did look at her as she stood there in the afternoon sunlight, and it was as if some veil had been removed from his eyes, or he were seeing her for the first time. It was a shock. Little Nora, who had been a pest to be shaken off, had changed into something quite different. She no longer was a kid to be sneaked away from; but a woman to lure. Fifi Mertz had a dazzling sort of beauty, a tempting beauty. Nora had a different, human beauty of the enduring sort—the kind that caught at the throat today, would be desirable in a ripened tomorrow, and a woman to make men turn their heads in admiration even when the years rested lightly upon her.

Craig perversely would not let Nora see how she had affected him. Derisively he whistled. (*Continued on Page 126*)

"Magnificent solo, Higgins."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Wonderful Dial Soap!

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(*Continued from Page 124*) "When your face and hands are washed, and your dress on straight, you're a neat-looking biddy," he said. "We will go uptown and I will feed you to cure the scrawny look of you."

They came to the surface in Times Square. Craig had intended to take Nora to dine in a pleasant little café in Forty-fourth Street. They walked northward and Craig paused at the somewhat grubby entrance to a six-story faded brick building.

"This," he said, "is where Tupper holes up." He looked at his watch. "He won't be here at this time of day. Let's snoop a bit."

On the left-hand wall was a board on which the names of tenants were printed alphabetically. Tupper's office was on the fourth floor.

"So here we are," Nora said. "All right, Mr. Fire Marshal, what do we do? I'm simply swooning to see you be a detective." She grinned impishly up at him. "Go ahead and make my eyes pop."

"Results are brought by hard work, persistence and diligence," he said loftily, "rather than by genius or inspiration. And an intelligent approach. I will give you a sample."

He stepped to the cigar stand which faced the elevators and asked for cigarettes.

"Do you have theater tickets?" he asked.

"Next door in the basement," the man behind the counter said grumpily.

Craig leaned on the showcase. "I suppose you get to know most of the tenants in the building," he said chattily.

"So I get to know the tenants? So what of it?"

"Must be interesting," Craig speculated, "being here and getting to talk with so many different kinds of men. In odd businesses."

"What d'ye mean, odd businesses?"

"Why, on the list I saw a company named the Top Hole Novelty Company, and another they call Put and Take. Funny names."

"They got a right to pick what names they choose," said the cigar salesman.

"And I noticed one called Tupper Enterprises. Now what would that mean?"

"So," said the man, "you lead up to Tupper Enterprises. So it's Tupper Enterprises you're snoopin' around. What's the point, pally? You got a beef? Or are you a shamus, or what?"

"Just noticed the name."

"Sure, nosy. Now cast your eye over me. You'd say I was a healthy bozo, wouldn't you? Well, I don't keep that way by runnin' off at the mouth. Be on your way, pally, and take the moll with you."

Craig leaned confidentially on the case. "Too bad," he said sympathetically.

"What's too bad?" the salesman demanded.

"That you never will get far in the rackets. That you'll always be a punk."

"In the market for a thick ear?"

"Always," Craig said. "The reason you'll never make the grade is on account of you're not smart. Like you talk too much. You give things away. Like just now I drop a question about Tupper. So do you get smart and say he's in the insurance business, or he sells snails, or he's publicity man for a burleycue. Just casual. Not you. You got to show how tough you are and how you can't be pumped."

"Yah!" rasped the cigar-counter man.

"And you give it away that your health might get poor if you talked about Tupper. Which tells me you think Tupper is tough and that his business won't bear talking about. No, friend, you'll never get farther than selling reefers or policy slips. Just a dumb cluck."

The elevator doors clanged open. The man looked over Craig's shoulder and his teeth showed in a malicious smirk. "Hey, Mr. Tupper," he called, "here's a nosy guy askin' questions."

Craig turned his back on the showcase and saw, ten feet away, Tupper standing in front of the elevator, and at his side was a girl. Craig's eyes opened a bit, for the girl was Annie's little sister, Fifi.

Tupper strode across the corridor, but stopped when he heard Nora exclaim, "Why, Fifi! So long since I've seen you!"

The child was frightened. Her lips parted and her cheeks paled. She tried hard to be casual, but with little success. "Hello, Nora," she said shakily. "I—I ——"

"Shut up," Tupper said roughly. And then, "Miss Fogarty." He turned to the cigar man. "So this character was asking questions?"

"And gittin' no answers," the man said.

With no warning, not even a narrowing of the eyes, Tupper's fist lashed out. Craig had been leaning against the showcase, his elbows behind him on the top surface. There was no time to interpose a guard, but in that split second he did duck his head so that the punch struck him on the forehead instead of the chin.

Craig never had been struck a harder blow. Lightning seemed to flash. By sheer instinct he lowered his chin on his chest and lunged blindly toward his assailant in an effort to clinch and hold on until his head could clear. Tupper, a sneer on his handsome face, stepped back a pace and lashed out, this time with a ready left fist. Craig went down, struggled to his knees as Tupper kicked him viciously on the shoulder so that he fell upon his face. The kick, aimed at his chin, had not found its mark. Tupper stood an instant enjoying himself. Then he reached for little Fifi's arm and jerked her around to face the street, and led her away. The child uttered little bleating, terrified sounds.

Nora knelt beside Craig. He shook his head, got to his knees and rose shakily to his feet. The floor rocked under his feet and the building swayed before his eyes.

"Who's a dumb cluck?" asked the cigar salesman, licking his thick lips.

Oddly enough, Craig was unmarked. It was but seconds before fine condition and youth restored him to himself, except for a grinding humiliation that he had fared so ill under the eyes of Nora Fogarty. Nor did she spare him.

"The intelligent approach," she said tartly. "Any more samples to give?"

He grinned crookedly at her, but she saw the shame in his eyes. He offered no excuses, gave no alibis. "He hits quick," was all he said, and in spite of his sudden defeat Nora felt inward pride in him for the way he took it. But she was careful not to permit him to see that pride or to sense that she was sympathetic. Craig stooped for his hat and settled it on his head.

"Appetite spoiled?" he asked.

"It's famished I am," she said, pretending to be very Irish. "But can you gnaw soft bread with that jaw of yours?"

His mind veered away from his licking and from Nora's jeering. "That Fifi child," he said.

"Little idiot!" said Nora.

"She was frightened," Craig said.

"Little girls get frightened by men like that. But not frightened enough." Nora scowled. "If harm comes to her, sister Annie will not let it pass. This time the Tupper man should watch his step."

They moved away. The cigar salesman called after them, "When you want more information, just drop around."

Only one table was occupied in the little eating place which was their destination. They were seated and served. For a time there was a certain stiffness between them and conversation was not easy; but Nora was a girl who understood the meaning of tact and how to use it. She chattered about casual, unimportant things, and presently Craig was chatting back, his dark mood dissipated.

"Nora," he asked seriously after their steaks were eaten, "did Uncle Paddy ever talk to you about the fire that killed my father?"

"Never. You know how closemouthed father is about department matters. Why do you ask?"

He shrugged. "Why do we go into it?"

"The department?" she asked.

"Yes. What's the attraction? Not money. A truck driver makes more. Maybe it's the uniform. A young lad may get a kick out of wearing the uniform. All right. He wears it, and barring promotions he gets to earn maybe five or six thousand a year. After twenty years he retires on half pay. If he gets killed, his widow, if any, gets a full year's salary and a pension of half pay. If I get injured so I'm no good, I get three-quarters pay.... Now I'm not a numskull. If I had gone into almost any other business I could earn twice or three times as much, and maybe find opportunities to get rich." He frowned. "Did anybody ever see a rich fireman?"

"It's security," Nora answered. "There's many that set store by security. Come good times or bad times, there's no worry about the job. No selling apples on street corners."

"But we get good men," Craig objected. "Not just coattail riders. It's not easy to get to be a fireman."

For a time they were silent, and then Nora asked, "How's for the Music Hall? Does your bank roll run to it?"

"Can just make it," he said, "if I ration myself for the next week."

So they went to the Music Hall and occupied comfortable seats in the mezzanine, and enjoyed the Rockettes and the stage show and the picture. When they came out at the end of the evening, Craig proposed that they stop for flapjacks and coffee, but Nora suggested scrambled eggs at home. Drowsily they rode the subway to Brooklyn and walked to the Fogartys' apartment. They mounted the stairs and Nora opened the door. She clicked on the light and went through to the kitchen, where she busied herself with eggs and coffee and toast. Craig sat on the kitchen table and watched and was contented.

"I'll always say," he told her, "that you look good over a hot stove."

"If you had a heart," she retorted, "the way to it would be through your stomach."

The doorbell startled them. Nora, with that familiar gesture of all housewives, wiped her hands on her apron and went to the door. Craig scraped scrambled eggs from the skillet to their plates and then almost dropped the coffeepot as Nora screamed shrilly. He rushed through the dining room and living room to the little vestibule, where Nora stood, pale as death, staring down at the body of a man sprawled at her feet.

The man stirred and with what seemed a terrible effort raised his head and made gobbling sounds. His words were barely to be identified. "Tell chief —— Dutchman —— Tell ——" Then his head thumped to the rug and he lay still in death.

TO BE CONTINUED

## The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Tremont, a natural civic nuisance, complained about all public services, but she was especially critical of the school system in her community. So when her daughter Rose brought home a poor report card, Mrs. Tremont reacted violently. Rushing to the school, she hunted up the teacher and immediately launched a lengthy criticism of everything connected with modern education. While the bewildered teacher listened, Mrs. Tremont went on to point out how everything about schools had changed for the worse.

"Teachers don't teach any more," she added with arm waving. "Schools just aren't the same. Even report cards are different." She waved Rose's card before the teacher's nose. "Why, when I brought home a report card like this, my mother threw a fit."

"It seems then," the weary teacher observed, "that mothers haven't changed."

**Mabel C. Moore**

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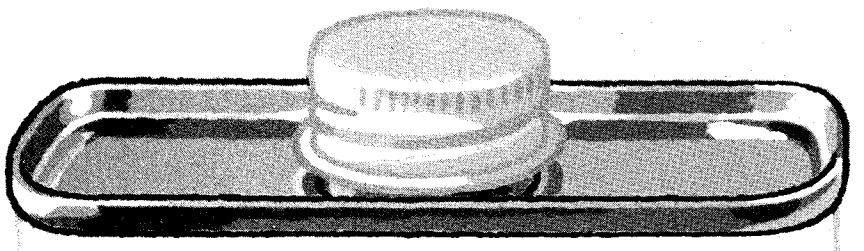

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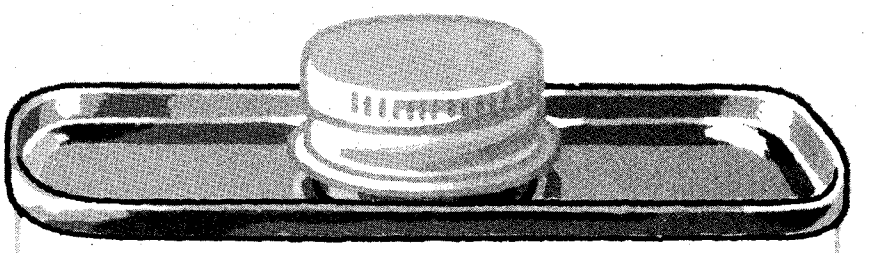

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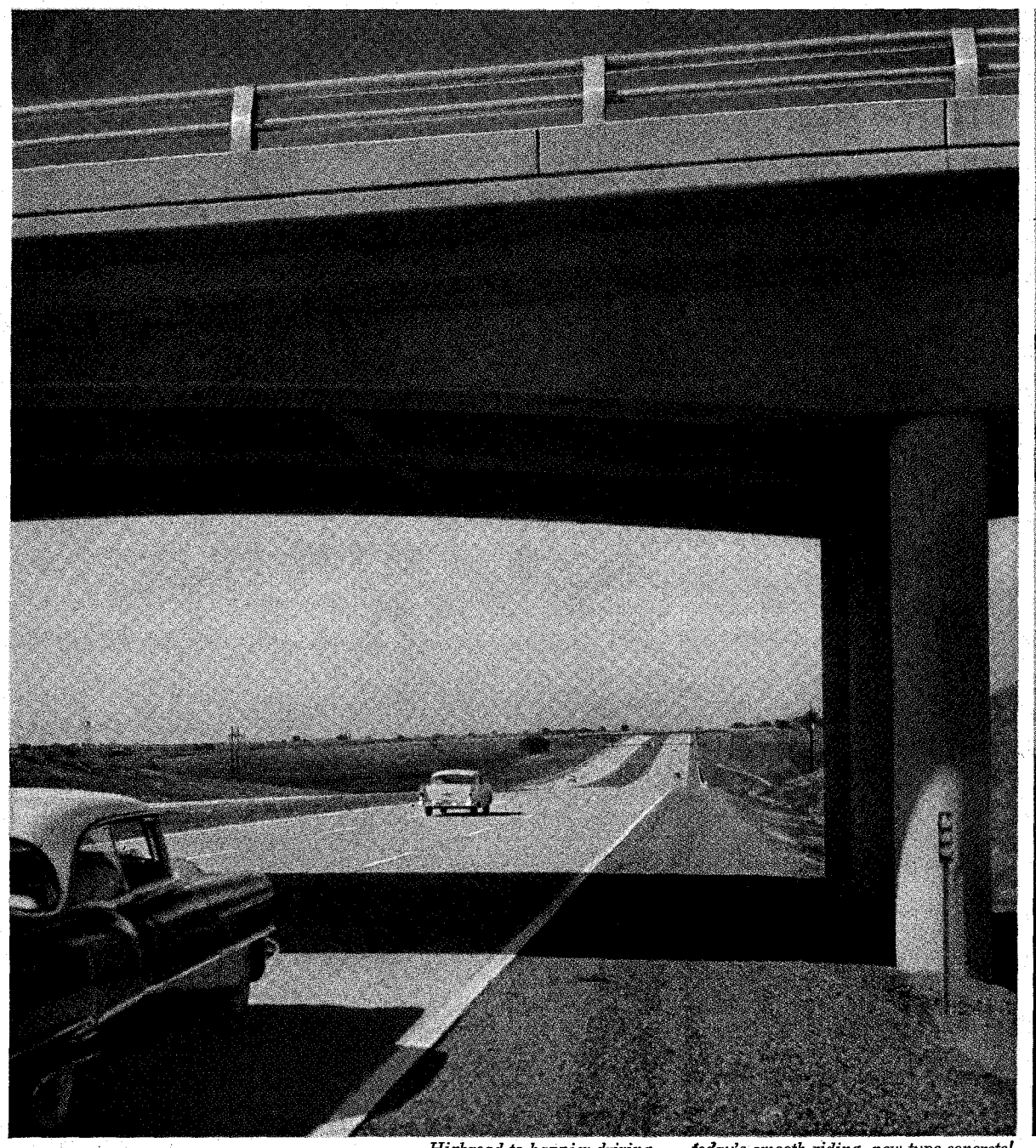

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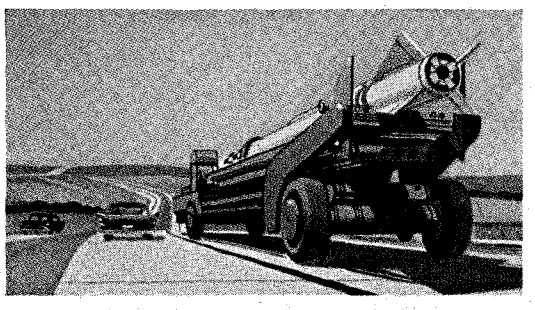

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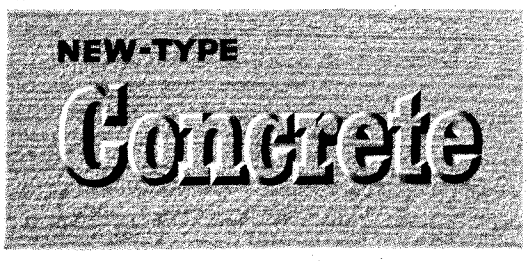


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# Death Stands By (Continued from Page 45)

she hated, hating the people, hiding her hatred, waiting. But would she have the courage to do what Adria had done? A whisper of this to Paul Marcotte and she would die, no matter what the cost. She knew that well.

In his mind, Odeen saw her face again—soft, dark eyes; soft, trembling mouth. He heard her say again, "I don't care if I die, if these Marcottes pay for what they do to me and my husband and my son." Odeen picked up his hat and turned slowly away from the desk, a sick man, but one whose eyes burned with fury.

"Which one?" he said. "Which one is it?"

The district attorney picked up the telephone and said, "Vern, will you step into my office, please?" He put the phone down and looked across the desk at Miles. "We'll need Vern's help," he said.

"One of us," Odeen said. "In the bag—that's what the informant says. Bought and paid for." There was anger and pain in Odeen's face. "How dirty can it get?"

"I know how you feel, Miles."

"Do you?" Odeen asked. "I know everyone on that detail. I've been in their homes, met their families. They've lent me money when I was short, covered for me when I made fool mistakes. I've waited with them when their kids were coming into the world; I've gone to the cemetery with them, when that was necessary." Odeen's voice was harsh. "But this—good heaven!—what kind of a cop would agree to do a job of murder for Mario?"

Clyde Pickens said, "We'll have to find out."

Vern Lister came into the room then, short and dark, a smiling man. He wore horn-rimmed glasses; his eyes were wise and warm. He looked at Clyde Pickens and then at Miles Odeen, and his smile went out.

"Oh," he said. "Hurricane weather."

"Vern," Odeen said. "I just talked to an informant. I know why Mario's not sweating any more. Kelly's not going to get to the trial. She's going to be killed by one of the guards."

Vern Lister whistled soundlessly.

"We don't know which one of the guards sold out," Clyde Pickens said. "We don't know when Kelly's to be killed or how it's to be done."

"But it is a guard," Lister said. "Two men and one woman on each shift. Three shifts a day—six men and three women. The relief shift, another two men and one woman. Plus a couple of spares to sit in when someone's sick or needs a day off. Plus Groggin. I make it fifteen in all."

"Minus Odeen," Clyde Pickens said. "Fourteen."

"Kelly saw this coming," Odeen said. "She picked it out of the stories the defense has given the newspapers. They don't say Kelly's mistaken. They say she's a highly neurotic, publicity-seeking screwball—the groundwork for an explanation covering Kelly's suicide."

"Cute," Vern Lister said.

"Like a hand grenade," Clyde Pickens said. He looked at Odeen. "Twelve floors to the street—that's why you had the windows screened."

"Yes," Odeen said.

"Our would-be killer must know we'll look beyond the obvious." The district attorney frowned. "He'll protect himself, probably by splashing suspicion as widely as possible."

"Over the whole detail, if he can," Odeen said. "At least over the members of his own shift."

"I'm wondering why it hasn't been done before now," Vern Lister said.

"It may have taken them this long to buy a cop," Odeen said. "It may be on the rails now, set up for a time not yet reached—today, tonight, tomorrow. Or it may be that the killer's had no good opportunity."

"That last one works with us," Lister said. "Certainly there will be less opportunity from now on." His thoughtful eyes swung from Clyde Pickens to Miles Odeen. "Captain Groggin yelled like a wounded buffalo about the screens. What's he going to do when you dump this in his lap?"

Odeen said, "He'll hit the roof."

"No names, no proof." Vern Lister shook his head. "You'll be off the case. He'll have your hide for a rug."

"Diversion is indicated." The district attorney cleared his throat. "Vern, the informant is your informant. You can't divulge the name. Same situation, you don't want the informant killed." He smoothed his white hair. "When you heard what was in the wind, you brought it to me. I called Miles in. Miles immediately suggested we talk to the captain, his superior."

"A flimsy shield," Vern Lister said.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

**Inland Angler**

By Carolyn Ellis

Nothing of sun or sod
Can bring to the heart
Such a confident quiver
As the sudden dart
Of a fishing rod
Bent over a river!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"The best I can devise at the moment," Clyde Pickens said. "And haste is imperative."

"Yes," Odeen said. "Let's go." . . .

Capt. Harry Groggin was busy when they reached police headquarters. He scrawled his name on half a dozen letters before he looked up.

"Well," he said. "A delegation."

"With bad news," Clyde Pickens said. "We'll sit down, if you don't mind. This will take a little time."

"Help yourself," Groggin said.

"You know Vern Lister." The district attorney dropped his hat on the floor beside his chair. "He works for me."

"I know him," Groggin said. "He looks under rocks."

"Vern talked to an informant a few hours ago. The sum of what he learned is simple and frightening, captain. Miss Pomeroy isn't going to testify. She's to be murdered before the trial opens." The district attorney spread his hands. "This part you're not going to like, captain. The killer ——"

"Not so fast," Groggin said. "Who's the informant?"

"An impeccable source. Highly placed."

"You can talk plainer." A flush darkened the captain's belligerent face. "You're going to have to talk a whole lot plainer, if you want me to listen."

"Sorry," Vern Lister said. "No name—I gave my word. The informant is alive and wants to stay that way."

"Let's get this straight," Groggin said. "This secret of yours—have you shared it with the district attorney? Does he know who your informant is?"

"No," Vern Lister said.

"I didn't ask," Clyde Pickens said. "I know how ruthless the Marcotte brothers can be." He leaned forward. "Vern's an able investigator, experienced and competent. He's convinced that the informant is telling the truth—that's good enough for me. I'll go along with Vern's judgment."

"I won't," Groggin said flatly. He turned his eyes to Odeen—hostile eyes in a hostile face. "Where do you fit into this picture?" he said. "Are you on the D.A.'s staff now?"

"I asked the sergeant to come to my office," Clyde Pickens said. "As soon as he heard Vern's report, he insisted we bring it to you immediately."

"That's a switch." Groggin's blunt stare swung to Vern Lister. "When's this killing supposed to come off?"

"The informant doesn't know exactly."

"Who's going to do it?"

"One of the guards," Lister said.

"Which guard?"

"The informant doesn't know."

"So!" The captain rumpled his thin red hair. "The way you tell it, the informant doesn't know much." The cords of his thick neck were suddenly iron-hard against the flesh. "Twenty-five years in the department. I've seen some mud-slinging in my time, but nothing like this. What do you expect me to do?"

"Assign new men to the hotel detail immediately." The district attorney leaned forward. "If it's done quietly, if we have something to give the reporters, some explanation ——"

"No changes!" Groggin said. "Not one!"

"How can you refuse?"

"I'm in charge here—that's how!" The captain's voice was hoarse. "You tell me one of my men's going to commit murder. What do I get in the way of proof? No names. You won't give me the name of one."

"Vern has to protect his source."

"You got this story from Lister; Lister got it from an informant. The informant got it from somebody else; he had to, unless he wears Marcotte's shoes and lives inside Marcotte's skin." He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "You expect me to turn the detective bureau upside down because you bring me a fourth-hand lie. Don't be a fool."

"Call it a lie," Clyde Pickens said. "All I ask is that you admit the possibility and act upon it."

"With what?" Groggin said. "Every detail I have is short of men. This witness is your baby, not ours. The chief agreed to supply guards, as a favor to you, to keep you happy. I had to pull men away from important work to give them nursemaid duty. Now you want a new crew because somebody came to you with something they found in the bottom of a bottle. The answer's no!"

"In your place," Clyde Pickens said, "hearing an unsupported accusation, I'd be hostile too. But this is no drunken dream, captain. Miss Pomeroy's life is in danger."

"Prove it," Groggin said. "Who's the informant?"

Vern Lister said, "Same answer. Same reason."

"Do you think I'm going to run to Marcotte with the name? Is that it?" A vein throbbed at Groggin's temple; his eyes were wild. "Twenty-five years," he said. "You're the first man who ever tried to say I work both sides of the street." He lifted a shaking hand. "Get out! All of you!"

Miles Odeen said, "Captain, I have ——"

"Shut up!" Groggin said.

"I'm the man who talked to the informant," Odeen said quietly. "I'm the only one who knows the informant's identity. One of the guards sold out." He lifted a hand, let it fall. "I'm as proud of


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the force as you are, captain. I got sick when I learned that."

"Who's the informant?" Groggin said.

Odeen shook his head. "Same answer. Same reason."

"This gets better and better." Now there was delight in the captain's eyes. "You don't trust me—is that it, sergeant? Is that why you run to the D.A., instead of coming to me? Is that why the plain and fancy lying?"

"The evasive action is my responsibility," the district attorney said. "It was my idea, a clumsy attempt to spare the sergeant any censure. As for coming to me"—the district attorney's voice turned acid—"the witness is my baby, as you put it just a moment ago."

Captain Groggin said, "Answer me, sergeant!"

"I didn't run to the district attorney," Odeen said. "I've been working closely with him on the Marcotte case, at your orders."

"Why'd you bring him here? Why not report alone?"

"I knew I'd need help," Odeen said. "If I'd come alone you wouldn't have listened. I'd be out in the street by now."

"You're through!" Groggin's voice was thick. He pointed a finger at Odeen. "As of now, this minute! You're relieved of all duty! Hear me?"

Odeen said, "I hear you."

The district attorney sighed and picked up his hat. Vern Lister murmured, "I wondered when the balloon went up," and turned his bright eyes to Odeen. Captain Groggin's chair creaked beneath his weight. He was breathing heavily.

"Captain." Clyde Pickens' even voice was cold. "I suggest you think again before you drum the sergeant out of the bureau. He has reported a threat to Miss Pomeroy's life. He has been relieved of duty." He smiled at the captain. "Why, captain? The newspapers will ask that question. Was it because the report was made in the presence of the district attorney? Was it because your pride was hurt? Was it because you blindly and stubbornly refuse to admit an unpleasant possibility?"

Vern Lister said, "The badge makes all men honest."

"Cut it out!" Groggin said. "Get off my back!"

"If anything happens to Kelly Pomeroy, you're going to have the whole city on your back," the district attorney said. "You're going to spend the rest of your life explaining why you refused her adequate protection."

"Nothing's going to happen."

"We disagree," the district attorney said. "If you like, we can call in the reporters and argue the point."

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" Groggin asked.

"An unfortunate word," Clyde Pickens said. "I've waited a long time for Mario's foot to slip. I want him in the gas chamber, where he belongs. I knew I'd have to fight to put him there, but I didn't think I'd have police-department brass against me." He smiled, but his eyes were cold. "I'm trying to save Miss Pomeroy's life and my case—it's as simple as that. Sweet reason and logic will prevail, here and now, or we'll take it to the public prints and radio and TV."

Groggin's eyes found Odeen's face. "You've got me boxed." He spoke to the district attorney, but his bluntly furious stare clung to Odeen. "D.A.'s come and go; some people forget that." He pressed a lever on the desk intercom. "Harriet," he said, "will you come in, please?"

An unsmiling stenographer appeared, to sit beside the desk. "I want a record of everything said here," Groggin told the woman. "Every word." He identified the men in the room for her. "Now!" He wiped his flushed face. "Mr. District Attorney," he said, "I want to co-operate with you in every way in the matter of the protective custody of Miss Kelly Pomeroy. You say one of my men is in the pay of Marcotte, but you cannot or will not supply corroborating evidence of any kind. I want to help, but I can't act on supposition or rumor." He looked at Clyde Pickens. "Well?" he said. "Any objections so far?"

"I'm listening," the district attorney said.

"You want the personnel of the guard changed," the captain said. "I'd like to oblige, but a shortage of men has me hog-tied. If that bothers you, take it up with the taxpayers."

"Go on," the district attorney said.

"You don't like the way I'm running the detail," the captain said harshly. "That I can change. As of now, Sergeant Odeen is in complete charge, subject to your orders. Odeen will pull his regular shift, but he'll have a free hand and the two of you can work it out any way you want. You can taste the food, monitor the phone calls, look under the beds." A savage smile touched his mouth and was gone. "If it isn't too much trouble, I'd like a report now and then, so I'll know what goes on."

Clyde Pickens said, "Certainly."

"Anything else I can do to make you happy?"

"One small thing," Clyde Pickens said evenly. "I'd like access to your personnel files. Since the guard can't be changed, we'll have to do a little quiet checking. Any objections?"

"Uh-h-h." The captain's tough face darkened again. His eyes flicked to the pad on the stenographer's knee. "No," he said heavily. "No objection."

"Thank you for your time and—co-operation," Clyde Pickens said.

When they were on the street, Vern Lister said, "That's the way to treat a hot potato—get rid of it." He shook his head. "One beautiful job of buck passing, complete with official brush-off. The captain is a nimble man; he'd be right at home on a flying trapeze."

"Twenty-five years on the force," Odeen said. "We hit him where he lived. I wouldn't like that either."

Vern Lister smiled. "I seem to see a dark cloud in your future," he said. "I've a sneaking notion you're for the paper clips in Siberia when this is done."

"That could be," Odeen said.

"Vern," the district attorney said, "you're going to work, harder and faster than you've ever worked in your life. Check out the guard detail—debts, woman trouble, sudden wealth, possible ties to Marcotte."

Vern Lister said, "I'll need help."

"You'll get it," the district attorney said.

There was a telephone slip under Odeen's door when he reached his apartment. Kelly Pomeroy had called at eleven-thirty A.M. At eleven-thirty A.M. he'd been talking to Adria Nevada in the map room of the public library. Odeen rubbed the ache in the back of his neck, wondering tiredly about this thing called woman's intuition. How about this Kelly? Was she equipped with radar?

He sat on the bed and stared at the telephone. Kelly was going back to the high desert beyond the mountains after the trial. *If she's still alive.* That thought came unbidden to Odeen's mind; he pushed it away. *She'll be alive,* he told himself savagely. And then another thought came. Without Kelly, this was going to be an empty town. He'd have to try to do something about that. Later, when she wasn't under the gun. Odeen rubbed tired eyes, then reached for the telephone.

"Hello, you," he said. "What's new and true?"

"Miles!" Her voice was sharp. "Where've you been?"

*Radar,* he thought. *No doubt about it.*

"Glad I'm a bachelor," he said. "Us single guys don't have to answer questions like that."

"Are you tight?"

"No. Should I be?"

"You sound giddy or groggy. You must be very tired."

"A little. But my time is your time ——"

"I called you at eleven-thirty. I wanted to leave a message for you to bring steaks tonight, but the man said ——"

"Steaks," Odeen said. "Who wants to be single?"

"It's still an offer," Kelly said. "I'll cook them for us, if you like." She paused. "Why didn't you call me back? I was worried, Miles. What if something happened to you? Without you, I haven't got a chance. I know that. Can't you see what it did to me?"

Odeen could see. "It won't happen again. I'll fix it so you'll be able to get in touch with me any time, day or night." He dug a big hand through his hair, trying to find some half-truth she would buy. "I've been busy. I got all fouled up in the chain of command."

"Because of me?"

"No," Odeen said. "I exceeded my authority. I should've cleared the screens and the double security with the brass."

"But the screens were up yesterday."

*Sharp girl,* Odeen thought. *Real sharp.*

"Part of the treatment," Odeen said. "Let the villain wait and sweat and wonder—y'know? Then clobber him."

"They didn't want the screens?"

"They don't want sergeants running the department," Odeen said. "The screens are fine. If she wants bars on the windows, give her bars. But who in the hoppin' hell do I think I am—like that, for hours."

"And that's all?"

"That's plenty," Odeen said. "When I see you I'll show you my wounds."

"Remember, steaks if you want them."

"Kelly," Odeen said. "I'm weak and willing." . . .

Usually early, Odeen did not report for duty until almost midnight. Ben Silcox raised questioning brows at this, and at the paper sacks Odeen carried. Odeen gave him a black scowl. "You should try to buy an uncooked steak dinner in the middle of the night. This one I had to buy at a restaurant—for cooked prices."

Glen Squires was in the hall chair outside the door of 1210. He was yawning. Odeen asked about the insomnia. Squires looked wise. "I've got it rigged," he said. "Tonight I sleep like a babe." Max Proudfoot and Iris Atkinson were in the apartment with Kelly. Two together, never one alone with Kelly—just as Odeen had ordered. Iris and Max had sober faces. Kelly was wearing a blouse and skirt.

Odeen smiled at her. "Hey, no jeans!"

Quietly, she said, "Because you're here."

She followed him into the kitchenette. She approved of the things he'd brought—choice top sirloin, a bottle of light red wine, hard rolls. She showed him potatoes baking in the oven. Then, softly, she said, "They're angry with you." She tipped her head toward Max Proudfoot and Iris Atkinson. "So are all the others. I can tell."

"So be it," Odeen said.

Max Proudfoot was waiting at the door of the apartment. "The girl will be all right alone for a few minutes, Miles. We want to talk to you in the hall."

Odeen agreed. But first he checked the apartment—every corner and closet, the window screens, the lock on the hall bedroom door. When he went into the hall, he left the apartment door open, just off the latch, and kept his back to it. None of this gave warmth to the cold faces of the people waiting for him. They were Max Proudfoot, Iris Atkinson and Glen Squires of the first night relief; Ben Silcox and a new one, Betty Koch, of the second night relief. Betty Koch was a slight, gray-haired woman who usually worked in Juvenile.

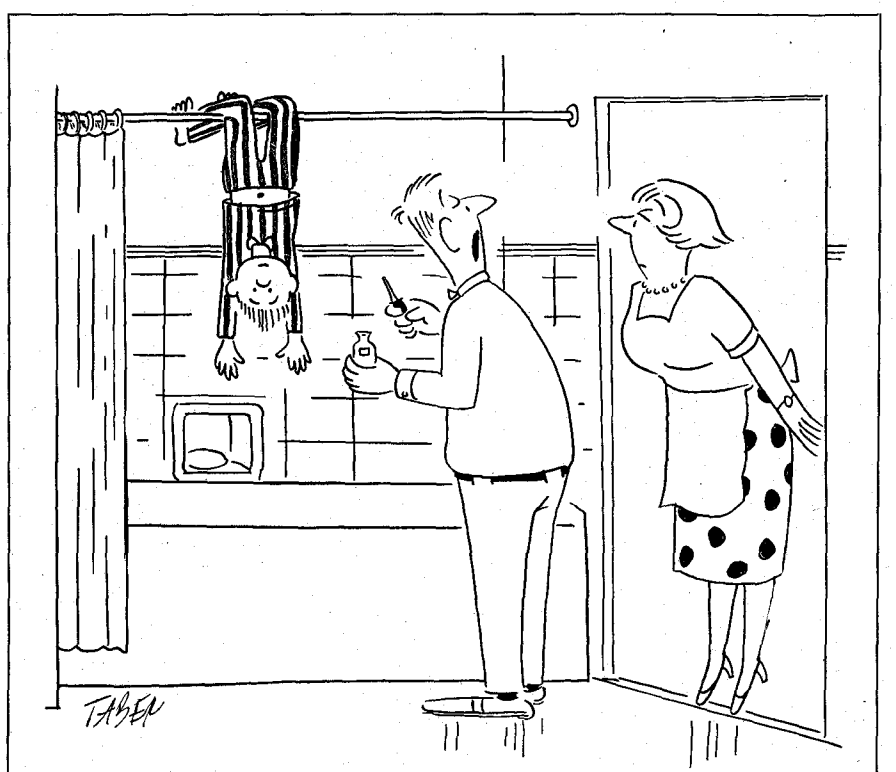
"Alice Bline?" Odeen asked.

"Called in sick," Ben told him.

Odeen frowned. He was wary of any variation now, but anyone could call in sick. He looked at them. "Well?"

Max Proudfoot said, "I'll carry the ball. For all of us. The day shift too. Barber, McDonald and Ruby Linn. And count in the extras. Make it the whole roster on this duty. I'm speaking for all fifteen, or whatever it is. O.K.?"

(*Continued on Page 132*)




"Giving him nose drops . . . why?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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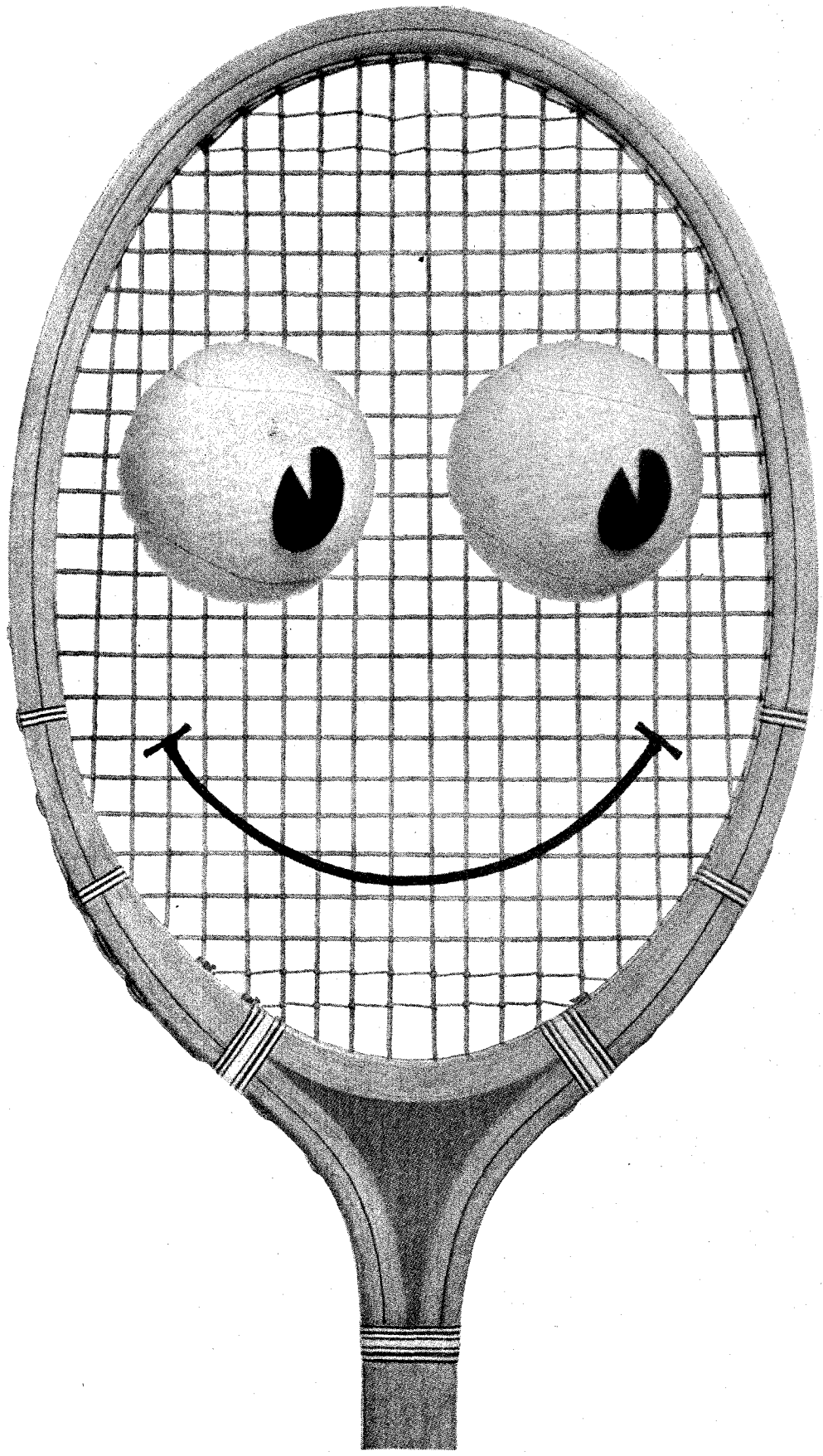

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(*Continued from Page 130*) "Fine with me," Odeen said.

"Here it is, on the line," Proudfoot said. He tipped his head. "When you started this—the screens, the home cookin', the doublin' up to watch her—it was a gag. She was seein' spooks, and you were keepin' her happy. We went along with it. Why not? Now it's not a gag. You've got to check everything in the place before you'll come out and talk to us. You're playing it straight, Miles. Real cold and straight."

"Why work sloppy—at anything?"

"Your friend Lister was here for a couple of hours, snooping," Proudfoot said. "Don't try to duck, Miles. The captain's office isn't soundproof, the department isn't leakproof. We know what you and the D.A. told the captain. You said one of us had hired out to kill Kelly. You weren't kidding about it. You believe it."

"Keep talking," Odeen said.

"I will." Proudfoot was angry, trying to control his anger. "You see how this hits us? You didn't name a name. That makes every single one of us suspect for an intended murder. Iris, here; Glen, Barber, Ben, Ruby, me—every one of us! How is that going to sound to the wife and the kids and the neighbors? How's it going to look on our records? We don't like a smear like that, Miles. It sticks to you. It won't rub off."

"I know how you feel," Odeen said.

"Here's something else," Proudfoot said: "You've started a big rumble. If there was a killer, it's a hundred to one you've spooked him off. He won't make a try. And we won't collar him. So what happens? We stay smeared! Every one of us stays a suspected killer! From now on. D'you get the picture?"

"I get it," Odeen said.

"You can call it off," Proudfoot said. "Right now. You can say it was a bum steer you had. How about it?"

"No."

"Miles, I'm telling you!" Proudfoot's face was thin and tight. "A thing this rotten—you'd better be mighty sure!"

"I'm sure."

They looked at him steadily, and all their faces were cold. His face was just as cold. Small lines of white told of rigid muscles along his jaw. Mac Proudfoot's mouth jerked.

"Where'd you get your information?"

"The killer would like to know," Odeen said.

Angrily, Proudfoot said, "All right! Keep it! It's one of us—you don't know which—you've got to keep it. But get this: You'd better turn up with a killer before this is over. With the security we've got and the rumble you've started, it's a hundred to one he's spooked off. If he doesn't try, you can't lay a hand on him."

"He'll try," Odeen said. "He made a deal; he's on the hook. There's big money in this, a lot of pressure. They won't let him cut out. He's got to try."

"How?" Proudfoot demanded. "Name me a way!"

"I can't," Odeen said. "And that's what scares me. I know it's set up. That means there's a way I haven't seen, a way I haven't blocked. It's our job to block that way before he gets through. Or she gets through—the killer could be a woman." He looked at all of them. "You people," he said. "Believe me, or don't believe me, but do your jobs. Keep it smart and tough and tight. If I'm right, it'll pay off. If I'm wrong, I'll be around to settle up with you. Fair enough?"

"Don't be wrong," Proudfoot said. "You won't like it!"

The people of the first night relief went home. Ben Silcox and Betty Koch were left. Ben's face had been as bleak as any of the others. Now the bleakness gave way to a look of weary exasperation. He spoke to Betty Koch. "I got a right to be sore at this guy. And I want to be. Tell me how I do it."

"It's very easy." Anger flashed in the slight woman's eyes. She was proud of the department, proud of the work she did and the people she worked with. "I've never heard such outrageous slander. Am I suspect, too, Mr. Odeen?"

"You are," Odeen said. "As I am, as Ben is. You'll come inside with me. I can't harm the girl if you're a witness. You can't if I'm a witness. Ben will be out here. The hall bedroom door is chained on the inside. He can't get into the apartment without being seen by both of us." He looked from one to the other. "Even with all this, I wish I could say I was certain she will be alive in the morning."

"For the luvva Mike!" Ben said. "She can't miss!"

"I hope you're right," Odeen said. . . . "After you, Mrs. Koch."

He followed the policewoman into the apartment. Kelly Pomeroy was in the kitchenette. She glanced at Betty Koch's stiff and angry face, at Odeen's sober one, and went quietly on with her work. The odor of broiling steaks was rich and fine in the room. The table was set for two, there were coffee cups for four. Odeen swiped an olive from a dish.

"Steaks all right?" he asked.

"Perfect," Kelly said. "Be ready in a minute."

Her small face was unsmiling. Odeen didn't know how much, if any, she'd heard of the meeting in the hall, but it was obvious she knew the meaning of it, the reason for it.

"Straight answers," he said. "From now on."

"Good." She gave him a brief smile. "But not now. The steaks deserve all our attention. There are fruit cups in the refrigerator. Will you put them on the table?"

Presently Kelly put her apron aside and they sat down. Now her manner changed. She became pleasant, agreeable and full of small talk. To Odeen, it was like being touched with a warm hand. This Kelly was a lot of woman. She was afraid and deeply troubled, but she would not admit a trace of either at the table. Betty Koch, a woman, should have understood what Kelly was doing. But she didn't. She was too angry with Odeen, perhaps. She spoke with a cutting sarcasm.

"How do you know I haven't poisoned her food?"

Kelly's breath caught. A spoonful of fruit, halfway to her lips, halted in midair. To her, poison wasn't a subject for sarcasm; it was a real possibility. She was motionless for a long moment, her small face taut, her hand trembling. Then she took the fruit in her mouth, chewed it slowly and swallowed it.

Odeen was furious. "Mrs. Koch ——"

"It's quite all right." Kelly's voice was only a little overbright. "I don't mind at all." She turned to smile at Betty Koch. "I'm used to the idea of poison," she said. "And I've discovered something. One's taste is sharpened. You can't help but hunt for that certain lethal flavor. That makes you more aware of all the other flavors. Join us, won't you? For coffee, at least, and you'll see what I mean."

Betty Koch said, "I don't ——"

"Please do!" Kelly was on her feet. "It's coffee I'll drink. And you won't know for sure it hasn't been poisoned for me. You'll see how the taste is heightened; you'll feel the excitement." She poured the coffee and took the cup to Betty Koch. "It's a new experience, I promise you."

Determinedly, Betty Koch said, "No, thank you!"

"I'll just leave it here on the table," Kelly said. "Perhaps if you think about it, you'll understand what I mean. Then you'll want to try it, I'm sure."

Not Betty Koch, Odeen knew. Not if it were the last cup of coffee in the world. A lovely girl, this Kelly. She had strength and courage, and a fine, quick mind.

The meal was finished, the dishes and food were put away. Odeen and Kelly sat together on the davenport. Betty Koch read in a corner chair. Ben Silcox was listening to a small radio outside the door. Kelly traced a welted cushion seam with a slender finger, her face grave.

"Straight answers now," she said. "It's true, isn't it? One of the police is supposed to kill me. You denied it before, but you're convinced now. What convinced you, Miles?"

It was a hard moment for Odeen. Even now, he wanted to hold the full truth away from her, but it would be unfair. Fully warned, she could be fully armed.

"An informant—one I have to believe." He made a fist of one hand. "It's a rotten thing, Kelly. I'm a cop. Do you know what this does to me?"

"I know," she said softly. "And I'm sorry."

"He won't harm you," Odeen said. "We'll take him first. We want this man or woman more than we've wanted anyone before. He hasn't got a chance."

She was silent a moment. Then she lifted her face and Odeen saw the strain there—the smudged shadows beneath her eyes, the drawn look about her mouth. "Miles," she said, "do you know how it is for me when you're not here?"

"Tell me."

"I like all the people taking care of me," she said. "I know a little something about each one—the way they live, their families, their children. I was sure they all liked me. And yet it's one of them, Miles—one of them has agreed to kill me." She drew a slow, unsteady breath. "It's a terrifying thing to know someone I like and trust will kill me."

"Kelly ——"

"Which one, Miles?" There was pain in her eyes. "I look at this one and that one, and I say, 'You couldn't, you couldn't possibly.' And yet he might be the one, or she might. Don't you see how it is, Miles?"

"I see."

"Take me away from here, Miles."

"Take you where?" Odeen covered her hand with his. "A cop sold out, Kelly, and we don't know which one. Think what it means. It blocks every way. A cell in the city jail, the state prison—how can I trust them? Another city? Another state? You'd need police protection. Which police would you take?"

"Just you," she said.

"The brass wouldn't let me take you anywhere alone, and for a good reason. One man alone couldn't hold off Marcotte's boys—they'd follow us, they'd find us. No, Kelly. As bad as this is, you're safest here. Why? Here we know what we're up against, here we can contend with it. And remember this: Every clean cop on (*Continued on Page 134*)

## So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Quick thinking is an asset to any ballplayer, but sometimes it can be overdone. Here, in a hypothetical setting, is the case of a clever catcher who anticipated a play that never happened.

Say the Senators and White Sox are tied, 2–2, as the Senators come to bat in the bottom of the seventh inning. Eddie Yost walks. Herb Plews is called on to bunt. Plews' attempted sacrifice hit turns into a little pop-up in front of the plate.

Yost streaks for second, but the Sox catcher, sensing that he will hurry back to first base, gets his hands on the ball and then deliberately drops it. Picking it up, he whirls and throws to second in hopes of a force play on Yost. But Yost is already hugging the base. The relay to nab Plews at first is too late.

The umpire, however, has his own ideas about the situation, inasmuch as it is illegal for a fielder to drop a fly ball or line drive intentionally. If you were umpiring, what would you do?

See page 134 for answer

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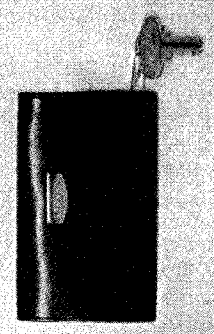

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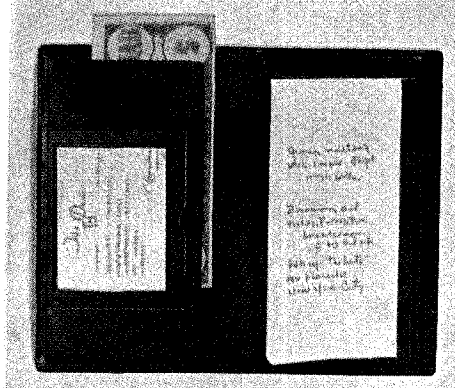

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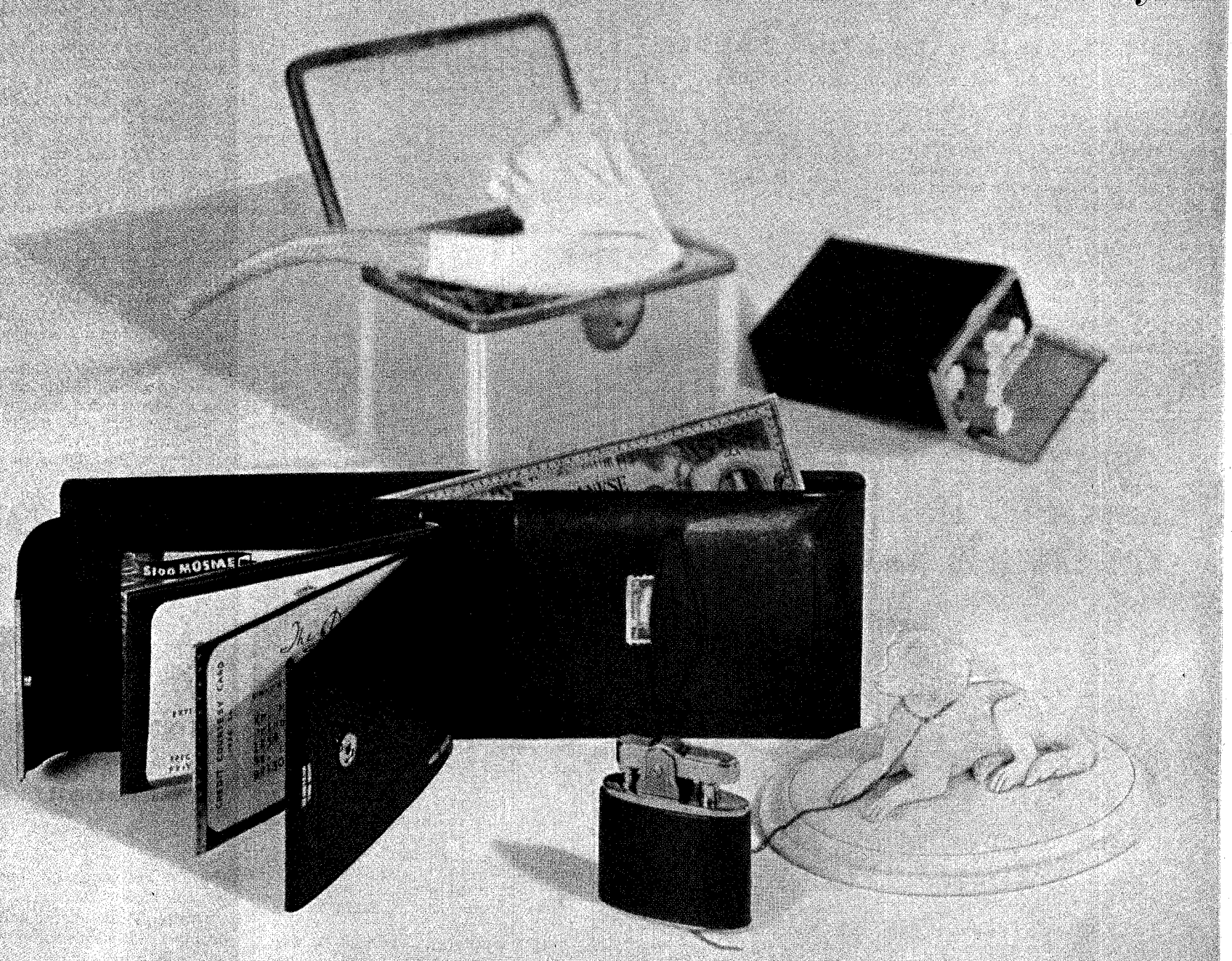


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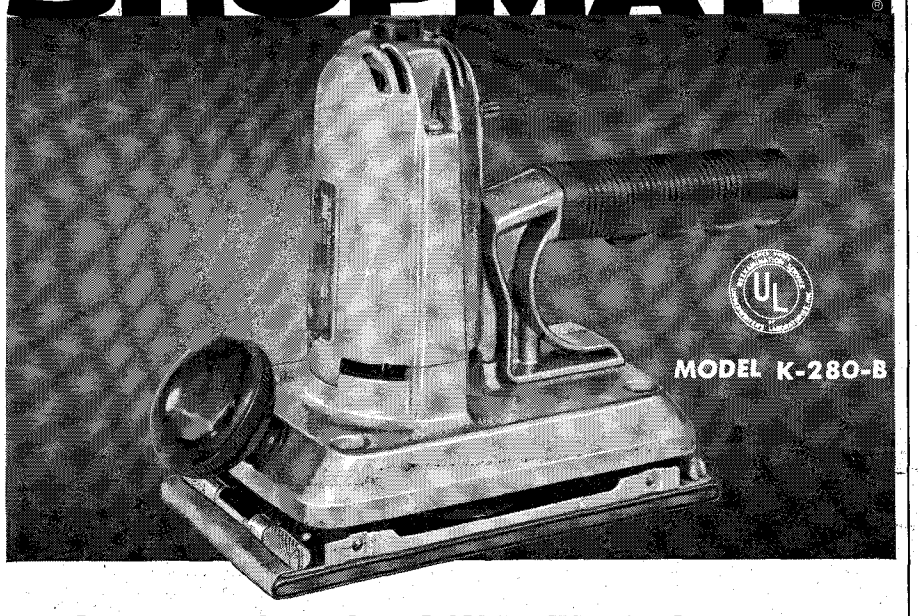


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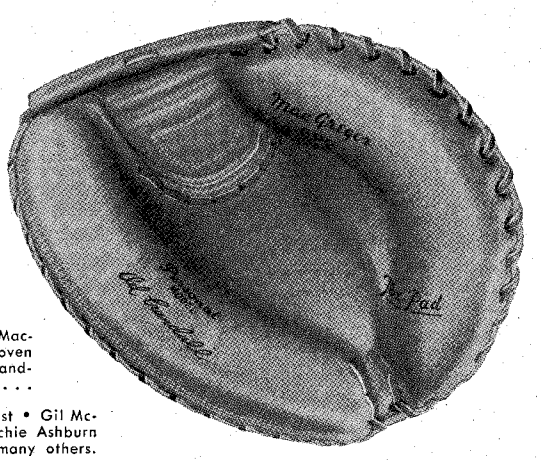

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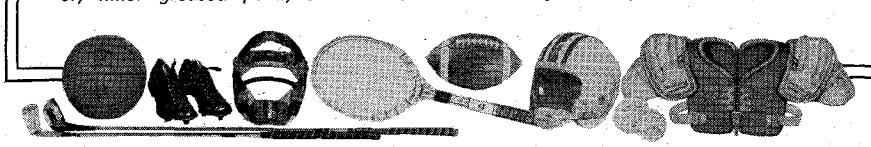

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS


(*Continued from Page 132*)

this duty wants that rotten cop so bad he can taste it. They're savage about it. The killer will have to kill two cops before he can lay a hand on you. He knows that."

"Then I have to go on like this."

"Kelly, you're safe. Every way to you is closed. We know what we're up against. Thank God we know. Knowing, we can take care of you." He tipped his head, trying to smile. "Like the man said, 'Even this will pass ——' The trial starts Monday. The moment the jury is in the box, the district attorney will have you on the stand. Once your testimony is on the record, there'll be no reason to harm you."

"All right, Miles." Kelly got to her feet. "I won't worry you with it again." She looked at her watch. "Ten till two, and I'm not a bit sleepy."

"More than you know," Odeen said. "Lie down, close your eyes; you won't need a sleeping pill."

"But just to be sure ——" Kelly took a capsule from the bottle on the window sill in the kitchenette and swallowed it with water. Coming back through the living room, she smiled at Odeen. "Take care of me," she said.

"That I will, Kelly."

And the late watch began. Betty Koch and Ben Silcox passed the time with books and magazines. Odeen sat quietly, staring at the bedroom door.

He was tired, but in body alone. His angry mind prowled endlessly, searching for things left undone. He could find no loophole in the security, and yet he wasn't satisfied. The lack of satisfaction added to his anger. He called it needless worry, an unwarranted distrust of everyone, even himself and his own abilities. Call it what he would, the feeling remained. He could only hold it at bay.

He managed this by setting his mind to the problem of the killer. How to name him? The agreement to kill, the intent to kill, were enough to require his, or her, arrest. With Kelly safely through the trial, it was not going to be easy to identify the killer and show clear proof of that agreement and intent. A plan formed in Odeen's mind. Since it involved risk to Kelly, he refused it. He was searching for another when the telephone rang. It was three-fifty-six A.M.

Captain Groggin was on the line, his voice rough and breaking, "Miles, is Kelly all right?"

"She's asleep."

"You can't tell if she's asleep from where you are, man! Go check her, now!"

Odeen swung away from the telephone fast. The urgency in Groggin's voice had jerked every nerve taut. Betty Koch was on her feet. Odeen lunged toward the bedroom door, toward Kelly, and she tried to block his way. A stiff arm thrust her aside. She cried out for Ben Silcox. Odeen heard Ben's answer, heard him slam into the apartment. Odeen was in the bedroom then. He snapped on the light and crossed to the bed where Kelly was lying, curled deep beneath the blankets.

"Hold that!" Ben Silcox said. He was in the bedroom doorway, his gun out and leveled at Odeen. "Don't touch her!"

Odeen didn't. "Kelly, wake up!"

The light had awakened her. She was looking at Odeen dazedly. Fear flashed into her eyes; she started to rise. Then complete awareness, complete recognition came to her. She sank back. The fear left her.

"Miles! What in the world ——"

Odeen was shaking, but his voice was even. "Just checking. Call it a dry run to see if Ben and Mrs. Koch were on the job. And they are. I couldn't have touched you."

She didn't believe him. "Miles ——"

"Go back to sleep, sweetheart. It's all right." He went to the bedroom door, turned off the light, crowding Betty Koch and Ben out of the room. "Sleep," he said to Kelly. "That's an order." He closed the door and went back to the telephone.

"She's fine, captain. All secure."

"Thank God." The wire hummed emptily for a long moment. "That was close." The captain's voice was thick. "So damned close. Miles, they almost got her."

"How?"

"Wait!" the captain said. "I want this quiet. Not a word to anybody until—until I know what to do." There was another long pause. "Glen Squires is dead. We're calling it a coronary, but it wasn't. He swiped a sleeping pill from Kelly's bottle, took it before he went to bed—his wife told us that. The pill was poison, Miles. I make it cyanide."

"Good Lord!"

"Watch that bottle, Miles. I'll send a man for it. He'll have another like it. Make the switch, but don't talk! Cover it! In the morning we'll meet with Pickens and go on from there."

"All right," Odeen said.

He put the instrument back in its cradle. He stood for a moment, rubbing his temples with hard fingers. "Take care of me," Kelly had said. And now this. The good Lord had taken care of Kelly, but with no help from Odeen. It had been no trouble to get past Odeen. No trouble at all.

"Miles! What goes on?"

It was Ben Silcox. The gun was still in his hand, hanging at his side, forgotten. There was anxiety in his eyes. Betty Koch's thin face was tense and angry and questioning. They had to have an answer of some kind.

"That was the captain," Odeen said slowly. "Glen Squires died in his sleep. The doctor says it was a coronary, but with things as they are, the captain wanted to check on Kelly."

Ben's face went gray. "Glen." He shook his big head from side to side. "That's hard to take. I—I've known Glen Squires for twenty years. A good cop, a good man." He shook his head again. "It's rough, Miles. Real rough."

"Rough on all of us," Odeen said.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Answer to

## So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 132

Declare Yost safe at second, but call Plews out.

Curiously, the intentionally dropped ball is ruled a catch although advancing runners need not tag up.

(Section 6.05l: "A batter is out when with less than two out and first, first and second, first and third, or first, second and third occupied, a fielder intentionally drops a fair fly ball or line drive. Runners need not re-touch and may advance at their own peril.")

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# O My Lovely Caroline

(Continued from Page 27)

front of the hand-painted pictures of wild animals, acrobats and characters from the plays of Shakespeare, shouting at the hill people. On the shore, the women were silent, but the men, fortified with whisky, yelled defiantly, "Old John can outfiddle any man can lift a bow!"

Claude started slowly down the deck toward the gangplank. When he passed the new captain, the younger man did not speak, but only nodded, saying silently, *You had better win, Claude Hanson.*

For years he had outfiddled anyone who challenged him—anyone from Minnesota to the bayous of the Atchafalaya. Caroline had taught him theatrical runs and trills, double-stops and quick changes of tempo, and even when he knew he was being bested, he had always been able to overwhelm his opponent and the audience by a fiery display of style. But it was not going to work tonight. Glancing ashore, he saw the aged, stooped man known as Old John of Ravens' Glen, and known, too, as the best fiddler who ever lived. Claude's heart sank. He could not remember how many fiddlers along the rivers had said to him, "The best of 'em all, the fairest fiddler of all is Old John of Ravens' Glen."

At the gangplank, Emil Hausner, the temperamental cook and female impersonator, reached out and touched his arm. "You'll win, Claude. You'll win. I just know it."

Claude tried to smile thankfully, but he knew the captain would fire him if he lost the contest. And there would not be another job on the river, not for a man passing sixty, a fair fiddler, but a poor player of villains. No, there wouldn't be another job. *I'll have to leave the river and desert my Caroline*, he told himself as he walked down the gangplank, his shoulders thrown back and the fiddle swinging at his side as though it were an extension of his arm, a part of his body.

The hill people moved back as Claude strode slowly up the bank. Someone had brought two empty nail kegs, and Old John sat on one of them, his left arm bent and the base of his fiddle resting in the crotch of his elbow. He looked up and nodded, saying, "Howdy."

Claude spoke, bowing slightly, but as he took his place on the other keg he studied the aged man's face in the flickering light. Old John was small, wizened, and his cheeks were sunken inward between his toothless gums. His face was expressionless, except for his astonishingly hazel eyes, which sparkled with mischievous anticipation.

Glancing around, Claude saw the women were standing far back in the darkness, but the men were edging closer, speaking directly to Old John, but speaking words which Claude knew were aimed at his ears, "Play him right down the river, Old John. Play all the different kinds of tunes you know to mind."

Claude looked at the hillmen. They were angry and resentful. Not merely because he was going to play against Old John. No, it was something else, something he had seen happen hundreds of times. Not more than an hour before, the hill people had sat in the theater, entranced with the play, removed from their own world into a life so rich and vivid with emotion that they resented the sudden ending of the play which plunged them back into their toil-filled lives. It wasn't simply that he was the villain in The Red Dagger and during the performance the men in the audience, carried away by the play, had loudly threatened to kill him if he kidnaped the heroine. They had felt every emotion the actors portrayed and they were indignant that the performance had transported them into a dazzling world, and then, abruptly, abandoned them, making them appear foolish. Now they were determined that Old John should put him to shame and defeat.

"You play Rippytoe Ray!" a gaunt hillman shouted. He had his hands folded beneath the bib of his overalls, and when he spoke, it was like a command. "You hear me, Old John! Play Rippytoe Ray!"

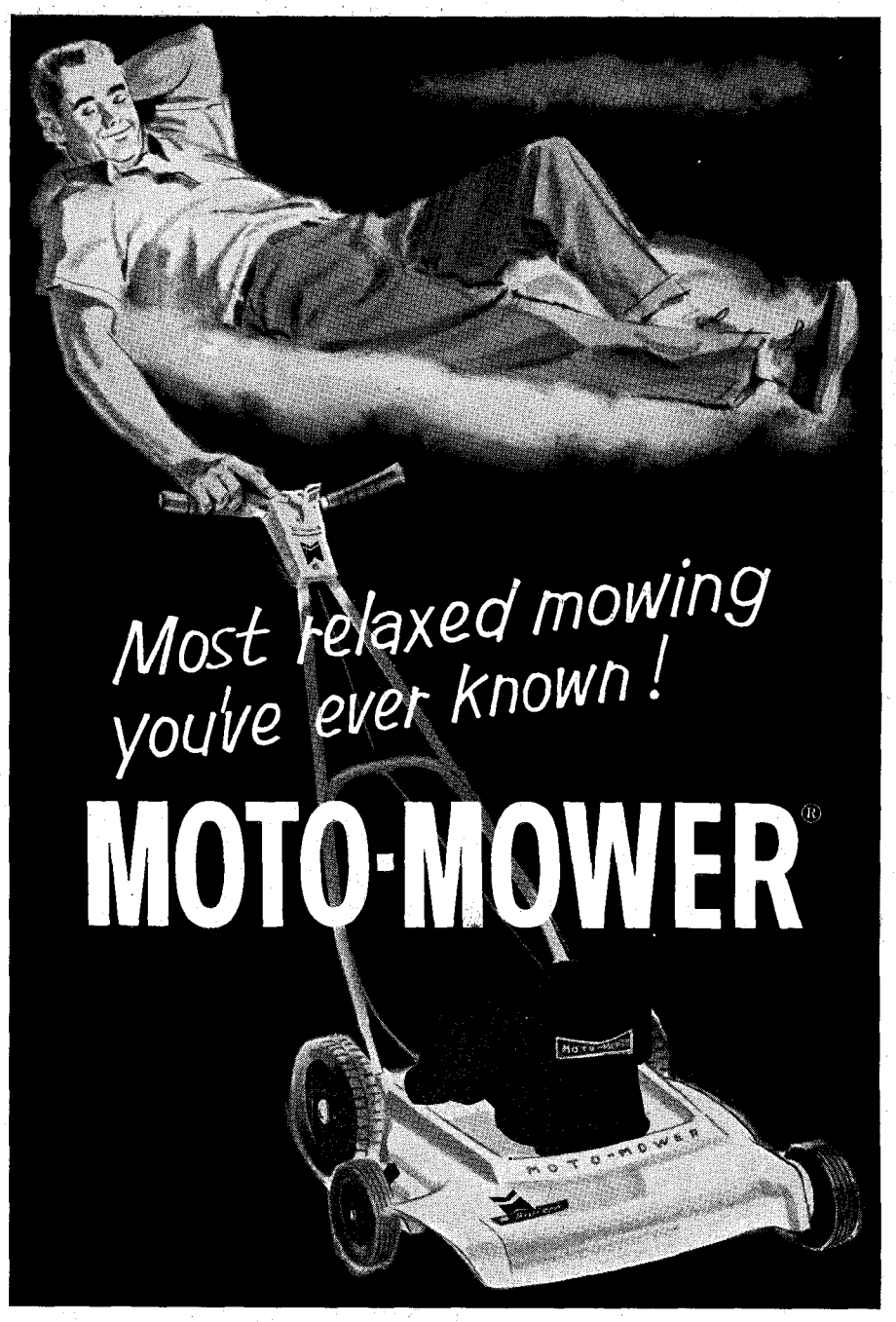
Old John did not look up. "I got to discord my fiddle to play that," he said, as though there was no tune or style of playing which he did not know. He quickly tuned his fiddle so the bow could be drawn across two strings at a time and a rush of notes flew upward from the open strings.

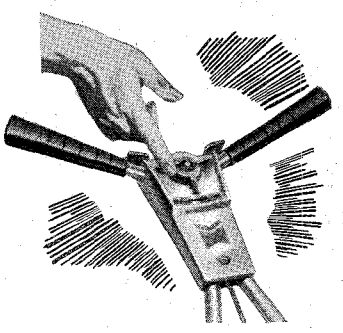
Claude sat quietly.

The gaunt hillman began to shout out the words as the bow sawed out the three-eighths time:

*"And a damn good fiddler was he!*
*But all the tune he could play*
*Was Rippytoe Ray, oh, Rippytoe Ray!*
*Oh, Rippytoe Ray, oh, ree-e-e!"*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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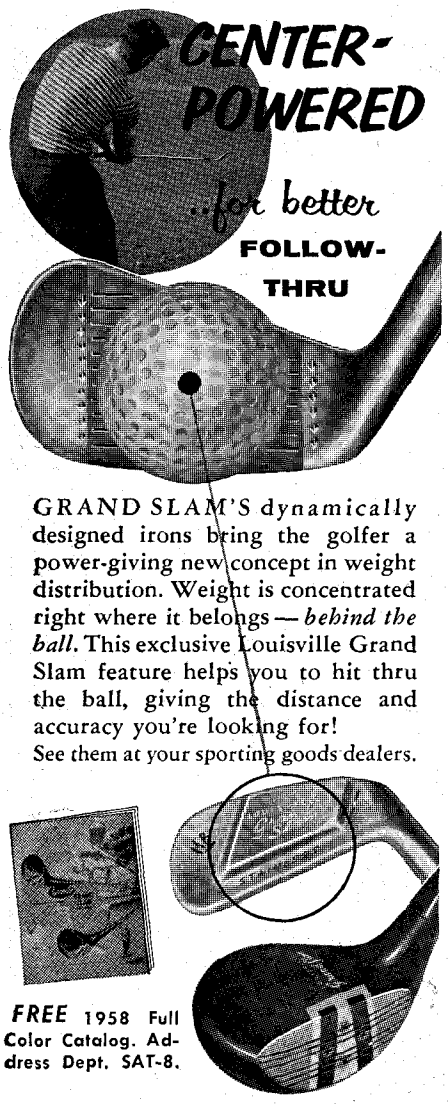


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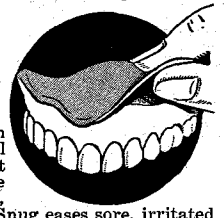

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Closing his eyes, Claude thought of all the contests in which he had played. In the early days, his beloved had always stood beside him, smiling confidence and pride, and ever since her death he had sensed her presence. But tonight there was something angry and violent in the air, and it seemed, as Old John's bow sped across the strings, that he was alone for the first time since he had met Caroline. He wondered, as he sat with his head lowered and his eyes closed, if, with the passing of the years, his mind had become strange. He wondered if it was only his imagination which had made him feel she was near him. It was a thing that could happen when a man was heartsick with loneliness.

Old John's foot was going now, beating out the rhythm on the ground. It reminded Claude of Caroline's dancing, the quick, light tapping of her feet in the Highland fling. Even up to her death she had been billed as The Singing and Dancing Wonder. He imagined her whirling before him, wearing her short, full skirt, the bespangled bodice dazzling in the light. For a moment she seemed almost near him, smiling as she spun, and he lost himself in the reverie, remembering that always at the end of the number, when the curtain rolled down to the floor, she hurried to him, kissing him happily and crying, "Oh, Claudie, Claudie, I love to dance to your music!"

"Well, mister, you aimin' to play?"

"Maybe he's done give up already."

Claude roused himself. He had hardly been aware that Old John had finished his tune.

Awkwardly, fumbling, he tuned his violin, wondering what discorded tune he could play. The only one which came to his mind was Lost Indian. Testing the bow on the strings, he recalled the day Caroline first began teaching him the tune. It was a haunting song, filled with eerie sounds, but it was a song of river people. It was the story of a showboat tied up at a landing because the swollen river was filled with logs and driftwood. To while away the time, the company danced to a fiddler's tunes, but in the middle of the dance they heard weird shouts and looked out on the raging water to see an Indian on a large log. As they watched, the current caught the log, whirled it violently, and with a wild wail the Indian disappeared in the angry water. The fiddler became almost demented by the frightful scene, and forever after, it was said, he could play only the tune he was playing when the Indian drowned.

Caroline had asked him to play it often, for she felt there was joy and sorrow, life and death, in the haunting tune, and something of the awful cruelty which can come even to the innocent.

Catching his bow near the center because the tune was very fast and fine, Claude began to play, but each time he tried to imitate the wails and shrieks of the Indian, his bow only grated against the strings. Over and over he played the chorus, but it had neither life nor style and it revealed nothing of what he wanted to say, nothing of the awareness that life must end, violently or peacefully, but it must end.

Finally he dropped the fiddle from his shoulder and waited.

Old John began at once. He played Sally Goodin, and the hillmen shouted out the verse:

*"A sheep and a cow*
*Awalkin' in the pasture.*
*The sheep said, 'Cow,*
*Can't you walk a little faster?'"*

Claude knew that Old John and the men were taunting him because he had not played fast enough. He looked at the aged fiddler, but Old John appeared lost in his music, unaware of anything about him. Briefly he glanced at Claude, and his startlingly colored eyes were indifferent, almost defiant and scoffing.

The words of the song ran through Claude's mind: *I had a piece of pie, and I had a piece of puddin', and I gave it all away for to see my Sally Goodin.*

What had there been in life, what would there ever be, he wondered, that he wouldn't give to see his Caroline? From the day they had met, he had wanted to possess nothing except that which would give her pleasure and happiness. Now there was no reason to possess anything, except the pride and joy she had given him.

He had been twenty when they met, tall and raw and unlearned. He had come down from the hills and stood along the banks of the Arkansas River, entranced with the beauty of the boat, waiting for the show, for it was rumored that the show was for men only. He had never seen such a show and he was young, almost trembling with eagerness. But when the manager saw that the audience was made up solely of men, he told them they had the wrong idea and that all the women on the boat were ladies. "Go to the box office and get your money back," he had said from the stage.

The last to leave, Claude looked once more at the ornate tier of box seats. The acetylene-gas footlights were still glowing and the white, pale green and rust colors of the auditorium were like white clouds reflected in the water, the green of shoals and the burnished sunset on the river. As he stood, entranced and awed with the beauty, the curtain was rolled up and the prettiest girl he had ever seen walked onto the stage. Her beautiful red dress hardly reached to her knees and some pretty in her blond hair gleamed and glistened until a man could hardly believe it. Seeing him, she stopped suddenly, and then, as though she had no shame, she came down from the stage and walked up the aisle to him.

Claude was so frightened he wanted to run.

"I'm sorry there isn't going to be a show," she said in a soft, sweet voice.

"I am, too, ma'am. Sorrier than I can speak."

"You live here?"

"No, 'm. I live back in the hills. A ridge farmer is my life, but I'm alone and it ain't what you'd rightly call a real life. I thought seein' a showboat show"—he paused, blushing at what he had thought to see—"I'd have somethin' to call to mind durin' the wintertime."

Looking him directly in the eyes, she laid her hand on his arm. Claude felt that he was going over backward. The touch of her hand sent his heart to pounding so loudly he was afraid she would hear it.

"I like to ask people their names. Names interest me. What's yours?"

"Claude. Claude Hanson," he managed.

"And you're a handsome man, Claude. Now I'll never forget it. Claude Hanson."

His breath stopped. There was nothing wicked or forward in the way she talked. It was a thing she felt, and she said it honestly. And it was a thing a man could hardly bear to hear from a beautiful girl. Blushing, almost terrified, Claude turned and stumbled outside.

"Maybe next year!" she called after him. "Maybe next year, Claude Hanson!"

Next year! How could a man live so long? Reaching the bank, he leaned against a tree, hidden in the dark, and stood there for hours and hours, unable to believe what had happened to him. Inside the boat, he knew, there was such beauty and ease and joy that no other world seemed real to him. Any other life was only a burden, a thing to be endured.

Near midnight he heard the voices. Hillmen with their wives and sweethearts walked along the road and down to the gangplank, shouting happily that they had their women now and they wanted to see the show.

When the performance was over, Claude sat silently, unable to applaud or smile or shout. All his life, even before his parents died, he had been starved for beauty, and now he had found it. But it was in another world, a world which floated effortlessly through time, and he did not think he could bear to leave it.

At the top of the gangplank the beautiful girl was selling pictures of herself. He could not read well, but he saw her name, Caroline, written across the bottom of the pictures. "Car-o-line," he pronounced slowly. "It couldn't 'a' been any other name in the whole world."

"That was the first dollar we ever loaned out. . . . We had a little trouble getting it back!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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And then they looked into each other's eyes. Though he was shy, even backward, he did not take his eyes from hers, for she seemed to command him. Suddenly she grabbed his broad hands and pressed them to her cheeks.

"Where do you go tomorrow?" he asked. "Where could I see the show again?"

"Moss Landing."

"I'll be there. I couldn't stand it not to see you again."

"I know, Claude. I know. I never danced as I did tonight."

Before he realized it, he was saying, "You got a work-job, here, for a man?"

"There'll be something!" she cried. "We'll find something!"

And then she embraced him.

Suddenly an older man spoke, "Caroline. Caroline, you'd better go inside."

"Yes, father," she said softly, almost like an obedient child, but she turned, and pulling Claude's head down, she gave him the first kiss he had ever had from anyone. "I'll be waiting for you."

Near dawn Claude reached his ridge farm. He gave his cow and his horse and chickens to a neighbor to keep, and started the forty-mile walk across the mountains to Moss Landing, carrying only his cash money—twenty-two dollars—and the suit he had bought when his mother had been buried at the clapboard church in Thunder Hollow.

He had never returned, but, looking at the hillmen about him, he thought it strange that they did not realize that he had been born one of them. It gave him a feeling of being stranded, of being neither a hillman nor a riverman, with no way ahead and no way back.

Old John had changed tunes and tempos and was playing Mississippi Sawyer. It was an old tune, a favorite with fiddlers everywhere. But as he listened, caught in the memory of his empty youth, Claude knew he had never heard the song played so beautifully. Through Old John's tricky bowing there could be heard the faint sound of anvils, the clinking of horseshoes and the sawing sound, drawn and easy, of sickles and scythes being whetted. It was a square-dance tune and the people began to clap hands to its rhythm.

Claude sat silently trying to recall the dreamless days of his boyhood, but his youth seemed so empty that he could hardly remember living before he met Caroline.

Living on the solitary ridge, he had grown to manhood knowing only loneliness and work, but from the moment he walked aboard the Starlight at Moss Landing, there had never been another moment of loneliness. His first job had been general handy man and bouncer, hustling ashore the drunken, pistol-waving coal miners and migrants who drifted along the rivers in shanty boats. Even at the beginning, Caroline, impetuous and determined, began to train him to become a member of the company. When she learned he had taught himself some simple fiddle tunes during the long winter evenings on the ridge, she began teaching him to read music, to play from the notes. She helped him to memorize lines from the plays and to speak them as if he were some other individual than himself. For weeks on end, drifting down the rivers or being towed up them, they sat alone on the upper deck. Though he had been slow to learn, he recalled, she had never lost patience with him.

"Don't try to hurry so," she always said, but every day she led him onto the deck and sat with him while he practiced, urging him on. And she constantly corrected his speech, showing him how to enunciate clearly, erasing from his vocabulary the words and phrases which marked him as a hillman.

"Why are you so patient with me, Caroline?" he asked.

She looked off toward the bank of the river, toward the hills, but not seeing them. He knew she was looking into the future, and it made her strangely thoughtful.

"Because I am proud of you." She turned to him, smiling intimately. "Because I love you."

"Why? I can't fathom why you do."

"I'll tell you, Claude. I'll tell you as truly as I can. I just can't help it. I guess I was made to love you."

"I couldn't ever love anybody else," he told her. "I'd be ashamed was I ever to try."

Now, sitting silently as Old John played, he knew that life on the showboat, on the river, had changed them both. Or had it been the river and the boat? Hadn't it been love, a love so total and complete that no other life existed? Had this not been the quality which made the audience adore them, and which was now missing when he stepped alone onto the stage? He remembered with happiness the first night he had been allowed to play for Caroline while she danced. It had been far down in Louisiana, far from home, but as he played both a waltz and a Highland fling, never missing a note, he felt he had found the home which life had never given him before.

He recalled, tormented by the heartbreaking reverie, the entry in the boat's log the captain had made the next day: "Stopped at Le Grand to get Caroline and Claude married. Warm rain tonight."

(*Continued on Page 140*)

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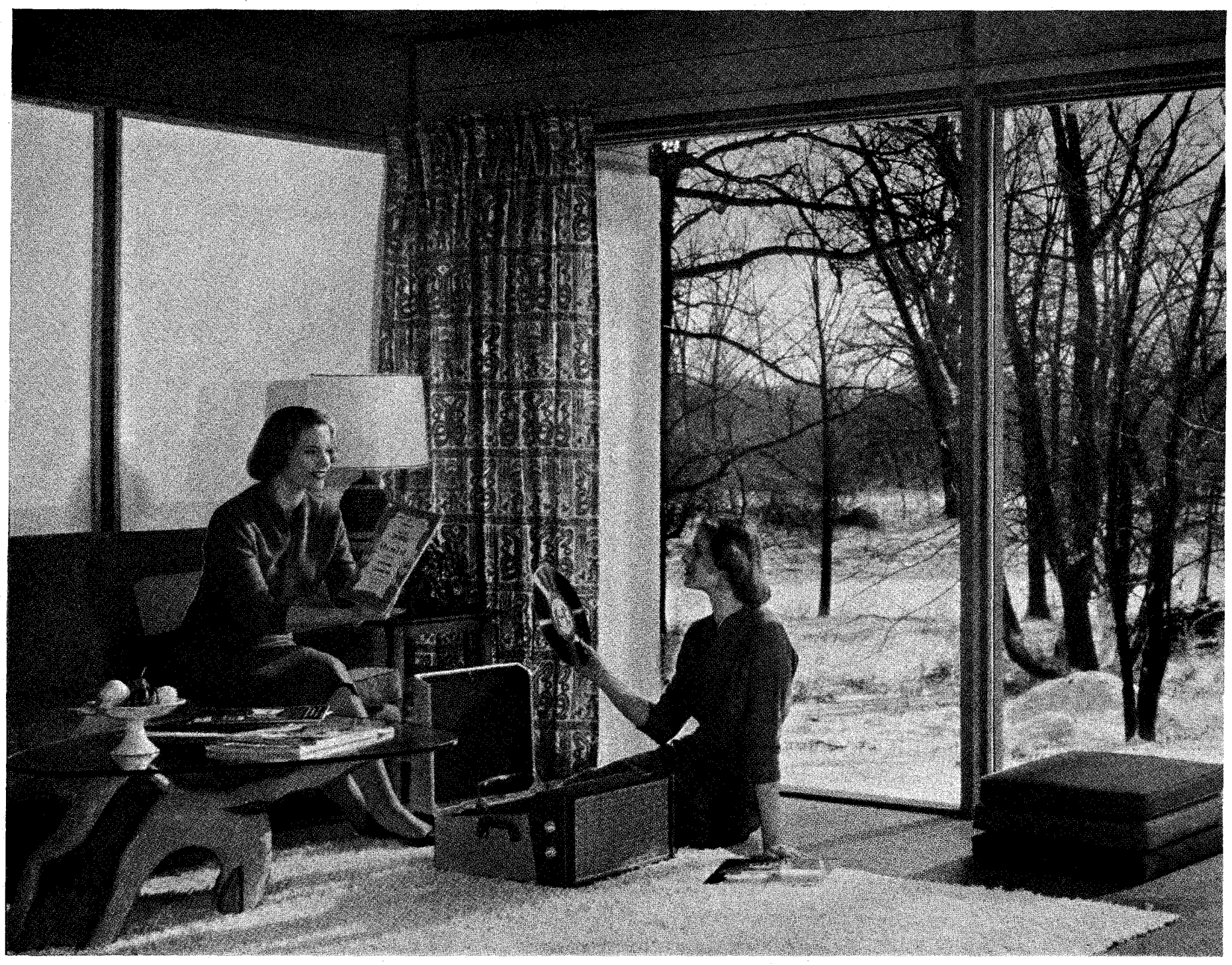

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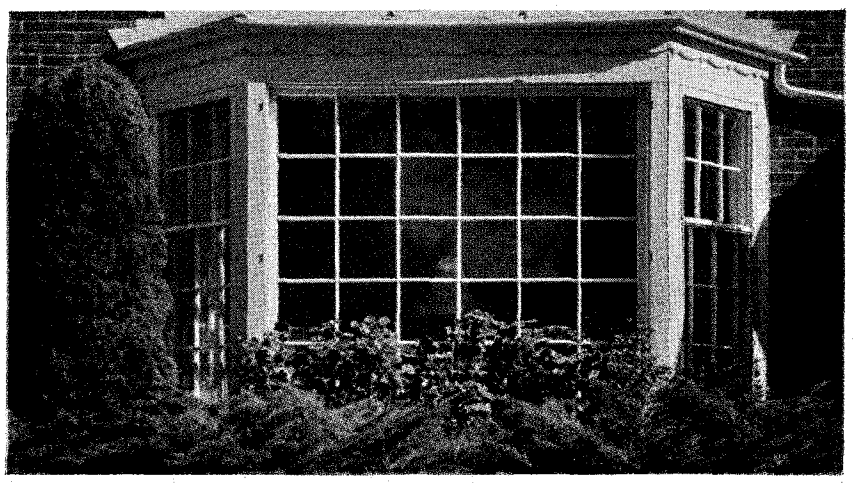

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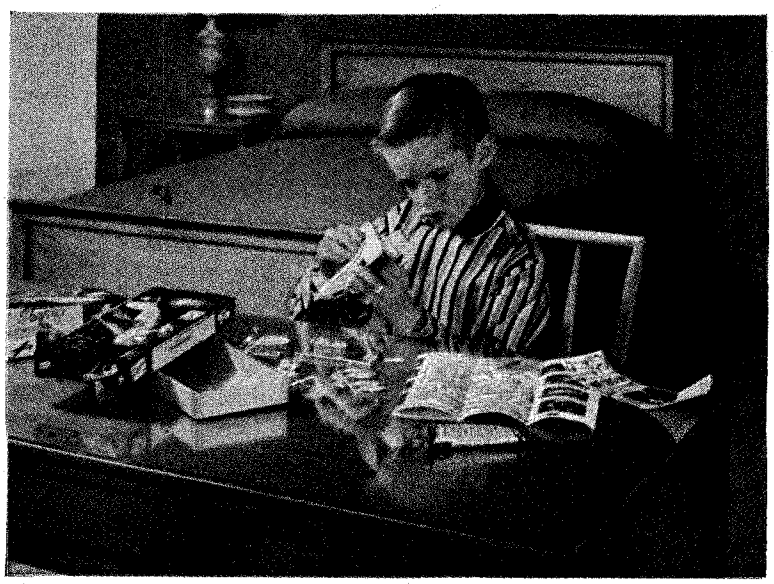

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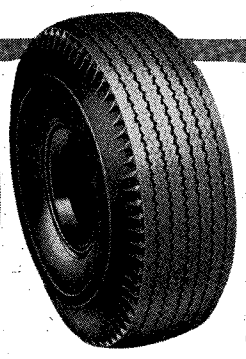

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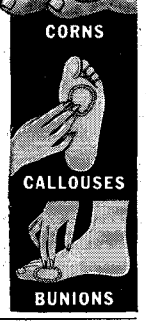


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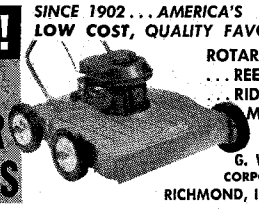

ROTARY ...REEL ...RIDING MOWERS

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(*Continued from Page 137*) And now it was coming to an end. He knew he could never outfiddle the aged man next to him, and since his only value to the company was playing the fiddle contests to attract people to the boat, there was no doubt the captain would discharge him. He wondered what he could do and where he could go. What was there for a man of sixty, no longer able to make a living in the hills and rejected by the life he had always held dear?

Lifting the fiddle to his chin, he wondered at the peculiar treachery of life. The one thing which had given him joy and happiness, which had caused the years to rush by like autumn leaves on the river, had left him helpless to face the desolate loneliness of the longest years.

He looked out across his fiddle at the showboat company lined along the rail of the upper deck. They were silent and distant, quiet. Already they appeared to be drifting away.

The hurt was deep in him, and yet it was not a personal hurt. That kind of hurt had long since passed from him, assuaged by his memories. The pain he felt now was a sorrow, a grief, a sense of bewilderment and loss and estrangement, as if he had lived beyond his time and was left to wander alone.

Turning slightly, he peered at Old John, trying to tell him that he knew he was beaten and that from here in he would play only the tunes which filled his heart, evoking for the last time the happiness he had known. Old John returned his gaze, and even in the pale light the aged man's oddly colored eyes seemed to change, to turn a deeper color, as though he looked inward on some ancient knowledge. Resting his arms on his crossed legs, John nodded slightly.

There was a waltz Caroline had loved: I'll Be All Smiles Tonight. While Claude played the song, unmindful of anyone about him, the words came to him in Caroline's sweet, clear voice.

*I'll deck my brow with roses,*
*The loved one will be there.*

It had not been only for a night that she had been all smiles, he knew. Throughout the years he had shared with her she had been gay and happy, creating an aura of joy, a sense that love could never end.

*And even them that know me*
*Will think my heart is light,*
*Though my heart may break*
*tomorrow,*
*I'll be all smiles tonight.*

For the first time Claude wondered if Caroline knew she would die young. Perhaps she had known she must leave him and had tried to tell him that he must not mourn. But loneliness and heartbreak are different from mourning, he told himself.

Without Claude being aware of it, Old John had begun to play. Claude could not be sure whether he had just let the bow become idle on the strings or whether Old John, in a wild flourish of sound, was banishing him, subjecting him to shameful defeat.

The fiddler from Ravens' Glen was playing Bonaparte's Retreat, producing an overwhelming barrage of sounds, drumming the strings with the back of his bow, plucking them, simulating musket fire and the din of battle, and then suddenly shifting to a long and continuous use of the bow until the sound of bagpipes and fifes could be heard. Even the hillmen were suddenly silenced and a woman, taking a steel comb from her hair, stepped beside Old John and struck the strings along the fingerboard, producing a sound of drumming.

Claude could not believe any man could re-create so much of life with a fiddle and he knew there was no use to compete. Yet he could not get up and walk away like a whipped dog. There was something he had to say—say to himself and the night—he had to speak his farewell to the river.

When Old John had finished, Claude began to play, and he could not stop. One tune after another rushed through his mind like leaves whirling brightly in an eddy. He wanted to play every tune he had ever known, every song he had shared with Caroline. He wanted to play them all and regain for a brief while the life they had known together. He no longer played to be heard, but with deep longing, with yearning and with a shattering anguish, for he wondered if it would have been more fortunate if he had never loved. In his youth he had been able to bear aloneness, but now, aged and lost, he was lonely for someone, for his love, and he found that the loneliness was terrifying.

Without pausing, he began Sandy River. He did not know whether he was playing well or not, for he believed Caroline was near him and he played only for her.

Sandy River always reminded her of the time he had saved the Starlight. It had been November, almost a quarter of a century ago. They were floating down below St. Louis when suddenly the Starlight rocked and shuddered. Screaming, the actors fled to the decks, ready to abandon the boat. Claude, grabbing a lamp, ran below. The boat had struck a piling and ripped a hole in her bottom as big as his body. He stood staring at the water rushing in through the rupture. Most of the crew were asleep and his shouting would not be heard above the swift swishing of the river. The hole had to be plugged quickly, he knew, and there was only one way a single man could do it.

Bounding up the stairs, he grabbed a thick blanket from the bed he shared with Caroline and ran back below. He knew the water was freezing, but he quickly wrapped the blanket around his body and lowered himself into the hole, pushing and shoving his weight against the inrushing water until he was waist deep. His own thick body, wrapped in the blanket, plugged the hole. His outspread arms supported him upright, but his freezing body caused him to shake and he feared he would be unable to hold on.

Finally the captain appeared. Bellowing profanely, shouting for the crew as the Starlight drifted on in the dark water, he ordered them to build a box.

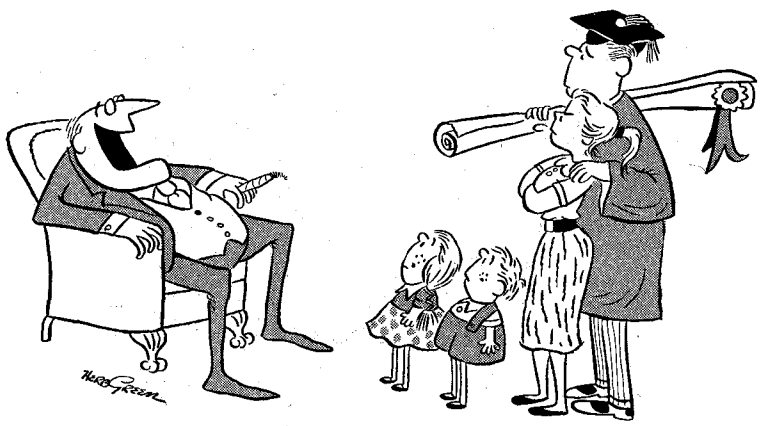
"Get some boards!" he shouted. "Build a box around him! Build a box to hold that hellish water out or we'll sink before morning!"

Claude had hardly been aware when Caroline came to his side. His teeth were chattering and his eyes were clenched against the icy cold.

"Here, darling. Sip this, Claudie," she urged, holding to his lips a cup of hot coffee laced with whisky. "Oh, Claudie, you're the greatest trouper on the river."

It took almost an hour for the men to build the box around the hole, and in that time she never took her free arm from around his shoulders. And never once did she weep or speak a word of idle sympathy. Instead she smiled to him, teased him for his love, laughing as though it were a lark, but there passed from her to him such a feeling of pride and love that it carried him through the following week when he lay shivering and feverish.

Days later, the captain had come to him, telling him he would always have a



## The Perfect Squelch

Wealthy Uncle Howard had done nothing to help his married nephew, Bill, struggle through college. Bill nevertheless politely stopped by to invite him to the commencement. Somehow, Uncle Howard acted and talked as if Bill had spent four years going to a picnic instead of a college.

"Why," he informed Bill and his young family, "you just sit around nowadays to be educated. All you do is sit. You drive to classes in a car. You lounge around study halls and learn by televison. You have it easy. Why, I really had it tough. I had to fight for an education."

"Yes," Bill's wife cut in quietly, "and you didn't even have a wife and two children to help you."

**Donald W. Doepp**

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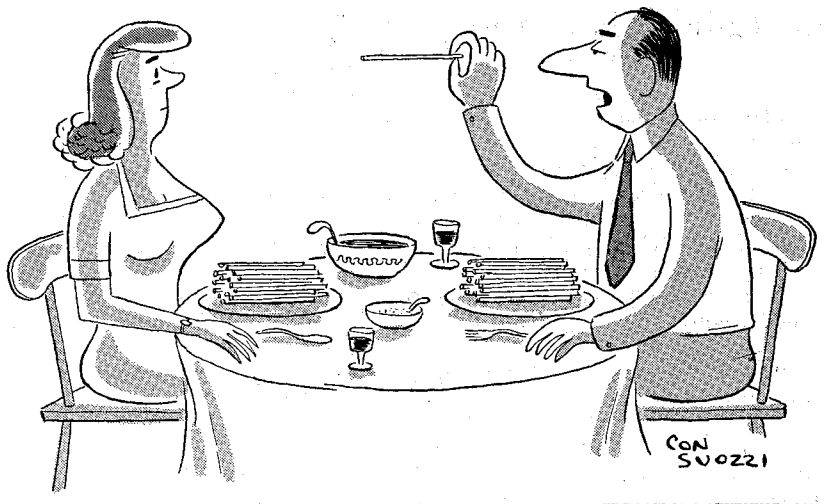



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The spaghetti could stand a little more cooking."

place on the Starlight. But as he finished Sandy River and, without pausing, started the lively Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself, Claude reminded himself that that captain was long dead. A new captain owned the boat now, and he had no regard for old promises.

All those years—the whole of his life really—seemed suddenly unreal and improbable. And yet he knew they had happened. He ached to recapture them, to live those times once more before the night was over, before the hopeless wandering began.

But he was lost and confused. He could find no talisman to lead his thoughts backward. His bow hand dropped to his side and he stared about, helpless and lost. Old John was peering at him, quietly, barely smiling. He nodded his head very slowly, almost reverently, and Claude knew the fiddler was saying, "Go ahead; I will follow."

Lifting his fiddle to his chin, Claude felt a surging strength in his arms. Through The Devil in the Canebrake and Sugar Betty Ann, Old John followed, filling in the background, giving strength and fullness to the remembered music.

Claude knew he was playing better than he ever had before. He felt as though a gentle hand guided his bowing arm and it no longer mattered about the hills and the people. It was something coming through the music, not his or John's, but the music they played together, a kind of conformation John was giving him. Once when he hesitated, wondering what tune to play, Old John took the lead, playing Darling Cory—playing it slowly, the way it sounded best. To Claude's amazement, Old John sang, flat and nasally, but directly and warmly:

"*Don't you hear the bluebirds asingin'?*
*Don't you hear that mournful sound?*"

And then he understood that through the music Old John of Ravens' Glen was telling him he understood—understood the heartbreak of life, the loneliness that is youth and age, understood that a man could give his life to the woman he loved, only to find that he had to remain long after she had gone.

Claude nodded to him, almost shaking with gratitude. Old John only smiled, his hazel eyes twinkling, telling him that life is not a thing that begins and ends, like a day, but flows on forever, like the river, flowing through all the days of a man's life, even the lonely and bitter ones. When the tune was finished, Old John waited.

Only Caroline had ever understood how he felt, Claude knew, but now an aged fiddler with hazel eyes had come down from the hills, smiling as Caroline had smiled, to tell him that if a man knows real love in his lifetime, it is enough to help him endure whatever else remains.

*Why didn't I think of it before?* Claude wondered, recalling the words he had written long years before, a kind of poem, and the music Caroline had composed to go with them. It was *O My Lovely Caroline*, and while he had been unable to play it since her death, he lifted his bow and began.

Though he couldn't have heard the tune before, Old John followed, playing the music as if he had known it all his life, discording it, pulling the deep and trembling notes from the strings. Claude looked at him, astonished. Old John appeared ageless, quiet as a spirit in the night.

Turning back, Claude looked at the showboat and the surging river beyond. His heart rose with joy, for he was neither lonely nor fearful. Out on the river, waiting, was all the love he had ever known, and the fairest fiddler of all, Old John of Ravens' Glen, by following him, by giving him the lead, was sending him back to the river.

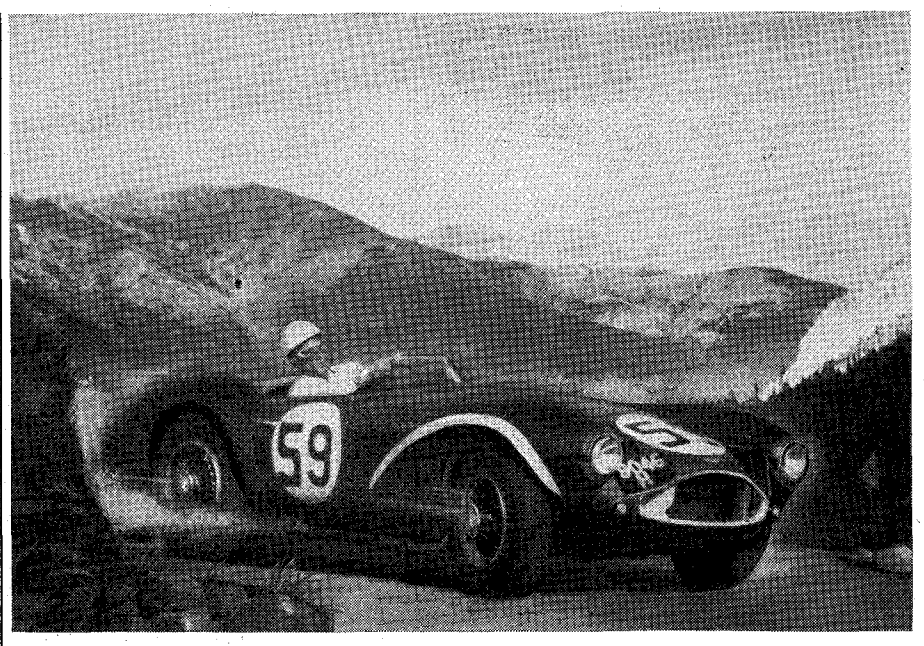
Now they played together. The night throbbed and hummed with their music as it spread across the river and the hills, vanishing upward. The hill people, who had been curiously quiet, as though they sensed, but did not understand what was happening, started to clap their hands, and then, hurrying to the level ground above the trees, they began to dance, whirling and spinning and stomping in the pale light, shouting joyously.

One by one, the show people came down the gangplank and joined them. Again the lives of the hill people were joined with magic as they danced with the heroine, the soubrette, the comedian and the impostor—all the characters from the play—throwing themselves into a world where happiness always won out.

Claude paused a moment, as the captain came up the bank, but Old John urged him on, "Go ahead. Take the lead, young feller. Tonight you're acallin' the tunes."

It wasn't that Old John was implying he was the best fiddler, Claude knew. He was saying that love is a thing no man can conceal, not from a man who learned a headful of tunes by playing them a thousand times—tunes of sorrow and joy and happiness and love and loneliness, tunes learned by playing them alone in the woods, where music seems a thing caught out of the air.

The two bows began to move, darting and shooting across the strings, calling up music which first was played a hundred lifetimes ago. THE END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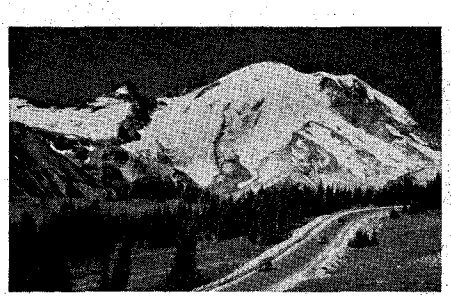
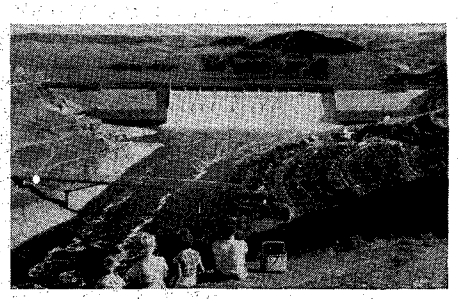


*Majestic Mt. Rainier near Seattle-Tacoma*



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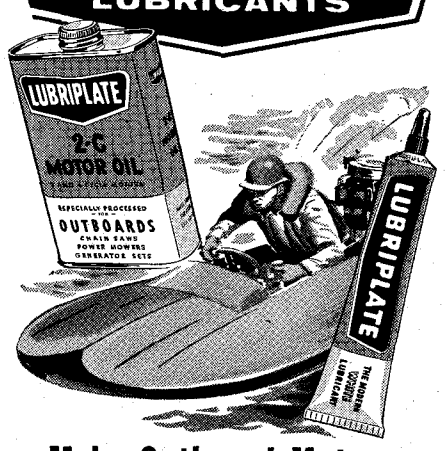


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# What We Learned About Labor Gangsters

(Continued from Page 35)

union members? Some political prophets say it cannot be done in this congressional-election year. I hope they are wrong. I cannot speak for the House of Representatives. In the Senate, however, I believe we can muster the bipartisan support to approve such measures in 1958.

The Senate has special reason to be aware of the gravity of the problem. My seven colleagues on the committee, as well as many other distinguished senators who have attended our hearings or studied the evidence, are cognizant of the situation. They know we have to deal with a deep infection which, already polluting major portions of our economy, impairs the united strength and spirit vital to our very survival in today's world.

Defense, of course, rightly has the top priority. It is an effort which may have to be sustained at high pressure and costs for decades. But the genius and energy of America cannot be fully exerted over the years if so many American workers must live under a corrupt servitude which stifles ambition and initiative. The condition is cancerous; it cries out for the surgery of curative laws as soon as they can be properly drafted, considered and enacted.

I cannot presume to advise my fellow legislators in either House. But they may wish, as they consider certain new laws suggested here, to think over two lessons which have been brought home to me as chairman.

The first is that it is mistaken to assume that labor leaders always speak for their members or can deliver their votes on Election Day. Corrupt leaders, of course, speak only for themselves and their pocketbooks. Even the honest leaders are often out of touch with changing opinions among their members or swayed by old prejudices against any effective legal "supervision." Impressive evidence has come to us that vast numbers of men in the ranks, even in the better-run unions, no longer share these prejudices. They want the protection of new laws to safeguard further their rights, their freedoms, their dues and their welfare-pension funds. They, as well as the workers who live under the terror of gangster leadership, will not hesitate to vote their convictions in the privacy of the polling booth.

This is understood by experienced legislators, though some do not grasp its full implications. The second lesson is more novel and dramatic. I felt it soon after our hearings began; it has been borne in upon me with cumulative impact ever since. It has come in the form of more than 100,000 letters received by me and the committee. Some 75,000 of these letters—detailed, laborious and moving—come from rank-and-file union members and their families.

As one familiar with legislative investigations, I know what kind of mail they draw. Never before have I seen correspondence which approaches this in quality and quantity. Even the Army-McCarthy hearings, which apparently kept much of the nation glued to TV sets and newspapers, drew no such flood, and much of it came from extremist cranks on either side. Our mail on the union situation is quite a different proposition. These letters are not stereotypes or mass-produced post cards. The crackpot percentage is remarkably small. Most of the letters are obviously written with painful care.

Many of them are unsigned. Ordinarily, the place for anonymous letters is in the wastebasket. But these letters tell you why they are unsigned. They give particulars of past beatings and present threats by criminal leaders; they tell just how union funds are being stolen, and how the thefts are masked by terror or "endorsed" by rigged or coercive "voting" procedures. Most of the letters which are signed caution us not to disclose the writers' names or addresses, with such added words as: "If you do, the goon squad will get me sure," or "If they learn my name, my dear husband may be out of a job for good."

Often there is a note of hopelessness: "Maybe I could move my family to another town and change my name. The strong-arms could not find me. But then I would not have any union card and how could I get a job at the trade I have worked at sixteen years? How could I tell the kids about having a new name?"

The lesson is clear: when 75,000 harried people take the trouble—and sometimes risk—of writing such appeals to our committee, it indicates that many times that number are, in the words of one letter, "hurting, and hurting bad."

I would like to explain to all these letter writers something which often troubles my thoughts. It is impossible, with

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Had fate assigned your
dreadful faults to me,
What charming little foibles
they would be!

Ann Patrice

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

our committee's brilliant but limited investigative staff, to check on more than a fraction of the local conditions revealed in 75,000 or 100,000 letters coming from every state in the Union. Nor has the committee the prosecuting powers to intervene directly. All I can do, and I pledge you to do my best, is to work with my colleagues for Federal laws which I believe will help every honest union member.

But let no sincere person who writes to us think the effort is in vain. These letters have given us a broader picture than even the millions of words of testimony could supply. They have given our investigators countless leads which they might have discovered in no other way. The few thousand letters we have been able to check on have assayed high in accuracy. Again and again they have led us to the needle in the haystack—the canceled check, the incriminating letter, the missing witness.

One striking example is the case of the United Textile Workers of America (UTWA). The leadership of this union had long been under some suspicion by President George Meany and other honest AFL-CIO leaders. They felt sure there was financial skulduggery centering about Anthony Valente, union president, and Lloyd Klenert, secretary-treasurer. But they could not prove it. Lacking the power to subpoena witnesses and records, to take testimony under oath, they could not unravel the complex transactions by which Valente and Klenert covered up their misuse of some $128,000 in union funds. Without proof, Mr. Meany could take no strong action.

Even our trained investigators were at something of a loss where to begin. Then came certain modest letters, written with tongue-wetted pencil on cheap lined paper or pecked out on an old typewriter. Some of the best were unsigned, but they bore the stamp of authenticity in tone and detail. Those letters supplied the accurate, crucial information which put us on the right track. The result can be seen in our printed record, nearly 300 pages of testimony and 80 pages of damning documents.

This record, while it discloses less villainy than we have found in some crooked unions, shows a typical pattern: union officers dipping ever more deeply into the funds of the dues-paying members, furtively acquiring for themselves elaborately luxurious homes, and collecting on "expense accounts" which have to be seen to be believed. One day, for example, Valente and Klenert drew $30,000 in cash for "organizational expenses," which was explained as covering "the Canadian situation," "the New Jersey situation," and "the North Carolina situation." Next day they drew a further $27,000 for similar "expenses" in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and the Midwest.

In one three-year period Klenert charged the union for a neat $86,000 in hotel bills. Of this, $30,000 was for sums "paid out" by the hotels for Klenert's personal luxury purchases: such matters as golfer's lamps, sport canes, "Trampoline lessons" (yes—$40), four TV sets, three radio sets, fancy luggage, and so forth. In addition, he charged up during this period $11,000 worth of theater tickets, including $2564.65 for the play My Fair Lady. The hard-working men and women in the mills were paying for lots of nice things they didn't know about.

This lush profiteering was covered up and made possible by a bookkeeping system so loose as to be ludicrous. Nearly a million dollars in annual dues was "accounted for" by methods which would disgrace a young bride's first checkbook. Employees who had an inkling of what was going on were afraid to speak up.

Aided by our disclosures, President Meany was able to take action. The AFL-CIO Executive Committee warned the UTWA to clean up or face expulsion. Valente and Klenert resigned, but, in a last bold grab, arranged for long-term payments to themselves totaling $104,000 from the union's dues. The AFL-CIO put its foot down and the deal was canceled. A special committee of the UTWA promised also to hold a new convention by secret ballot, to permit regular auditing of its books by independent accountants, and to report further progress. The union was then restored to good standing by the AFL-CIO. I hope the clean-up is adequate and will last.

I have dwelt on this case because it shows the AFL-CIO has some powers to back up its excellent Code of Ethical Practices, especially against the smaller unions (the UTWA has only about 50,000 members). Even here its powers are limited and, as against the very big unions, without sufficient effect. It made a brave try against the biggest of all, the Teamsters. It voted the expulsion of this corruption-ridden union, at a loss to itself of nearly 1,500,000 members and nearly $1,000,000 in annual dues.

And now what happens? The Teamsters Union continues to operate as a union. It is still immensely powerful. Its leadership, infested with criminals, is still in position to prey upon the public and victimize its own working members.

The AFL-CIO has, besides the power of expulsion, another weapon—sometimes effective against the smaller corrupt unions. It recently expelled the crookedly led Bakery and Confectionery Workers—membership then about 140,000—and set up a rival (*Continued on Page 144*)

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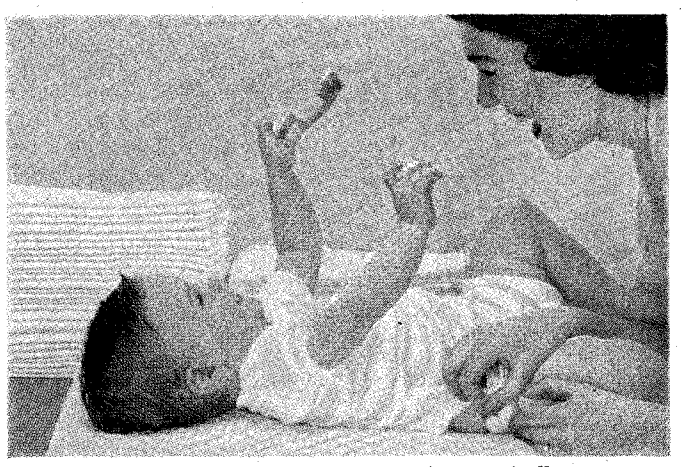

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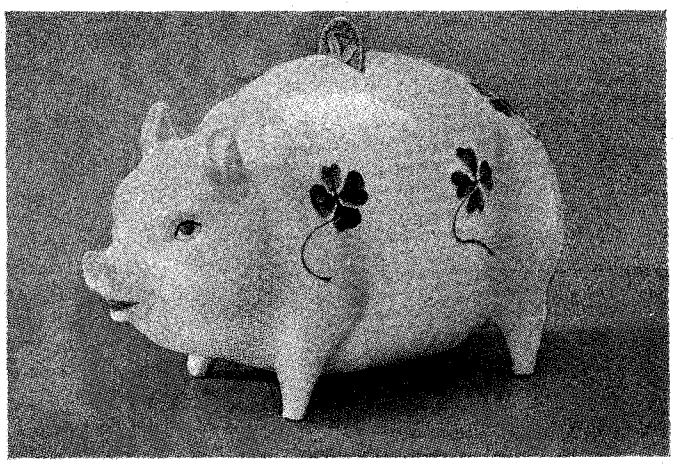

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(*Continued from Page 142*) and cleaner union, the American Bakery and Confectionery Workers—"ABC" for short. It is claimed that some 70,000 bakery workers have already moved over from the old to the new union. A similar attempt against the toughly despotic ILA (Longshoremen), expelled by the AFL in 1953, has had little success. And apparently even the bolder leaders of the AFL-CIO shrink from challenging the giant Teamsters with a rival union.

Mr. Meany conceded before our committee that powers to enforce the Conduct Code are limited. Lacking the investigative and prosecutive forces of law, honest labor leaders often cannot even find out what villainy is going on, much less move effectively to eradicate it. To all who chant the hopeful slogan, "Labor will clean its own house," I recommend Mr. Meany's testimony (printed record, pp. 3347 to 3365). Note his statement (p. 3363) that our committee "has developed some things under oath that we could not possibly develop during our (AFL-CIO) investigation." Last November, speaking before the convention of his Industrial Union Department, he put it more strongly.

"We thought we knew a few things about trade-union corruption," said Mr. Meany, "but we didn't [as of May, '56] know the half of it, the tenth of it, or the one hundredth of it." (This, coming from a man active in the labor movement for more than forty years, may help explain my own naïveté as our hearings began, and my sense of shock as the evidence unfolded before us.)

I remember the cry of many an earnest financier in the early 1930's: "The stock market will clean its own house," or "The holding companies will clean their own house." They didn't; they couldn't. It took the strong arm of Uncle Sam—working through the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) and other measures—even to begin the job. The sooner honest union men recognize that they also need the help of new laws, the better for them and the country.

If matters are so urgent, it may be asked, why doesn't Congress get together and pass the new laws tomorrow? I wish it were that simple. But such legislation is necessarily delicate and complex. It involves the rights of millions of persons and thousands of diverse union groups. It involves the constitutional powers of Congress and appraisal of probable judicial interpretation. Hasty, blunderbuss legislation might wreck the House of Labor—and that certainly is not desired—in trying to blast out the termites.

Skilled legislative brains worked on the Wagner Act and on the Taft-Hartley Act. Yet both laws produced many results undesired and unforeseen. Sen. Robert Taft had one of the best legal minds of our time. Yet the act passed under his sponsorship had in it a gap, a tragic gap. Let us look at this now, because it approaches the heart of our problem.

The Taft-Hartley Law has a provision (Title I, Sec. 9, f. and g.) requiring unions and their locals to file with the Secretary of Labor: (A) a report setting forth their constitution and by-laws; the names, titles, compensation and allowances of their officers and agents; their dues and initiation fees; their methods of election and of voting on all important questions affecting the membership; and (B) annual financial reports detailing receipts and disbursements during the year, and total assets and liabilities.

Sounds good, doesn't it? But it contains two little defects which have had monstrous consequences. First defect: it failed to provide specifically that these reports to the Secretary of Labor should be *open to the public.* Under the law as interpreted, during both Democratic and Republican administrations, the reports remain secret, not only from the public but (except by a cumbersome routine) from most other Government agencies. And so, gathering dust and occupying valuable space, they pile up in the Labor Department—worthless. Worse than worthless—often harmful, as I will show.

Second defect: the law failed to provide any effective means of investigating whether these reports are true or false. Evidence before our committee indicates that many of them are grossly fraudulent. The law does provide that the union's *financial* reports to the Secretary—(B) above—shall be furnished by the union to all its members. When honest leaders do this, it is helpful. But when crooked leaders show an unchecked, fraudulent report to their members, it becomes a plausible cover-up for knavery. They say, in effect:

"So you're beefing about finances, huh? Look, here's our official financial report, on file with the Secretary of Labor according to law."

When the Taft-Hartley Act was passed, many union leaders tried to brand it a "slave-labor law." The two defects mentioned have made the phrase applicable in quite a different sense: they have permitted workers to be enslaved, not by honest employers but by racketeers masquerading as union "leaders" and by their accomplices among dishonest employers.

An obvious first step, then, is to cure these two defects, and to provide adequate machinery and penalties for enforcement. The entire reports registered with the Secretary of Labor should be open at all times to public inspection. Copies should be mailed by each union organization to every member. Other copies should be available to any citizen, at reasonable cost, from the Labor Department.

Our hearings show also that the union reports should be more complete and better attested than under present law. The information supplied should be comparable in relevant detail to that required from corporations by the SEC. The financial report should be prepared and sworn to by certified public accountants; the entire report should be sworn to by the union's responsible officers.

An essential requirement of any new law is that it place union funds beyond the grasp of dishonest hands. This alone would start an exodus of criminal types.

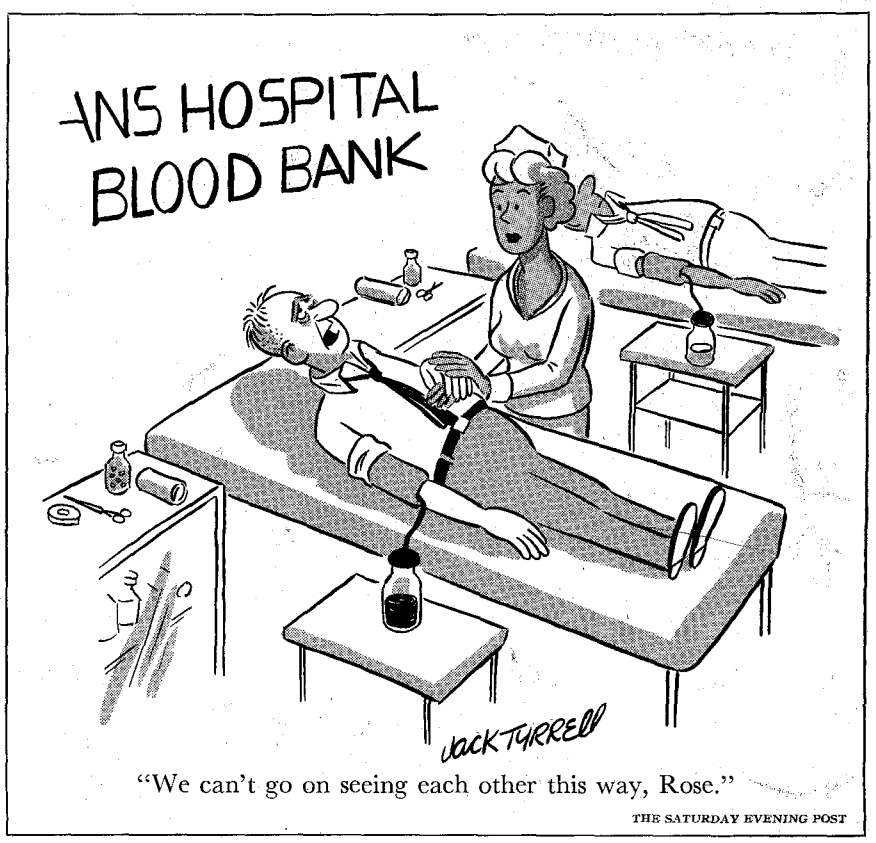
The new laws should also schedule minimum permissible standards for union charters and by-laws. For example, specific provision for genuine secret ballot in elections of officers at stated intervals, and on all important decisions affecting the freedom and moneys of the union members; proper notice of, and reports to members on, union meetings; and full disclosure, to every member, of union-employer contracts involving his interests. Responsible union officers should be adequately bonded.

A most vital standard, our evidence shows overwhelmingly, is this: The charter of every union should absolutely bar men with serious criminal records from positions as its officers or agents. By this I mean men convicted of such felonies as murder, burglary, grand larceny, mayhem, selling narcotics, or extortion, or bribery in connection with management-union relations. The ban would hold unless and until they are pardoned and their citizenship restored. I am all for "rehabilitation." But the place for it is not in the sensitive fiduciary field of union office, where temptations are strong even for men of solid reputation.

The standards mentioned—and they are the least that should be required—will necessitate changes in the constitutions of many national, local and intermediate union groups. They should be given a specified time in which to call special conventions to consider such changes. If they fail to bring themselves into line with these standards, they would suffer certain penalties.

In the first place, their registration reports to the Secretary of Labor would be rejected as unsatisfactory. Then, if this was confirmed by fair hearings and judicial review, they would lose their privilege—it is not a right—of tax exemption on union income. I think I was the first in Congress to make this suggestion. Admittedly the penalty is heavy. Admittedly it would fall partly on the members' own dues. But I don't think any union's members, armed with new democratic powers by the law, would long tolerate the officers who led them into such a situation.

Suppose union officers simply refuse to file the (*Continued on Page 146*)




"We can't go on seeing each other this way, Rose."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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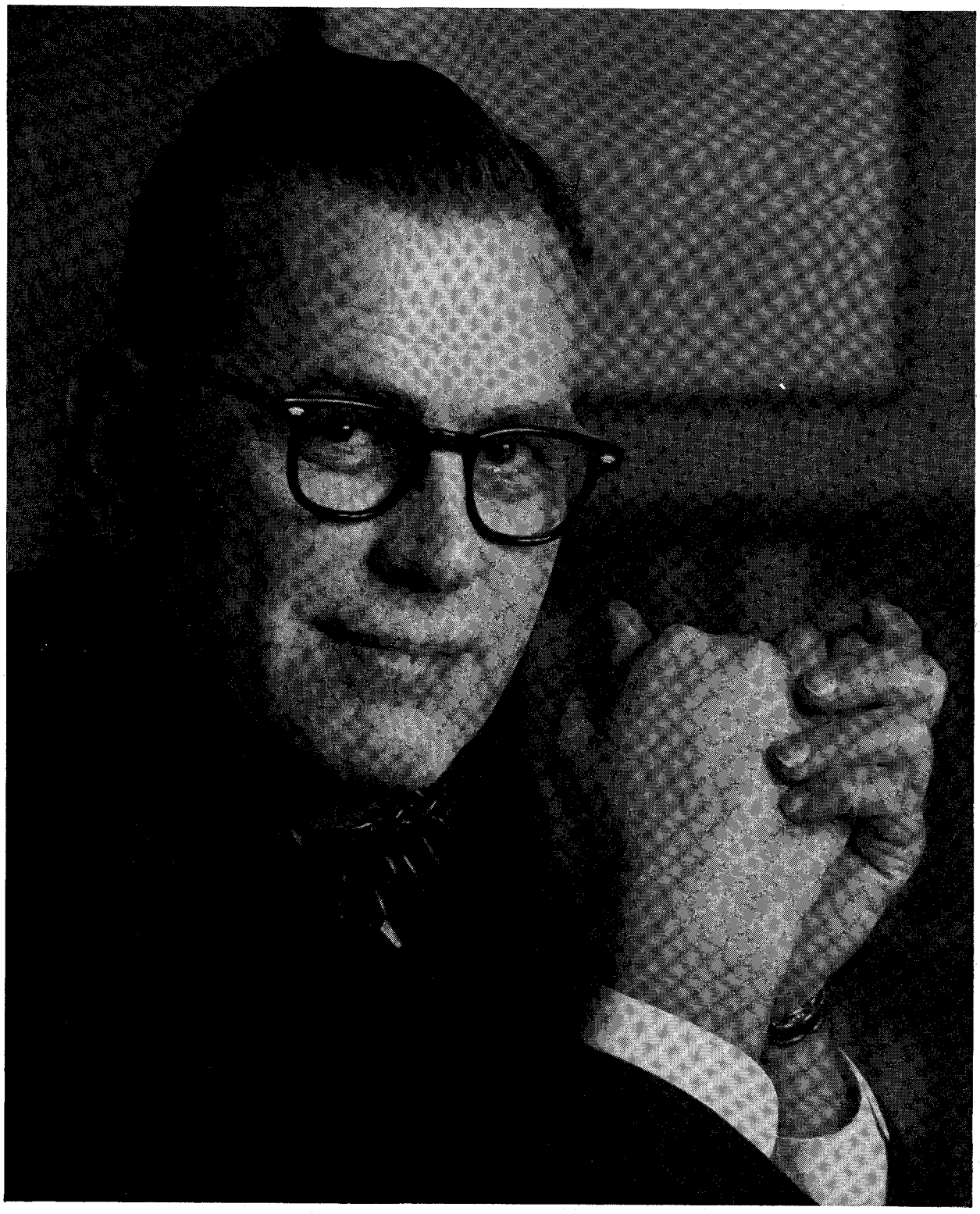

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(*Continued from Page 144*) required registration reports with the Secretary of Labor? Then I think the law could proceed against them personally by court order, holding them in criminal contempt, as can the SEC against corporation officers similarly derelict. The recalcitrant union officials could then reflect in jail on whether to obey the law.

Those making willfully false statements in the sworn union reports would be punishable for felonious perjury. Reports should be kept current by the filing, within thirty days, of supplements reporting any major changes in the facts as previously stated. The fully detailed annual reports might be unfairly burdensome on some of the smaller locals. In such cases the Secretary of Labor would be empowered to permit simplified reports, under clear and published regulations.

As for the larger unions, the required reports will not be unduly burdensome. Those which are well run already keep careful financial records, checked by respectable accounting firms. Unions which must call special conventions will be put to temporary extra expense, but it will be worth it. Everyone who has followed our hearings must recognize the necessity for the stricter standards.

Now as to the machinery for investigation and enforcement. Here it is the Federal Government which will be put to extra expense, though I believe the new public reports will give state officials hitherto-hidden facts so they can help out by better enforcement of their own laws.

The Secretary of Labor should be responsible for investigating fraud in the union reports filed with him. Since this will be a full-time job it should be delegated to an Assistant Secretary, appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. I urge that the Executive and the Senate both give special scrutiny to the quality of any man selected for this post, since much will depend on his judgment, vigor and impartiality.

He must be supplied with a top-notch staff of investigators, including lawyers and accountants, of ability and character comparable, I hope, to the superb staff which is serving our committee. He would also appoint trial examiners—as does the NLRB—authorized to conduct hearings under oath and make their findings, subject to proper judicial review.

He would not be expected to investigate all union reports—an appalling task. But he and his staff would have the duty to examine them all, and check those which showed indications on their face of violations or fraud. They would also be directed to investigate substantial complaints made in apparent good faith by union members. These would specifically include those *unsigned* complaints, evidently factual and sincere, of the type which have proved so valuable to our committee. There should also be a system of "spot checking" of the kind done by the Internal Revenue Service.

Proper execution of this program might well cost the Government $25,000,000 a year, at least until the worst of the mess is cleaned up. It would be cheap at the price.

I cannot give here all the definitions, "commerce" clauses, ifs, buts and whereases which must appear in expertly drafted legislation. Those are for experts in that field. I have tried simply to outline, in plain language, certain main points of the bill I am introducing and the legislation I will support.

Such legislation will be fought by all crooked labor "leaders" with every devious means at their command. I personally have received mysterious threats and menacing phone calls. I have been told that they propose to spend $1,000,000 or more to defeat me. This does not disturb me.

What actually disturbs me is the fear that corrective laws such as I urge may be opposed also by many honest labor leaders. If so, I truly believe they are shortsighted. To them I can only repeat what I have said earlier in these articles, and recall again the mistaken attitude of many honest financial leaders in the 1930's.

One most important reform is supported, I am happy to point out, by the AFL-CIO and its top command. They have endorsed legislation to protect the vast sums of workers' money—well over $25,000,000,000—accumulated in welfare and pension funds. Our hearings have shown how crooks have chiseled rich loot for themselves in handling such funds, supposedly held in sacred trust for workers in illness, misfortune or old age. And many brokers and "administrators" on the management side have shown themselves negligent or corrupt in guarding these moneys.

Possibly the most pitiful letters I have seen have been written by men or their widows, advanced in years and at the end of their productive lives. They had paid into welfare or pension funds for years only to find, when the time came to collect, that they had not read the "fine print," or that the funds had been dissipated. They were unable to obtain their rightful benefits.

I have not gone into this at length here, since bills have already been introduced by Senator Douglas and others. These are along similar lines to the laws I suggest, providing full public disclosure and strict new standards, backed up by investigation and enforcement. President Eisenhower has urged Congress to pass new labor laws protecting union members in this and other fields I have mentioned.

My own proposed laws provide for full protection of welfare-pension funds. They cover such funds whether administered by unions, by management or jointly. With my arduous service as chairman, in addition to my usual senatorial duties, I have not been able to study these other plans as carefully as I wish. But I know and agree with their general principles, which I will back unstintedly without narrow pride of sponsorship.

Surely some such pension-welfare legislation, supported by the President, by noted legislators in both parties and Houses, by honest unionism from the ranks to the top, and, above all, by the public, should pass this session of Congress. Why not? There are reports that opposition comes partly from certain forces on the side of management. If so, I repeat that shortsightedness is not confined to leaders on the union side.

Not so widely recognized is the vital need for further legislation protecting the dues, the livelihoods and the personal freedoms of working union members. Many optimistic editorialists, professors and labor writers say the situation is improving so that no new laws are needed. They cite the admittedly worthy efforts of the Ethical Practices Committee. If we just wait a while, the evil will go away.

I cannot share their rosy view. Our hearings have shown that it is not merely misguided unionists, but confirmed crooks and venomous gangsters with whom we have to deal. As a prosecutor I learned how such criminals lie low when the heat is on. Our committee has provided considerable "heat." Many racketeer leaders are missing from their usual haunts. Letters tell us of how, since our hearings began to bite, "our local president has swapped in one of his Continentals for a Chevvy" or "they quietly boosted our welfare payments by 20 per cent—surprise!!" Good. But our evidence suggests that the criminals are merely biding their time and maturing their plans for further domination.

I have before me a list—a mere sample—of forty vicious criminals who have in recent years moved in as union officers or organizers. This concerns just a minor segment of unionism—principally locals controlled by Dioguardi or Anthony Corallo, alias "Tony Ducks" because of his agility in ducking convictions on serious charges of robbery, grand larceny and narcotics violations. Similar infiltrations are apparent in many parts of the country.

The sinister significance of the sample list is this: it shows by dates how big-time gambling racketeers faced by stricter New York antigambling enforcement in 1950, began to move into unions for three reasons: (1) Easy money from loosely guarded union treasuries; (2) Even bigger money obtainable by extortion or bribes; (3) The phony prestige engendered among many public officials—as shown in our hearings—by the term "union official." Ensconced behind this respectable title, racketeers can not only make off with rich union loot but resume their former crimes with something close to immunity. Unless, by chance, some prosecutor like Frank Hogan, of New York, gets on their trail.

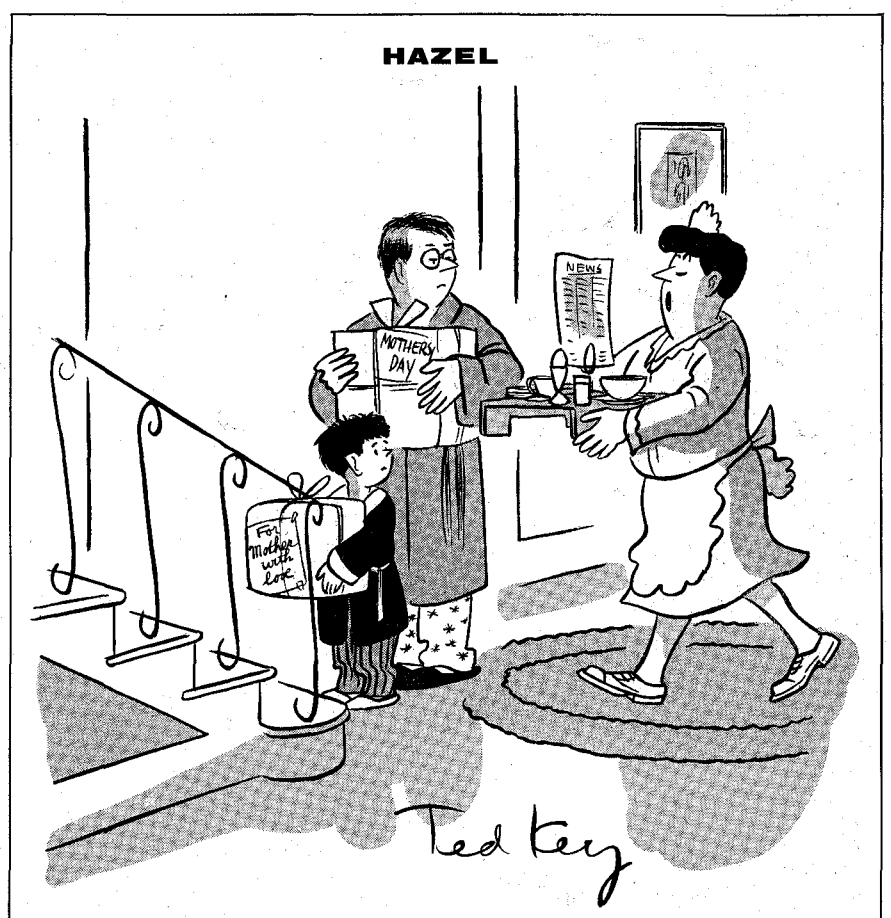
Our evidence indicates that this criminal infiltration will continue to spread unless stamped out by new laws. For example, we can already trace the movement of vile dope operators, facing the prospect of tighter Federal narcotics enforcement, into union positions. Does this portend a rosy future? The AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee is not armed to grapple with creeping criminality like this, which threatens to enslave additional hosts of workers and poison our entire democratic economy.

How about the union "leader" who is well known to be a gangster, but, though repeatedly arrested and accused, has never been convicted? I don't know how we can reach such men by Federal law. Here indeed, as in other respects, any new laws need the help of honest union leaders. The model Code of Ethical Practices of the AFL-CIO provides: "Obviously . . . a person commonly known to be a crook or racketeer should not enjoy immunity to prey upon the trade-union movement because he has somehow managed to escape conviction. In the same manner the fact that a person who has refrained from formally becoming a member of the Communist Party . . . [but] consistently supports the activities of the party . . . or any [other] totalitarian organization . . . should not permit him to hold a position of responsibility or leadership in the trade-union movement." Amen to that! Here is the kind of situation where decent leaders, co-operating with needed laws, can mightily help labor to "clean its own house."

In these two articles I have had my say for the present. I hope they will be carefully and fairly read. Before closing, I wish to remind you that we eight senators on the committee could have done little without the help of the brilliant and devoted staff which we have been fortunate enough to assemble. The public has hardly heard of these men and women—lawyers, accountants, journalists and trained investigators. Yet it is their skilled and tireless work, days, nights and weekends, which has tracked down and brought to light the essential evidence. Sometimes this was at physical danger to themselves. Whatever our committee achieves must be credited primarily to these unsung heroes of our staff.

The opinions expressed here are based on millions of words of sworn testimony, backed by other powerful evidence. Legislative action is drastically needed. If it were possible for all members of the Congress to study the full record and to ponder the 100,000 moving letters—and they are growing swiftly toward 125,000—in our committee's confidential files, I believe they would stay in session until Christmas, if necessary, to pass new laws along the lines here suggested.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Senator McClellan.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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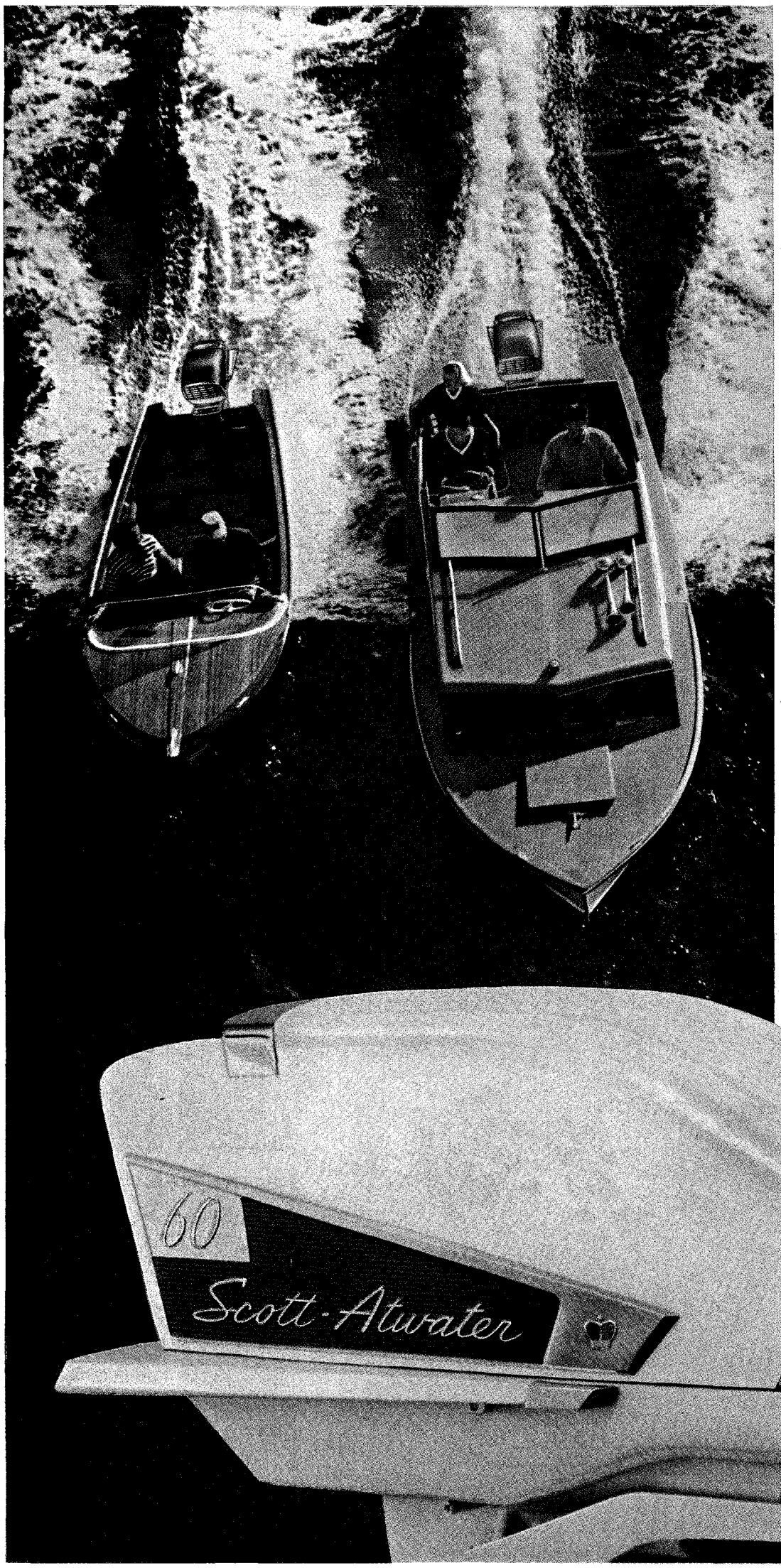


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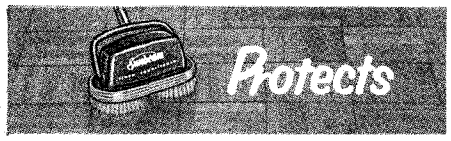


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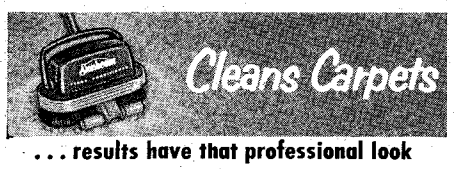


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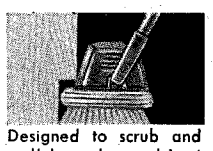

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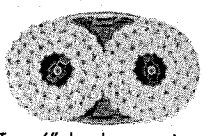

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# Keeping Posted

## Tales of the Authors

**Capt. Thomas C. Pullen, R.C.N.,** who describes the discovery of the Northwest Arctic Passage on page 23, was executive officer of H.M.C.S. Ottawa when it was torpedoed in the Atlantic in 1942 with a loss of 120 men. But he was picked up by a corvette, went right back to work, and later commanded various combat ships. He comes from a long line of seafaring men, and his oldest brother is Admiral H. F. Pullen. Oakville, near Toronto, is the home town of Captain and Mrs. Pullen, and of Susan, 14, and Timothy, 9. And what is the seafarer's hobby? Building ship models.

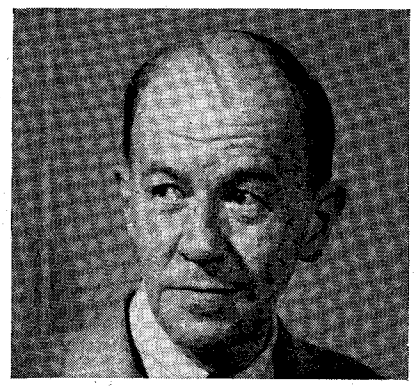
When the Northwest Passage story broke in the press, **Lee Edson** tried to arrange to be flown to Pullen's ship, H.M.C.S. Labrador, in the Arctic, but that didn't work. Edson, who lives in Berkeley, Calif., finally reached Pullen by telephone when his ship made port in New Brunswick. They met and talked in Oakville, but by the time Edson had put together a first draft, Pullen was in England. "So we finished the job with some literary ping-pong between Berkeley and London."

When photographer **George Lazarnick** asked **Corey Ford,** page 36, what paraphernalia a dry-fly fisherman carries with him, Ford researched the pocket of his fishing jacket and found that he was carrying the following absolutely essential items. A piece of string (you never know when a piece of string will come in handy); a handle of a reel that he had lost; a right glove, in case the mate to it ever turns up; part of a melted chocolate bar stuck to the pocket; a knife with a broken blade; a rusty nail (sometimes you are apt to need a nail); an empty fly-dope bottle; last year's fishing license; a business card from somebody he met on the stream; and the key to his fishing partner's automobile.

Lee Edson and his lady.

## Henry F. Pringle

The by-line of **Henry Pringle,** who died April 7 in Washington, D.C., at the age of 60, has appeared in the Post more than 50 times since his first article was published in 1936. Since 1946, though, readers have become familiar with a double by-line; his wife, Katharine, shared in his writing and research, and their dual signature was adopted that year. Henry Pringle was an able writer of biographies, the several books he produced in this field including his Pulitzer-prize-winning study of Theodore Roosevelt in 1931. He was also a warm-hearted, generous man who will be sorely missed by his friends on the staff of this magazine. Besides his wife, Henry is survived by a son, Robert, a daughter, Mrs. F. J. Liberty, and a brother, Maxwell.



## WHAT? AGAIN!

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlow Martin.

**John Bartlow Martin** goes right on winning topflight prizes for his writing in the Post. With his desegregation series, The Deep South Says "Never!" (June, July, 1957, Post) he has again taken the top Benjamin Franklin award "for the most distinguished magazine writing involving original reporting in which serious obstacles had to be overcome." In the five years of the Franklin awards, which are administered by the University of Illinois, Martin has been a winner four times. In the several categories of the awards one other writer has won twice, no one else more than once. At New York's Hotel Pierre on June 17 John will acquire a new scroll for his trophy collection—and come away $1000 richer.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"The Hospitals Fight Their Toughest War"

A drug-resistant germ is haunting our hospitals. Because of it, some patients pick up a worse ailment than they came in with.

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